

The Times

XVIIIth YEAR.

THREE PARTS, WITH MAGAZINE SECTION.

THEATERS—
For Theatrical Announcements See Outside Cover Magazine.

LOS ANGELES THEATER—MARCH 28-29-30, BLANCHE WALSH AND

Melbourne MacDowell. See back page of

Magazine cover.

BURBANK—A SEASON OF HIGH-CLASS OPERA. THE WAKEFIELD ENGLISH

Opera Company. See large ad. on back page of Magazine cover.

OPERAUM—UP-TO-DATE VAUDEVILLE. A TREAT FOR LOVERS OF

Laughter. See last page of Magazine.

A MUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—

With Dates of Events.

O STRICH FARM—SOUTH PASADENA—



Special Sunday Rates Today.

25c Round Trip, including Admission to Farm.

For sale at the Farm: Ostrich Feather Fans, Capes, Boas and Collarets, Tips and Plumes. An immense Assortment at Producer's Prices. The most useful Presents to take East, as Souvenirs of California.

A GRICULTURAL PARK—

COURSES Sunday, March 19, rain or shine; under the auspices of the Agricultural Park Coursing Club, members of the American Coursing Board. 16c OPEN STAKE—PURSE \$75. 32-DOG RESERVE STAKE—PURSE \$150. JOHN GRACE, JR., Judge. HENRY PETERSON, Slipper.

Admission 25 cents, ladies free (including grand stand). Music by Seventh Regiment Band. Lunch and refreshments on the grounds. Take Main Street cars.

SUPERB ROUTES OF TRAVEL—

The Smooth Rider—
California Limited Santa Fe Route.

Leave Los Angeles.....1:30 p.m. Mon., Wed., Sat.
Arrive Denver.....5:00 p.m. Wed., Fri., Mon.
Arrive Kansas City.....9:10 p.m. Wed., Fri., Mon.
Arrive Chicago.....9:32 a.m. Thu., Sat., Tues.
Arrive New York.....1:30 p.m. Fri., Sun., Wed.

No extra charge beyond the regular ticket and sleeping car rates.

DONE IN A DAY
With Ease and Comfort.

Every TUESDAY and SATURDAY, in addition to the regular train service, the Santa Fe runs a special express, taking in Redlands, Riverside and the beauties of Santa Ana Canyon.

EVERY COMFORT KNOWN IN MODERN RAILWAY TRAVEL DINING CAR ALL THE WAY, COMPOSITE CAR BARBERSHOP, OBSERVATION CAR, LADIES' PARLOR, ETC.

Giving two hours' stop at Redlands and Riverside for drives and sight-seeing.

The Observation Car

On this train affords pleasant opportunity for seeing the sights.

Tickets admit stopovers at any point on the track. Round trip \$4.10.

Santa Fe Route

San Diego and Coronado Beach.

The most beautiful spot in the world. Two daily trains, carrying Parlor Cars, making the run in about four hours from Los Angeles. The ride is delightful, carrying you for seventy miles along the Pacific Ocean Beach.

Santa Fe Route Office, 200 Spring Street, corner Second.

EXCURSIONS—MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY—

SNOW, SNOW BALLING AND SLEIGH RIDING AT YE ALPINE TAVERN. \$2.50

Saturday Afternoon and Sunday, March 18 and 19, from Los Angeles. Includes all parts of Mount Lowe Railway and Pasadena Electric Cars, remain over night at Echo Mountain House. Parties going Sunday take Pasadena Electric Cars, 8, 8:30, 9, 9:30, 10 a.m. and 1 p.m., or Terminal Railway train 8:35 a.m., make entire trip and return same day, or remain over as desired, return part of excursion tickets good any time. World's Fair Searchlight and large Telescopie operated evenings FREE. Tickets and full information at 214 South Spring Street. Tel. Main 960.

THE BEST ROUTE OF TRAVEL IS—

The Oliver Lillard Art Photo Co. send to Mr. Stoll & Thayer Co., Spring St., Los Angeles, and the Coronado Beach Art Room, Coronado Beach, Grand Hotel, San Francisco, California Missions and other art studios of all places of interest; visitors and tourists should see these pictures before buying elsewhere. Published only by the Lillard Art Photo Co., 110 W. 2nd St., Los Angeles.

NOTICE

To all Tourists returning East via the Northern route, please call on Mr. Byron Stovall, at No. 214 South Spring Street, and receive a SOUVENIR of their journey FREE...

TIMELY SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS—

CARBONS and Platinotypes—

Another Gold Medal Awarded at the Omaha Exposition.

16 MEDALS.

STUDIO—220½ South Spring Street, Opposite Hollenbeck.

Stacked

ALTHOUSE FRUIT CO.,

THE EXCLUSIVE FRUIT AND ONLY VEGETABLE

House in the City. We Ship to All Points.

ALTHOUSE FRUIT CO.

213-215 West Second Street.



A NEW FRUIT—FAMOUS LOGAN BERRY. STRONG PLANTS BY

per dozen. Small prices—large orders.

BIGNONIA VENUSTA—A beautiful orange yellow winter blossoming climber, very strong; \$300 plants, 60c each.

REDONDO CARNATION PLANTS, 75c per dozen.

ELMO R. MESERVE, 635 S. Broadway.

THE C. G. CONN BAND INSTRUMENTS ARE USED BY SOUSA'S BAND.

FITZGERALD MUSIC & PIANO CO., Sole Agents

HOTELS, RESORTS AND CAFES—

BBOTSFORD INN—Corner Eighth and Hope Streets.

U. S. T. A. T. B.

The best appointed family hotel in the city; special rates to permanent guests.

Electric cars to and from all parts of the city and depots. Steam heating, electric service throughout.



SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 19, 1899.

FIVE CENTS

FOR ANY DUTY.

Battleship Oregon Now
With Dewey's Fleet.

Significant Announcement of
Her Arrival at Manila.

Her Mission More Important Than
Subjugation of Filipinos.

The Admiral Has an Eye on the
Course of Events in China Where
the Bulldog of the Navy May Do
Good Service—More Fighting.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES]

WASHINGTON, March 18.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Admiral Dewey sent this cablegram to the Navy Department today:

"Oregon and Iris arrived today. Oregon is in condition fit for any duty.

[Signed] "DEWEY."

Considering that the War Department announced publicly yesterday afternoon that overtures for peace from the insurgents were expected—at any moment in the Philippines, considering Germany's act of placing the Philippine interests in the hands of the United States, this cablegram from a man like Dewey is peculiar. Secretary Long's attention was called to the peculiarly significant wording of the last part of the cablegram this evening, and he admitted it was peculiar, but he would give no explanation.

McDonald, a Grant man, opposed the recess, saying there had been already all the time devoted to conferences that could do any good, and nothing had been accomplished. He said the members should stay where they were and settle the matter.

Boyce, also a Grant man, followed in the same vein and the resolution was adopted, 51 to 53.

CONTINUED BALLOTTING.

The eighth and ninth ballots showed no change, and at the conclusion of the eighth ballot, Stratton moved that the joint convention do now adjourn. As no time was fixed in the resolution, this, of course, meant sine die. Flint, in the chair, ruled the motion out of order, on the ground that the convention had previously voted to take twelve ballots. The rumor gained ground that the Barnes men would break up and this was confirmed in part when on the tenth ballot, Muenster changed from Barnes to Van R. Taylor.

After the tenth ballot, Senator S. C. Bettman moved to rescind the vote on Cutler's resolution, but Cutler bowed him out on the point of order that Bettman could not do this, as he had not voted in the affirmative upon it.

The joint convention now began to get noisy and restless, seeing three hours of tedious balloting before it, and the noise was so great at times that it was impossible for those a few feet away from the clerk's desk to catch the votes as announced, and the press representatives made some mistakes in their bulletins.

Some of the Barnes men were trying to get other camps to unite on a new candidate, and Knowland said that no change was likely unless they went in a body. However, on the eleventh ballot, Senator Taylor changed from Barnes to Peterson, and Larabee went over from Scott to Peterson.

Taylor made an effort at reconsideration of the Cutler resolution, and another lively hunt for votes followed. The Democrats lined up against Burns, and amid great applause the result was announced as aye 41 to noes 72.

(CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.)

Points of the News in Today's Times.

THE BUDGET—This morning's fresh telegraphic budget, received since dark last night, includes the principal Associated Press (or night) report, many exclusive dispatches, making about 23 columns. In addition is a day report, of about 13 columns—the whole making a mass of wired news aggregating the large volume of 36 columns. A summary of both telegraphic and local news follows:

The City—Page 10, Part 2: Pages 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, Part 3.

Money seeking two Angeles...

Bicycle lamp ordinance stirrups Pasadena....Compulsory vaccination ordered...

Breakwater rock to be taken from East...

San Bernardino schools....

Thousands acres more of beets to be planted in Orange county....

Protestants celebrate St. Patrick's day in Riverside....Bloody affray at San Pedro....San Diego reservoirs filled....

Encouraging outlook for grain and beans at Anaheim....Large output of

condensed milk at Buena Park....

Santa Barbara's Board of Trade re-

vised....

Pasadena's securities in demand....

Hot contest for County Physician's job in Ventura....Amendments of pension law affecting veterans at Soldiers' Home.

By Cable—Pages 1, 2, 3.

English press on Cecil Rhodes interview....Kipling's "moral danger."

Paris demobilized....Murray says Eng-

land wants a binding union with us.

Emperor William mortified over defeat of his plans for increase of the army.

German-American trade treaty still

a bone of contention....Proposed ex-

change of British right-of-way through

German East Africa for England's in-

terest in Samoa.

General Eastern—Pages 1, 2, 3, 4.

Oregon reaches Manila—Dewey's sig-

nificant dispatch—He has an eye on

China....Serious windstorm through

several States....Populist manifesto.

No new Utah Senator for the present.

Espree's new passenger traffic manager.

Wages of lake sailors advanced \$5 per month....Naval reorganization....Ex-

tra pay for sailors....Death of Prof. March....New York hotel fire horror.

Southern California—Page 15, Part 2.

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Yesterday upon the battery at Long Church, but were repulsed by the Pennsylvanians with heavy loss. Lieutenant Barnes, McVay, and McCance of Co. C, were wounded.

A gunboat with a company of the Twenty-third Regiment on board is now on the lake attacking the small towns. She was last heard of off Morong and Santa Cruz.

CONSTITUTION FOR NEGROS.

Committee Drafting One on Simple Lines—Island Sentiment Friendly.

J. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.

NEW YORK, March 18.—A dispatch to the Herald from Iloilo, March 10, via Manila, says that at Negros Island a committee, with Col. Smith presiding, is drafting a constitution on simple lines, placing the government in the hands of the natives, excepting the customs, postal and telegraph service, military and police matters, and external politics. The telegrams from other portions of the island betoken friendly sentiments toward the Americans.

It is likely that there will be a peaceable government in the island. S. S. Lacson, the President of the native government, desires to retire to private life, in which event Juan Araneta, a prominent native planter, will become President. The native troops will become gendarmes, at fixed scales of pay, and with special privileges and barracks. They will hand over their Mausers and Remingtons and receive Springfield rifles for arms.

Col. Smith is displaying much tact in his conduct of affairs. Everything there is satisfactory.

The boat which came on to Zamboanga, formerly the refuge of the Spaniards from the southern islands, to assume peaceful control. After a conference between Gen. Miller, Commander Walker of the Concord, Lieutenant-Commander of the Concord, and prominent natives of the island, it was decided that Cowper should cross the lines and negotiate a settlement with the rebels, who are much reduced in numbers, owing to desertions. Should this result be reached the bottom would be knocked out of the revolution. The Spaniards will be for Odis to tackle Luzon, and his troops would soon reduce Aguilado and his faction to suing for peace.

EXTRA PAY FOR SAILORS.

It Will Cost only a two-cent stamp to Get It.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

WASHINGTON, March 18.—The Navy Department wishes it known to all of the volunteer soldiers who served with such credit during the late war and received honorable discharges that it need not cost them more than the price of a 2-cent stamp to secure the gratuity in the shape of extra pay which Congress allotted to them in the closing hours of the last session. Very many applications have been pending in upon the Navigation Bureau for information as to how the men should proceed to collect their money. In reply to these, the following circular letter is being sent out:

U. S. Grant, 30; D. M. Burns, 30; W. H. L. Barnes, 18; Irving M. Scott, 4; Van R. Patterson, 4; M. M. Estee, 1; Stephen M. White, 24; James D. Phelan, 6; John Rosefield, 2; Marion DeVries, 1.

NO SENATOR.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

The vote of Miller of Los Angeles was challenged, and when he voted aye, the Burns men caught a hint and yelled "Bully for you, Miller," which greatly edified the Los Angeles statesmen.

END DRAWING NEAR.

The end of the contest as fixed by the Cutter resolution was approaching, and the excitement, which had lapsed for several ballots, was reviving. Members were engaged in making a fresh list of names which had been tossed to them by pages from basketfuls donated. It was said, by Col. Burns, and were paying some attention to boutonnieres of white lilac and smilax that had also been passed around to members, when there came a flop that turned the Assembly topsy-turvy.

OLD MAN MILLER FLOPS.

Old man Miller, tired of the company he was keeping, went over body and breeches to Burns. How the crowd did yell. They mounted desks and chairs, and whooped it up for fully three minutes, for it was the acme of Burns's success, as it placed him on a level with Grant, thirty votes to each. The lobbyists for Burns redoubled their efforts to rope members into Dan's corral, for two ballots off was the end of his hopes, adjournment of the Joint convention with the deadlock unbroken.

But work as they could no other members were susceptible to their influences, and the eighteen ballot passed without change.

THE LAST BALLOT.

Now came the last ballot of the day and of the session. It was followed with interest of the intensest kind, the clerk calling the roll more slowly than usual. It brought no developments, save that every vote was polled, and left the Senatorial contest of '99 in the following situation:

U. S. Grant, 30; D. M. Burns, 30; W. H. L. Barnes, 18; Irving M. Scott, 4; Van R. Patterson, 4; M. M. Estee, 1; Stephen M. White, 24; James D. Phelan, 6; John Rosefield, 2; Marion DeVries, 1.

ANOTHER SURPRISE.

The announcement of the vote relieved the tension, and all sides seemed satisfied. But another surprise was in store. Taylor again moved to reconsider the Cutter resolution. The point was raised that by its terms the Legislature was adjourned sine die. Dibble, however, astounded the members by raising the point of order that the Legislature was not adjourned sine die by the resolution, even if the joint convention might be, and that if the Legislature sat on another legislative day it must, by the terms of the United States Constitution, ballot again for Senator, and therefore the resolution was void.

After the joint convention had caught its breath, the Burns end of it opened the proceedings with wild whoops and yells, which showed they were ready for more battle. Cutter and others of the Grant men and of other camps contested the point, but the President pro tem., Flint, decided in Dibble's favor, so far as adjournment went, and a roll call was ordered on Taylor's motion. Again the opposition to Burns carried the day, and the motion was lost, 55 to 63. Bulla, who changed from no to aye, and Belslow, who voted no, received applause from the Burns and Grant camps, respectively, and the announcement of the vote was received with manifest actions of delight by the anti-Burns elements. On motion of Cutter, seconded by Brown, the joint convention having taken 105 joint ballots during its life-time, was adjourned sine die.

A rumor is in circulation that the Governor will be asked to call an extra session for the purpose of securing the election of a United States Senator, but Assemblyman Dibble, said that the Governor himself told him last evening that he would not call an extra session.

At Grant headquarters, after adjournment of the joint convention, there was abundant good nature, for it was felt that a great victory had been won for the better of the future of the Republican party. Mr. Grant was in his usual good humor, and said he had seen nothing about the Senatorial contest. It was evident, however, that he fully appreciated the loyalty of his followers.

SCOTT EXPRESSES HIMSELF.

Irving M. Scott said, prior to the joint convention:

"It is a deadlock. That is better than to elect a man who is not fit. I believe that the Republicans in refusing to elect Burns will show they have rid themselves of the domination of the Southern Pacific. For my part I am absolutely satisfied with the canvass and friends of mine. I have no objection to Shorthridge, and will bid his respects to Burns. Bettman was twice ordered into his seat by the presiding officer for turbulently trying to reply in 'defense of my friend, Col. Burns.'

Finally, Wolfe ended hostilities by calling off his men, and after Boyce had settled a question of personal privilege with him and the Assembly resolution was concurred in by 33 to 6, all camps uniting in supporting it on the understanding that the Senatorial contest will not be reopened to morrow.

Senator Cutter said tonight that members were not on honor upon this point, and if had faith were shown it would be possible to defeat any attempts to ballot for Senator. He said a great fight had been won in keeping Burns out of the United States Senate.

He then said he would address their inquiries to the Auditor, and will furnish them information as to the further procedure. This is likely to involve later on the sending to Washington of the discharge of the man and a statement of the services rendered by him. The Auditor will adjust all the points, and only in case of doubt of the actual time of service will the Navy Department be consulted.

NAVAL REORGANIZATION.

Long Takes Step Toward Appointing More Second Lieutenants.

J. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—Secretary Long has taken the preliminary steps toward appointing the additional second lieutenants in the marine corps provided for by the Naval Reorganization Bill. Recognizing the superior claims for the appointment of young officers who volunteered for service in this corps during the war with Spain, he has given permission that so many of them as care to re-enter the service may be examined before the special board which was created for this purpose. When their cases have been disposed of, and not until then, the list will be open to such other applicants as may secure the secretary's permission to appear for competitive examination. There are only thirty-five officers of the volunteers forces have signed their desire to submit to examination, presuming they all succeed in passing, but forty-five places will remain to be filled.

MILITARY PROTECTION.

Cavalry Troops Ordered to Yosemite and Sequoia Parks.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

WASHINGTON, March 18.—At the request of the Secretary of the interior, the Secretary of War has directed Gen. Shafter, commanding the Department of California, to send two troops of cavalry, one to Yosemite Park and one to the Sequoia and Grant Park, in California, to protect them from destruction or injury by cattle or sheepherders, or lumber thieves. Two troops of the Fourth Cavalry, now at the Presidio, San Francisco, have been selected for this duty.

STARTS FOR SAVANNAH.

Reported Port of Embarkation for Alger's Cuban Trip.

J. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.

NEW YORK, March 18.—The Tribune says it is asserted by persons there who, it is believed, are in a position to have correct information, that arrangements have been made to have the transport Ingalls at Savannah by next Wednesday, and Secretary Alger will start from that point for his Cuban trip.

Every detail of the proposed trip has been carefully guarded, and all the officials connected with the army department have been enlisted in the secrecy. It has been the Secretary's intention to leave Washington quietly and go on the trip before the public should learn of it. For this reason Savannah was chosen instead of New York, as the port from which he will sail.

The fifty-second ballot for Senator at Harrisburg, Pa., yesterday resulted, Quay, 5; Daniel, 1; Stone, 1; Nequin,

with the understanding that at 11 o'clock the hammer should fall, and no further attempt to continue this session be made. But we wanted no attempt to elect a Senator, for it had been shown conclusively that no man can be elected to that position.

Brown thought it preferable that bills should die upon the floor rather than attempt to reopen the Senatorial question.

In reply to Dunlap, Speaker Anderson said there were 186 bills on the Senate and that the Standard Oil Company

had been considered other than those mentioned, and he wanted the leaders of the majority to assure the House that the Senatorial contest would not be reopened.

Dibble reiterated his statement that the Senatorial contest was over, and that so far as he was concerned no effort would be made to reopen the Senatorial fight.

Dibble hesitatingly said he thought he could speak for part of them. Caminetto said if there were any objections he would like to hear them.

Valentine said he was informed that the Assembly had voted to adjourn to this extension of time. He, for one, would oppose anything looking to continuation of the Senatorial contest.

A roll call was had and the resolution was adopted, 41 to 23, nine members voting against it. Col. Dibble ruled that only one lawyer should conduct the cross-examination. Nearly every question asked was met by an objection by counsel.

SENATE SCENES.

When the Assembly convened, Dibble, after a conference with other members, offered a resolution continuing the session until 11 o'clock tomorrow morning.

The scene in the Senate was one of the most disgraceful ever witnessed in that chamber. The Burns gang had possession and yelled and cheered their favorite speakers, notably Shorthridge, until the proceedings could be likened to a "roaring bull" speech. Dibble, however, astounded the members by raising the point of order that the Senatorial contest should not be reopened, and then Mr. Cline, the first struck wagon with the hat worn by one of Johnson's companions, and the third passed through Johnson's neck, cutting the jugular vein. He jumped from the wagon after being shot, dying almost as soon as he struck the ground. Johnson's companion, Dr. George, was hit in the head and died.

DeMonett tried to prevent the firing of the gun.

Mr. Monnett tried to show by the witness of the Standard Oil Company that the Standard Oil Company was as effectively represented at the meeting of March 21, 1892, as was it represented at the trial in 1892, but he could not frame a question proof against the objections of counsel, and the ruling of the commissioner. At last he gave up the attempt, and asked:

"To your knowledge, has any act or effort been made by the company to disentangle itself from the trust, except to fall in with the resolution passed on March 21, 1892?"

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PRESS ON RHODES.

INTERVIEW PRINTED IN AMERICA CREATES A STIR.

English Newspapers Predict All Kinds of Dire Results from America's Imperial Future.

THE THREE POWERS AND SAMOA

RADICAL FLUTTER OVER INDIAN GOVERNMENT BILL

The Pope's Little Joke on Cardinal Oreglia—Alfred Stern Insane. Kipling's Moral Danger—Paris Exposition Preparations.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

LONDON, March 18.—(Special cable letter. Copyright, 1893.) The newspapers this week reprint from the American papers the interview which a correspondent of the Associated Press had with Cecil Rhodes on the steamer "Hapsburg" on the Mediterranean, mailed from Alexandria, Egypt, on February 11, and printed on March 3, America. The remarks of Mr. Rhodes on America's imperial future have attracted a great deal of attention. The Spectator, however, suggests that the energy of the Americans may not prove persistent enough for the vast task of conquest and occupation which the South African statesmen sets before them, adding: "Their system, though it produces men of ability is probably not favorable to the development of meteoric genius, and without such a man the work can hardly be done rapidly. Gathering up South Africa is no picnic. State by State, is a task to overstrain any people, even the Americans. The carrying out of the work, too, might bring to the head the great danger of the United States—the difference in the ideal and permanent destiny between the North and South. It is true that the State system of America is a wonderful system of empire; but it is also a wonderful provision for disintegration. The North may just as well in the case of conquest which wears it, and with Canada may elect to form a republic with another ideal than governing, which, although attractive, wears out the surplus energy of the Governors. It may be that the United States will expand to the Straits of Magellan in spite of themselves, we may believe him. But if he says, as Mr. Rhodes says, that this expansion will be deliberate, we shall hesitate and ask for evidence that they wish the expansion to last."

PAPERS FULL OF RHODES.

Mr. Rhodes's striking personality stood out in bold relief this week against the political background of minor interests. The press of three countries, Great Britain, Germany and France are full of him. His visit to Berlin marks an important onward step in the Anglo-German understanding, and the French papers realize that the idea that the assistance of Germany might eventually be counted upon in a war between France and Great Britain is preposterous. The Figaro sees in Mr. Rhodes's reception at Berlin sure proof of a secret convention between Great Britain and Germany.

"Frankly, it is impossible to overrate its importance. It is plain proof of Emperor William's desire for a rapprochement with Great Britain, and the power and weight of the two combinations cannot be exaggerated. It ought to furnish food for reflection for those who fancied that France only had to make overtures in order to bring Germany to her feet, and who, acting under this delusion, have been striving to bring Germany into line with Great Britain. Mr. Rhodes, however, has not yet arranged a hard and fast agreement respecting the Cape to Cairo Railroad. Politically, Mr. Rhodes and the Emperor have agreed, but financially, he is involved in a burning fire and the arrangements between Mr. Rhodes and a German syndicate respecting financing the German portion of the road, have not yet been concluded, though Mr. Rhodes has expressed the hope that an early agreement will be arrived at."

Further, it appears that Mr. Rhodes expressed astonishment at the German Emperor's surprising knowledge of the details of the matter and German officials in their turn, were surprised at Mr. Rhodes's allusion to future political projects, including the Anglo-German partition of Portugal's East Africa possessions, which Mr. Rhodes fully expects that Portugal will be willing to sell to the two powers, within three years. At present Mr. Rhodes is at Amsterdam arranging for the financial support of the Dutch financiers."

THREE POWERS AND SAMOA.

Dealing with the report that an arrangement has been arrived at between the three powers on the subject of Samoa, the Morning Post today says:

"It is a mistake to suppose that the whole question is in any way to satisfy the three powers. It is impossible while the Berlin act remains in force, and, as the present would be a most undesirable moment to make a change, it may be assumed that things will be patched up for a while. Just now, when the relations between Germany and Great Britain and the United States are the most friendly in many years, it would be a most dangerous risk of a sudden rupture by getting matters in disorder in Samoa. Perhaps the difficulty will solve itself. At any rate, the Australian federation should assist in the solution, as not only will the federation increase the interest of Australia in Samoa, but, in any diplomatic negotiations in the future, Federated Australia will greatly strengthen the case for Great Britain."

RADICALS IN A FLUTTER.

The Indian Government Bill, imposing countervailing duties on bountified sugar, has caused a flutter in radical circles. It is frankly and avowedly a protectionist bill, and the whole of State for India, Lord George Hamilton, in the House of Commons, declared that the object of the bill was to prevent the indigenous trade of India from being undermined by subsidized foreign products. This the Radicals point out is a protectionist, pure and simple, and they express fear that it will be the result of the protection we desire, and that it may eventually be transplanted to Great Britain, with quite as much reason as in its adoption in America.

The Daily Chronicle remarks: "There is a strong impression that this Indian duty is intended as a feather to an English duty, and the whole free-trade party are in a quandary."

Henry Labouchere in Truth calls the bill a "contemptible and iniquitous measure," and says: "The government is going to try an Indian reactionary protectionist policy, which it would not dare to introduce at home. The bill may be the first step towards a general system of protection, which will decide our claims for supremacy once and for all."

POPE'S LITTLE JOKE.

The Pope has just indulged in a joke

at the expense of Cardinal Oreglia di Santa Stefano, who, as cardinal chamberlain of the church and prefect of the congregation of ceremonial, has to make sure that the Pope is dead by tapping him three times on the forehead with a little silver hammer. When Cardinal Santa Stefano was told of the fact, he took the hammer out of his pocket, as it might be needed. The story reached the Pope's ears, and afterward reciting the cardinal, His Holiness thanked him, commented on his foresight, and said: "And, as a token of our sincere appreciation of your thoughtful attention, we ask your eminence to accept this little golden hammer as a souvenir of our recovery."

ALFRED STERN INSANE.

A millionaire named Alfred Stern, son of the late Baron Stern, was declared insane yesterday. He was declared to be worth \$5,000,000, and recently created a disturbance at Marlborough house, the town residence of the Prince of Wales, by attempting to force an entrance there under the hallucination that he is the Prince of Wales. Stern has always insisted upon being addressed "Royal Highness," and when strangers approached him he always clapped his hands for half an hour together, "in order to summon the ghosts of Wellington and Napoleon."

A silver fox-skin was sold at auction yesterday, and fetched the record price of \$1500.

KIPLING'S "MORAL DANGER."

As Rudyard Kipling perceived a genuine danger to the nation in the great jubilee triumph, so the Spectator this week sees a moral danger for Kipling himself, when he comes to know fully the world-wide homage his influence and genius called forth when the news of his seemingly approaching danger was announced. Accordingly the Spectator preaches a homily on "the glare of publicity," and its insidious moral influences.

PARIS DEMORALIZED.

The fact that the Paris Exposition is drawing somewhat near is shown by the great increase in the number of foreigners residing at the French frontier, for whom staying over three months in France is obliged to report himself to the prefecture of police, and it is announced that during the past few weeks the number of foreigners presenting themselves has risen by leaps and bounds. In the meanwhile, the Parisians are disagreeably reminded of the approach of the great show. The arrival of the grand repair has terribly upset traffic, omnibus have been diverted to some streets, leading points have been altered, and the River Seine steamers have run erratically since several of their landing stations have been suppressed, the general result being a great inconvenience to everybody.

PROF. O. C. MARSH DEAD.

SCIENCE LOSES ONE OF ITS BRIGHTEST LUMINARIES.

The Man Who Discovered the Prehistoric Horse and the Bird With Teeth Falls a Victim to Pneumonia—A Notable Career.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

NEW HAVEN (Conn.) March 18.—Prof. O. C. Marsh of Yale University is the chair of paleontology and curator of the geological collection of the university, died today of pneumonia. He was 68 years of age.

James P. Marsh, who is a Chicago manufacturer in Southern California for his health, yesterday morning received a telegram from his daughter telling of the death of his brother, Prof. Othul C. Marsh, the noted scientist at New Haven, Conn., from pneumonia.

Prof. Marsh occupied the chair of paleontology at Yale University, and was curator of the geological collection presented by the late George Peabody to the London philanthropist, who was a man of the deceased. For twenty-five years the late Prof. Powell acted in conjunction with Prof. Powell as a scientific advisor to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and was a member of many of the learned societies of this and several European countries; while the proceeds of his researches in the geological and fossil section of the British Museum, and other museums on the continent.

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Prof. Marsh was born at Lockport, N. Y., in 1831, and was one of three brothers. In early life he took up the study of geology, and in pursuit of his studies he made a number of trips to different times. He was a welcome guest in the tents of the Indians, and was highly regarded by Red Cloud, the well-known Sioux chief, and on the other hand was a close personal friend of Darwin, he threw himself heart and soul into his work, and the collection of mineral and fossil specimens with which he presented to his Alma Mater has been valued at \$50,000. Having been valued at \$50,000. Having

CUT A WIDE SWATH.

TERRIFIC WINDSTORMS SWEEP OVER SEVERAL STATES.

Now Down Everything in Their Paths, Including Telegraph Lines, Thus Cutting Off News.

MANY LIVES REPORTED LOST.

IMPOSSIBLE TO CALCULATE DAMAGE DONE TO PROPERTY.

Seven Inmates of One House Killed Outright—One Whole Town Demolished—Panics in Mills and Hospitals.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

MEMPHIS (Tenn.) March 18.—A series of windstorms swept through portions of Alabama, Mississippi and Arkansas today, doing an immense amount of damage to property, and killing a number of people. The storms covered a radius of several hundred miles, destroying telegraph wires and cutting off communication with a large part of the affected country.

Cleburne county, Ala., seems to have suffered the most severely, the storm there assuming the proportions of a tornado. The reports of fatalities in the county vary from six to twenty, and many more are said to have been injured. At Sellers and Luverne, Ala., much damage is reported, and at Rob Roy, Ark., one man was killed, and several were badly injured. Dumas, Ark., was practically wiped out of existence, and several other towns in the vicinity suffered severely. One person is reported killed at Hickory Flat, Miss., and as the farmhouses in the vicinity suffered heavily, it is not unlikely that many fatalities occurred which have not yet been reached.

SEVEN KILLED OUTRIGHT.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

BIRMINGHAM (Ala.) March 18.—A cyclone passed through the country here today, creating great havoc in the country between Heflin and Edwardsville. It is known that seven people, members of the family of Mr. Coffee, a farmer, are dead, and it is thought that many others are injured, although on account of the damage done by the storm to telegraph wires it is impossible to give details. The house contained seven persons when it was struck by the storm. "The building was entirely demolished, and seven inmates were killed outright.

The path of the storm was about twenty-five miles wide, and it took everything to pieces that lay before it. Telegraph wires and poles are down in every direction. Trains are delayed to great inconvenience, and many are stopped on account of debris piled on the track. It is thought that great damage has been done in the farming district, but it is not believed that the storm struck any town.

STRUCK HICKORY FLAT HARD.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

HICKORY FLAT (Miss.) March 18.—A tornado struck this place today. The school building and two churches were demolished and twenty-five dwellings blown down or unroofed. Several persons were killed. A family living west of here lost their dwelling, and a young lady, name as yet unknown, was killed. Trees were torn up by the roots, twisted off like reeds, and all fencing in the path of the cyclone leveled to the ground. In some cases the trees and the building was left standing. Doubtless other fatalities will be reported, but news from the swept district is meager. The course of the storm was from southwest to northeast and its track was nearly a half-mile wide.

NO LIVES LOST.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

LITTLE ROCK, March 18.—A tornado passed through portions of Jefferson and Desha counties this afternoon. Telegraph wires were blown down, and the details are coming in slowly. The town of Dumas, in Desha county, was entirely destroyed. Nearly all the houses were either blown down or damaged, and several persons were wounded, but so far as can be learned no lives were lost. There are several small towns in the section through which the storm passed, and as yet no news can be received from any of them.

HAVOC IN ALABAMA.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

MONTGOMERY (Ala.) March 18.—Cyclones passed over different portions of the State today, but on account of telegraph wires being down, the particulars can be learned.

In the space of the First Methodist Church was blown down, crushing through the roof and doing much damage. At Sellers, a small station on the Plantation system, south of Montgomery, the entire town except three houses, was destroyed.

Lucerne suffered greatly, but no deaths were reported.

WHOLE TOWN BLOWN DOWN.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

ST. LOUIS (Mo.) March 18.—For five minutes today darkness settled over the city, violence and clouds combining to make a pall that rendered lights everywhere necessary. There was almost a panic among the jail and City Hospital inmates for a time, the fear being general that another tornado like that of 1896, was about to visit the city.

A disaster from Rob Roy, Ark., reports a tornado there which blew down every building, killing one man and injuring several other persons.

CYCLONE IN GEORGIA.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

ATLANTA, March 18.—A special to the Constitution from Tallapoosa, Ga., says: "A cyclone passed over the country between Heflin and Edwardsville late this evening. It is reported five were killed in one family. Telegraph wires down."

PEACE RESTORED.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

WASHINGTON, March 18.—Marquis of Lorraine, the Italian Charge d'Affaires, received a dispatch today from Dr. Cuneo, the Italian Consul at Lake City, Colo., saying a satisfactory adjustment of the disturbance had been reached. The State Department had previously requested the Governor of Colorado to utilize the good offices of Dr. Cuneo, whose post is at Denver. His report today states that the Italians assembled together and admitted to a meeting to discuss, thus terminating the opportunity for a clash. The Consul speaks in high terms of the local authorities and says they expressed satisfaction with the course pursued. He makes no mention of interrupted officials' dispatches. As showing the agreement in all the town.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

ABBOTSFORD INN—Miss. Elizabeth D. Verneers, Dr. W. H. Williams, Annandale, Miss.; Mr. C. G. Carroll, San Francisco; Frank H. Treg, P. J. Young and wife, Chicago; Miss E. True, New York.

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HOTEL FIRE HORROR.

RUINS OF THE WINDSOR STILL FIERCELY BURNING.

Embers Too Hot to Permit of a Search for Bodies of the Many Victims.

NUMBER OF DEAD UNCERTAIN.

ONLY SIXTEEN BODIES RECOVERED UP TO MIDNIGHT.

Sixty-six People Missing and Fifty-seven Injured — Prominent Persons Among the Victims. Heavy Financial Loss.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

NEW YORK, March 18.—Through the incessant rain today, their efforts hindered by a choking smoke that arose from the half-quenched ruins, more than 200 men from the building, police and fire departments, sought, but with only half-satisfactory results, for bodies of persons believed to have perished in yesterday's fire at the Windsor Hotel. Most of the time the smoke was so dense that the workmen could scarcely see their hands before their faces, and the heat from the mass of debris, glowing red in places, held the rescuers almost beyond its limits. Besides the remnants of the walls left standing were so shaky and threatening that it would have been dangerous to allow the men to work about the mass of riveted iron and brick. Efforts were concentrated on clearing away the debris, removing weak walls, drilling the chimneys and other parts of the walls, for blasting, and making the way safe for the men to dig in the ruins for the bodies.

No more bodies were taken from the scene of the mass of ruins today. The latest estimate tonight is sixteen dead, sixty-six missing and fifty-seven injured.

It is believed the men will be able to proceed with the gruesome search tomorrow with more satisfactory results. Several cases had kept their stations all night long throwing heavy streams of water on the ruins. Occasionally a mass of flame would struggle up from some unnoticed spot like a bubble, and burst away as the streams played on it. Through the day explosions of gas punctuated the continual pumping of the engines.

SCENE OF DEVASTATION.

The scene of devastation in the immediate vicinity of the fire can scarcely be imagined. Broken and blackened windows, wrecked doors, smashed railings, dirt and general debris surround almost every house. Countless thousands of spectators pouring from every street and avenue and from every transit line that passed near the scene of the great holocaust, and from private carriages as well as from the omnibuses of the city, gathered all day, pressing as close to the ruins as the restraining police lines would permit, and straining their eyes in the hope of catching sight of some ghastly part of the spectacle. One hundred policemen held the crowd at a distance.

The lifting smoke showed the fire engines puffing almost solemnly and their silent attendants at their sides. Beyond, where all eyes sought to reach, rose two gaunt columns of masonry, all that remained standing of the building. William F. Leland, the proprietor of the Windsor, had somehow recovered today, but was still in a feeble condition. He is as yet unable to account for the origin of the fire.

LOSSES AND INSURANCE.

It was learned today that Elbridge T. Gerry had the building and furniture that belonged to the hotel fully insured and even the annual rental, for which he indemnified himself with policies aggregating \$75,000. Gerry carried policies aggregating \$500,000 on the building and had insurance for \$100,000 on the furniture. In addition to this, Mr. Leland had policies aggregating \$100,000 on his own furniture in the hotel. Most of the policies that covered the hotel were carried with companies that have their main offices in other States than New York.

No estimate can be made of the precious metal and gems which have withstood the flames and lie hidden in the embers and wasteage of the great hotel. The family jewels, however, cost an \$800,000, and the hotel will run up somewhere near a million. How much has been picked up and carried away can never be known, nor can all ever be recovered.

Mrs. Nancy Kirk, who lost her life and her daughter, Miss Mary Kirk, had the family jewels, valued at more than \$300,000 with them. There were scores of other wealthy families who had the hotel and who lost jewels worth thousands of dollars.

NOVELIST GUNTER MISSING.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

NEW YORK, March 18.—Archibald Clavering Gunter, the well-known novelist, was a patron of the Windsor Hotel, and it is feared by friends who have not seen him since the fire that he lost his life with his wife, Mrs. Thomas Ochiltree, and son, George.

"Mr. Gunter was in my apartments an hour before the fire and I have no doubt that his body will be discovered in the ruins of the hotel. He was a very large stout man, and was a constant sufferer from asthma and would find it difficult to make his escape through the smoke."

SEARCHING FOR VALUABLES.

The men who are clearing the wrecks will work in shifts and be watched by the police and a corps of inspectors to guard against the possibility of making away with any valuables they may find. Nearly ever guest who was saved lost expensive jewelry or jewels, some lost diamonds to the value of many thousands of dollars.

IN THE BUILDING.

In the ruins of the building a one-story frame house has been erected. This will be the office of the contractor and the police headquarters also. To this all valuable will be taken.

When the hour of the change of shifts and the men coming on duty are called into this place and searched for valuables. No laborer will be permitted to leave his work and go outside the lines or communicate with a person inside the lines while at work.

The will and testament of Elbridge T. Jones, executed May 17, 1888, was found this afternoon. It disposed of a quarter of a million dollars in property. Attached to it was a codicil which provides for the disposition of other property. The will was turned over to the building department. Next the same sum railroad bonds were picked up. They were wet and badly burned. What bonds they were could not be determined.

Some of the bodies in the ruins may be recovered Monday or Tuesday. It will take a week to get at some of them and it will take twice that long to get at those in the cellar. Every preparation has been made for the handling of bodies. Wagons with stretchers will be inside the lines, and the Coroner will take charge of the bodies at once.

The home of Helen Gould was a point of interest today to sightseers. Hun-

dreds who managed to get inside the lines waited around in hope of catching a glimpse of the woman, whose charitable acts yesterday and today were so spontaneous.

The police threw a guard around the house. It had been slightly damaged by Miss Gould and her brother Frank, who had occupied the house Friday night, although they had permitted it to be turned into a hospital and morgue during the fire.

VICTIMS OF THE HOLOCAUST.

Only a Small Number of the Missing Accounted For.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

NEW YORK, March 18.—Following is the list of dead, corrected at 3 o'clock tonight:

KATE FLANAGAN, aged 40, chambermaid of hotel; died at Flower Hospital from the effects of burns and injuries.

Revised list of the dead:

JOHN CONNELLY, employee hotel; died at Flower Hospital.

MRS. ADDIE GIBSON, age 25; Cincinnati; shock, died at Murray Hill Hotel.

ELEANOR LOUISE GOODMAN, 17, daughter of Samuel Goodman, this city; died at Bellevue Hospital.

MISS LASHERLES GRANDY, Elizabeth City, N. C., here on shopping tour; died at the Windsor for a month.

MRS. MAURICE HENRY, this city, died at Roosevelt Hotel 9 o'clock this morning from burns and injuries.

NANCY ANN KIRK, wife of James F. Kirk, 35, San Francisco, Chicago, died at Bellevue Hospital.

MRS. WARREN LELAND, wife of the proprietor of the hotel, burns on body; died at Flower Hospital.

MISS HELEN LELAND, daughter of the hotel proprietor; found dead.

MARY SULLIVAN, 25, Irvington, N. Y., died at the fire.

Inquiries made by friends for Mrs. James Stokes, reported missing, revealed nothing regarding her fate.

Mrs. George M. Sorrell, one of the guests of the hotel, is said to be safe.

UNKNOWN MAN, who jumped from the roof at the rear of the hotel.

UNKNOWN MAN, who jumped from Fifth Avenue window, died at Helen Gould's house.

UNKNOWN CHILD, thrown out of window by mother.

UNKNOWN WOMAN, mother of child above mentioned, jumped from window; died at No. 19 East Forty-sixth street.

When Mrs. Maurice F. Henry died at the hospital this morning she was attended by nieces, Mrs. Bingley and Mrs. Lathrop of Boston, who came from the hotel last night, immediately after learning of the disaster. Mrs. Henry was a widow, and had been married three times. Her first husband was Judge Francis Devereux, of Boston. Mrs. Henry's second husband was Harrison Maynard, Boston. Her permanent home was in Boston. She had come to New York early in the winter, and had taken rooms on the fifth floor of the Windsor for the season. While trying to escape from her room by means of a rope, she lost her hold, fell and received the loss of her right arm.

MARY SULLIVAN, died at Bellevue Hospital of this city.

UNKNOWN MAN, who jumped from the roof at the rear of the hotel.

UNKNOWN MAN, who jumped from Taylor Morgan, who has years has stayed at the hotel.

UNKNOWN WOMAN, mother of child above mentioned, jumped from window; died at No. 19 East Forty-sixth street.

Mrs. So Smith Russell, wife of the actor, who was registered at the Windsor Hotel, was not in the house at the time of the fire, and is safe and well.

Miss Kate Forsythe, the American actress, who arrived from England and registered at the hotel, was in Philadelphia at the time of the fire.

William Leland is at the Hotel Gramercy and is lying in the room just vacated by Rudyard Kipling. At 8:30 a.m. today, Mr. Leland's mental condition was supposed to be considerably improved.

Mrs. Alfred de Cordova of this city, wife of the well-known stockbroker, who had an office at the Windsor Hotel, reported last night as missing, is safe.

MISS FULLER'S BODY.

The body supposed to be that of Miss Louise Goodwin has been identified by a young woman who refused to give her name, as that of Miss Margaret E. Foy, of Pittsburgh.

Col. Lelant, United States mail service, reported missing, is safe.

Mrs. A. M. Fuller of Pittsburgh is in a precarious condition, due to fright and shock, will recover.

Mrs. C. Simmons, resident of the hotel, burns, shock, condition doubtful.

Mrs. Nellie Thomas, assistant housekeeper, shock, condition doubtful.

Mrs. Dorothy Rosenthal, resident of the hotel, right injuries, shock, condition not serious.

MISS ROOSEVELT'S SAFE.

[A. T. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

NEW YORK, March 18.—Dr. Pitkin, house physician of the Windsor Hotel, has accounted for all of the six bedridden patients in the hotel with the exception of Miss James H. Stokes, the widow of Gen. James H. Stokes, who is among the dead.

Twelve little girls were taking dancing lessons from Mrs. Dora Gray Duncan of San Francisco, in a parlor on the fourth floor, when the fire started. Mrs. Gray Duncan hurried the children down the stairs and with her two daughters was among the first to leave the building.

An unidentified woman, about 30 years of age, died a few minutes after being taken into the house of Mrs. A. D. Adams, 68, No. 19 East Forty-sixth street. Her legs and breast were broken. It was said by one of the employees of the hotel that the woman was from San Francisco. She wore a black silk skirt and a purple waist.

Thomas P. Ochiltree, who escaped unharmed, lost valuable pictures and jewelry. She denied that the smoke that rolled along Fifth avenue that many sparrows which attempted to cross the street were suffocated.

A BALTIMORE VICTIM.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

BALTIMORE (Md.), March 18.—It seems almost certain from the circumstances surrounding the case, that the lady who died at the home of Miss Helen Gould, after jumping from a window of the Windsor Hotel, during the fire, was Miss Dora Hoffman, of this city, whose name appears in the list of the missing. Miss Hoffman was the sister of R. Curzon Hoffman, former president of the Seaboard Airline Railroad, and lived with her mother at No. 1039 St. Paul street, this city. She was also the aunt of the Misses McLaine, who were registered at the Windsor, but who were at luncheon with friends when the disaster occurred and were not present.

The body of the woman, who died in the fire, was Miss Dora Hoffman, of this city, whose name appears in the list of the missing. Miss Hoffman was the sister of R. Curzon Hoffman, former president of the Seaboard Airline Railroad, and lived with her mother at No. 1039 St. Paul street, this city.

MISS NANCY BRADLEY of Pittsburgh, Miss Nancy Bradley of Pittsburgh, was reported missing.

MISS ANNIE E. MORGAN, city, shock, condition doubtful.

MISS CLARA, chambermaid.

MISS DEMORASCH, or more probably, Mrs. A. C. Demorest, city.

MISS EGAN.

CHARLES FORD.

MISS ANNIE E. FULLER, daughter of A. M. Fuller of Pittsburgh.

WARREN GUYON, elevator boy.

MISS DORA HOFFMAN, Baltimore.

COL. HIGHEE.

MISS L. S. HAYES, Pittsburgh.

JOSE, servant.

MR. AND MRS. A. B. JOHNSTON, Newburyport, Mass.

ALICE KELLY, daughter of John Kelly, city.

MARY LANNEY (probably Laurie.)

MISS MAGGIE LOWNE (probably Laurie.)

HARRY W. HAURIE, city.

MRS. M. C. BRADLEY, city.

MISS NANCY BRADLEY of Pittsburgh.

MISS ANNIE E. MORGAN, city.

MISS CATHERINE MCGARITY, city.

JENNIE MCKENNA, chambermaid.

MR. NASH.

L. H. PORREY (possibly J. H. Purdy of Massachusetts.)

MRS. D. SOLOMON, widow.

MISS ROSANNA SOLOMON, 27 years of age, sister of above.

KATE SHEA, servant.

MRS. JAMES H. STOKES, city.

MISS DORA SIMPKINS.

MISS CLARA SIMPKINS.

MISS ANNETTE UPHAM, daughter of ex-Senator Upham of Glens Falls, N. Y.

MRS. VAN VECHTEN.

NORA WALSH, servant.

KITTY WALCH, servant.

MISS WORTH.

MISS WORD.

MISS YOUNG.

MISS ZEEB.

</

WILLIAM MORTIFIED.

DEFEAT OF THE MILITARY BILL NETTLES THE KAISER.

Unexpected Crisis in the Reichstag
Overshadows All Else in
Germany.

AN ULTRAMONTANE TRIUMPH.

PROTESTANT EMPEROR DEFEATED
BY A CATHOLIC MINORITY.

Old Prince Von Hohenlohe Blamed
With Responsibility for the
Blunder—His Days of
Usefulness Over.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

BERLIN, March 18.—[Special cable letter, Copyright, 1899.] The unexpected Reichstag crisis, which has overshadowed everything this week, was brought about by the fact that the Reichstag, judging from the words and manner of the Minister of War, Gen. von Gossler, was led to believe that the Emperor and Bundesrat were satisfied with the military bill as fixed by the budget commission's report, granting everything demanded in the shape of reorganization of the artillery and cavalry and an increase of the army peace footing, except that only seven thousand men were granted out of the 23,000 asked for. This, however, is really not the case, so far as the Emperor is concerned, and it was only after the Minister of War suddenly announced that the report was considered insufficient, that it was discovered that His Majesty insisted upon the passage of the bill in its original shape, or else the Reichstag would be dissolved and new elections ordered on this issue.

Those who are close to the Emperor have no doubt as to the meaning of the point which leaves no room to doubt His Majesty's attitude. But he is virtually alone in the stand taken, since a majority of the Bundesrat made it clear to the Imperial Chancellor, Prince von Hohenlohe, on Wednesday, that their government were satisfied with the bill in the shape reported. The further declared that a dissolution of the Reichstag on such a trifling matter seemed undesirable and injudicious, the Bundesrat being constitutionally the final arbiter in the matter. The Emperor, however, insisted, and carried out his intention of dissolving the Reichstag, and it also seemed clear that the result of an election would not be more favorable to the Emperor's wishes. The popular votes reported by the press, reflecting the increase in the popularity of the army on Tuesday, the vote standing 299 to 141, outnumbered the votes rejecting other proposals by almost two to one.

The statements of the leaders of the Reichstag carried much weight. Dr. Lieber, spokesman of the center, showing that within a few years, besides the regular military appropriations, the Reichstag has voted 732,000,000 marks, but the peace strength of the army is much stronger than appears from the bill, being really considerably over 600,000 men.

This effective arrangement of the insatiable military demands, and the statements of the other opposition leaders made a considerable impression.

Herr Richter, the German Radical leader, said:

"If the Reichstag was now dissolved, it would not be the cause of this trifling result. The Military Bill, but because another Reichstag wanted one which will pass a reactionary and strike bill and modify the election law, and its motto will be 'autocratic, absolute government and destruction of the Reichstag's independence.'

This salvo of similar remarks made by another speaker were heartily applauded by the whole right, and it was openly declared that the members of the party were not eager to enter into a new fight at the polls.

Now, however, it is hard to change the Emperor's mind, and it was only at the last moment before he started for Friedrichstadt to attend the entombment of the remains of Prince and Princess Bismarck, two hours before the dissolution of the Reichstag, that told the Imperial Chancellor and Count von Posadowsky-Wehner, Secretary of State for the Interior, that he would content himself with the reduction, and this was only after it was shown to him that by the additional resolution, the government would be assured a few years hence of what it contended for.

Still the Emperor felt that the Reichstag's action was a personal defeat and his mortification was correspondingly great for the influence of the court military party for weeks has been strongly exerted in the direction of not yielding in this matter.

The triumphal shoutings and shoutings of the opposition on Tuesday when it was evident that the government and the Emperor would yield, and utterances of a like nature in the session which followed, have helped to intensify His Majesty's mortification. It is said that he feels dissatisfied with Prince Hohenlohe, Gen. von Gossler and Count von Posadowsky-Wehner, who he considers to be the unskillful manner in which the matter was manipulated in the Reichstag and the lack of support of the government in the press.

Before the decision of the Reichstag was arrived at, the correspondent here of the Associated Press heard a gentleman of the Emperor's surroundings say:

"This has been old Hohenlohe's Pyrrhus victory. The Emperor is tired of him and he will have to go at the first opportunity."

It is said that His Majesty is further irritated by the fact that the ultramontane, though only one-third of the majority upon this occasion, triumphed in Protestant Germany over the Protestant Empire.

This also seemed a most galling reflection on the government circles, especially as the ultra-montane leader, Dr. Lieber, spoke on Tuesday and Thursday in a defiant challenging tone and with the manner of a master of the situation.

TRADE WITH AMERICA.

The newspapers are discussing the chance of effecting a commercial treaty with the United States, taking as a basis the arguments for and against the figures quoted by Count von Posadowsky-Wehner in the Reichstag a month ago, purporting to give the official statistics of the imports and exports of Germany and the United States. The figures, however, do not tally with the figures furnished to Robert R. Porter, since he has been here, and by Oscar P. Austin, chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the United States Treasury Department. The latter has collected all figures dealing with both these calendars for the year 1898, and they both show an enormous discrepancy compared with the figures of Count von Posadowsky-Wehner. The latter set forth that the excess of imports of American goods compared with the exports was \$50,500,000 marks, the imports being \$52,600,000 marks, and the exports \$44,000,00 marks. According to the United States treasury the American exports to Ger-

THIS WEEK

THURSDAY,
FRIDAY,
SATURDAY,

OUR MILLINERY OPENING

MARCH 23,
MARCH 24,
MARCH 25.

COME!

Williams'

Shaving

Soap

that's a ten-cent staple article
everywhere; cut Monday to a
cute

7c

Castile
Soapand big bar, too, 11 in. long, 2
in. wide and 1 in. thick, that
sells every day at 7c; cut
Monday to

4½c

Notions

These—for One Cent:

Hat elastic, round; white or
black—Bk. Hat Pins—Hook
and Eyes. Whistlebone casings—

1c

2c

for Corduroy Bind-
ing

for King's thread

for Bx 60 hair pins

Ladies'
Purses

comprising broken \$1 and

\$1.50 lines of Seal, Real
Alligator and other durable
leathers, marked to-

morrow one piece

Emb'y

The heavy selling lately

has broken several lines—

10, 12½, 15 and 20c ones—

including Vienna,

Swiss and Swiss, that will

be closed out beginning

tomorrow at

Children's
Vests

In infant and ribbed with long

sleeves—See values to be sold

tomorrow at

Amoskeag
Gingham.

In all the desirable colors

and patterns—See elsewhere

our price only, per yard

Shaker
Flannel.

In the usual width of good

weight and happy to quality

for excitement Monday, at

Bargains As Plenteous--As Copious--As Welcome As The Rain.

A mighty outpouring of merchandise—timely offer of have-to-haves for quick, thrifty people.

The quickness and alertness of our buyer has recently put us in possession of tremendous stocks much under their market value. In some instances, the orders had to be doubled and trebled in order to get the goods low enough—For we never buy unless we underbuy. And as we buy, so we sell. While others must needs sell for more—We are still selling at the old prices—Cut Prices.

Silk Surprises.

Odds and ends of Silks plain and figured, wash and chin, 19 to 24 in. wide, that sold at 35c to 50c

and 60c a yard; all thrown at

25c

25 in. black Taffeta Silk, extra

quality and high luster, 90c

value, selling at

75c

19 in. black all Silk' Faille, heavy round

cord, soft lustrous finish, usual

selling price 85c;

marked here but

69c

19 in. Gros Grain Silk, with bay

adore satin stripe, very stylish

63c

for skirts and only, per yard...

19 in. Black Brocaded Silk, with colored

polka dots in shaded colors of green,

blue, pink, rose, etc., the

latest idea for Ladies' Waists

75c

at per yard...

19 in. Novelty Taffeta in broken plaids,

and checks in the latest combinations of

blue, red, blue, rose, yellow, etc.

10.10 goods that sells here

here

here

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Liners

LIVE STOCK FOR SALE
And Pastures to Let.

FOR SALE—HORSES AND ONE TEAM of mares, chariot, carriage, and house east of the river on E. SEVENTH ST. 19

FOR SALE—PLANT KAFFIR CORN NOW get your seed at the ELECTRIC FEED MILL, Third and San Pedro. 19

FOR SALE—A SHETLAND PONY CARRIED ON HORSE CARRIAGE WORKS, 128 San Pedro st. 19

FOR SALE—A HANSDOME 900-LB. HORSE, ride and drive; also a surrey horse U. S. STABLE, 10th and Flower. 19

FOR SALE—A MUNCH DOG GOATS, FIRST HOUSE WEST BEND R.R., ON VICTORIA AVE., Cal. week day. 19

FOR SALE—ONE OR MORE FRESH THOROUGHbred Jersey cows, 500 W. 20TH ST., cor. Flower and Twentieth. 19

FOR SALE—GOOD TEAM YOUNG MARE and colt, weight 260 lbs.; 6 years old, REX GARDEN, Center Blvd. 19

FOR SALE—RIVERSIDE CITRUS FRUIT first clear water right, C. WORTH, New High and Franklin. 19

FOR SALE—FINE ST. BERNARD DOG, young; pedigree; exchange for furniture. 19

FOR SALE—THOROUGHBRED BHF. Foal, Cochin eggs, 50 cents setting, 725 E. 10TH ST., near San Pedro st. 19

FOR SALE—BELGIAN DOES, WITH LITTER, or just ready to have them, 1225 S. LOS ANGELES ST. 19

FOR SALE—THOROUGHBRED SHETLAND pony (male) at reasonable price, 1518 GEORGE BELL ST. 19

FOR SALE—FIRST-CLASS COW: INQUIRE at J. L. ELLIOTT, st. between Western and Figueroa st. 19

FOR SALE—A GOOD 7-YEAR-OLD HORSE, weight 850 lbs.; cheap, U. S. STABLES, Tent and Flower. 20

MONEY TO LOAN ON ALL KINDS OF PERSONAL SECURITY, diamonds, watches, pianos, furniture, insurance or whatever of any kind. Call me in morning and can make quick loans; private room for ladies; ticks and traps, etc. Trust in our warehouse, LEE BROS., 402 S. Spring.

FOR SALE—BEAUTIFUL SHETLAND pony, strong and buggy, cheap, WESTERN AVE., 19

FOR SALE—CHEAP, ONE FINE DRIVING mare, 8 years old; one fine Jersey cow, 1365 E. 28TH ST. 19

FOR SALE—CHEAP, ONE OF BEST-BRED, fine, strong, roadsters in the city, 308 W. FIRST ST. 19

FOR SALE—COW: THE BEST FAMILY cow in the city, 400 BOWEN & POWERS, 220½ S. Spring. 19

FOR SALE—EGGS, BLACK SPANISH, Row of prime birds, and Minors, 19

FOR SALE—5-YEAR-OLD BUGGY MARE, sell or trade for surrey animal, WHIPPLE, 730 S. Broadway. 20

FOR SALE—TWO FRESH COWS, ONE well-bred Jersey 3 years old, 10 E. 23TH ST. 19

FOR SALE—A FEW MORE OF THOSE FINE BLACK Spanish chickens, 2942 WESTERN AVE. 19

FOR SALE—FINE DARK JERSEY COW, good milker, must be sold, 1226 E. 22D ST. 19

FOR SALE—A GOOD YOUNG DRIVING horse; goes single or double, 316 JACKSON ST. 19

FOR SALE—HORSE, BUGGY, SPRING AND farm wagon, A. E. NICHOLLS, 348 San Pedro. 19

FOR SALE—FRESH YOUNG JERSEY COW and calf; rich milker, 379 S. ANDERSON ST. 19

FOR SALE—CHOICE COW, EX-TRAIR milker; price \$30, 906 E. 22D ST. 19

FOR SALE—YOUNG GENTLE 6-GALLON Jersey cow, just fresh, 94 W. 21ST ST. 19

FOR SALE—WHITE PLYMOUTH ROCKS, one trio, 1235 S. LOS ANGELES ST. 19

FOR SALE—A FINE DURHAM COW, large milker, 155 N. NEWHALL ST. 19

FOR SALE—GOOD HORSE; ALSO SURREY, together or separate, at 12½ E. 30TH T. 19

FOR SALE—GOOD 7-YEAR-OLD MARE, weight 1000 lbs.; 7 per cent. 19

FOR SALE—CHEAP HORSES, HAIRY AND business buggy, 758 S. OLIVE ST. 19

FOR SALE—STANDARD BREED, BLACK and white Minors eggs, 1604 REED ST. 19

FOR SALE—ONE GOOD HORSE FOR SALE cheap; call today a 921 S. OLIVE ST. 19

FOR SALE—FINE YOUNG THOROUGHbred foal, 2127 HOOVER. 19

FOR SALE—GOOD HORSE, BUGGY AND harness, 1000 lbs., 21ST ST. 19

FOR SALE—BULL TERRIER, weight 50 pounds, 718 ALPINE ST. 19

FOR SALE—CHEAP, HORSE, HARNESS, phaeton, wagon, side saddle. 19

FOR SALE—A GOOD JERSEY COW, FRESH Apply 941 AUSTIN ST. 19

FOR SALE—BELGIAN HORSES, 259 AVE. NUE 25. 19

LIVE STOCK WANTED—

MONEY TO LOAN—\$1000 TO 7 PER CENT. ON any kind of property, including real estate, or personal property, etc. Address Box 9, NEWPORT, Cal. 19

WANTED—LIVE STOCK, 5 ACRES OF land in good fruit location, value \$600, to exchange for heavy young work mares. For particulars address BOX 9, NEWPORT, Cal. 19

WANTED—PONY OR SMALL HORSE, BUGGY, harness, together or singly; pony must be good traveler, thoroughly city broke; a bargain immediately. 634 W. 27TH ST. 19

WANTED—TO PURCHASE HEAVY TEAM, horses, heavy wagon; also some good cows, which give good milk. Address a box, 400 TIMES OFFICE. 19

WANTED—WARSPIKE, THE LARGE STALLION, No. 17,375, will make the sacrifice at the rate of interest, from \$500 to \$5000 for 5 years. THOMAS LLOYD, cor. 38th and Wesley ave., near University P. O., Los Angeles, Cal. 19

WANTED—TO PURCHASE MORTGAGES; real estate, city residence or business property. F. Q. STORY, 308 Henne Block, 122 W. Third st. 19

EASTERN AND SAN FRANCISCO REOPENED to business, new management, quiet, safe, good credit, real estate, etc. Address a box, 400 TIMES OFFICE. 19

WANTED—TO LOAN ON LOW RATES, N. Y. DEUTSCH, room 109, Helman Bldg., Broadway and 32nd st. 19

MONEY TO LOAN IN SUMS OF \$500 TO \$1000, on approved security. Address A. box 6, TIMES OFFICE. 19

WANTED—LIVE STOCK, WANTED, 10 to 20 dozen puppies, 2 to 4 months old. Address A. box 6, TIMES OFFICE. 19

MONEY TO LOAN IN SUMS OF \$500 TO \$1000 on approved security. Address Y. box 15, TIMES OFFICE. 19

MONEY TO LOAN—\$2000 AND \$3000 AT REASONABLE rates on mortgage. C. W. CHASE, 410 Bulard Block. 19

WANTED—FOR HIS FEED, LIGHT work; will buy if suited. Address B. box 93, TIMES OFFICE. 19

WANTED—THE SERVICE OF A MALTSEZ, or Terrier, or terrier. Address E. RALSTON, S. Los Angeles. 19

WANTED—HORSE FOR ITS, KEEP OR buy, may buy, 132 N. AVENUE OR, East Los Angeles. 19

WANTED—TO BUY HORSE OR TRADE wood for same; must be bargain. 73 GLADYS AVE. 19

WANTED—4 DOZEN YOUNG HENS, 19 weeks old, buy. Address Z. box 18, TIMES OFFICE. 19

WANTED—10 TO 100 PLYMOUTH ROCK chicks, with or without mothers. Address 956 E. 47TH. 19

WANTED—STOUT YOUNG RANCH TEAM, Address FARMER, 402 Currier building. 19

WANTED—A FEW STOCK HOGS, BOX 23, UNIVERSITY STATION. 19

MONEY TO LOAN—

MONEY TO LOAN—

On furniture, pianos, diamonds, etc., at reasonable rates. I make loans quickly with small expense. Business strictly confidential. Private office for ladies. R. C. O'BRYAN, Suite 440, Douglas Block. 19

TO LOAN—\$500 TO LOAN: PRIVATE money, from \$1000 up, 5 to 8 per cent. J. A. MORLAN & CO. room 316, Laughlin Bldg. 19

MONEY TO LOAN—

TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY, corner Franklin and New High st., paid up, \$400,000. Directors—Wm. H. Allen, Jr., president; M. S. Hellman, vice-president; J. A. Jackson, vice-president; O. C. Clark, cashier; Frank B. Baint, manager; Frank A. Gibson, W. M. Caswell, H. W. O'Malley, A. M. Ozman, Wm. Staats, Dr. C. B. Tamm, etc. Many insurance companies, solicitors of title insurance, and acts as trustee, guardian, executor, administrator, receiver, assignee, etc. 19

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WANTED—\$1000 TO 7 PER CENT. ON FIRST-CLASS SECURITY, AT 8 PER CENT. NET: THIS IS GOOD AND WILL PAY OFF TO INVESTORS. ALSO, \$1000 AND \$1500, ALL ON IMPROVED CITY, R. E. IBBETSON, 218 S. Broadway, room 207, 208-209. Tel. 151. 19

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W

COAST RECORD.

A FRAUD AND THIEF.

"BOY VAQUERO" DUDLEY SEEKS TO BE GORDON BELL.

Escaped from Whittier, Stole Money from His Uncle and Went to San Francisco.

TOLD THE POLICE WEIRD TALES

TOOK FRENCH LEAVE OF BOYS AND GIRLS' AID SOCIETY.

Narrow Escape from Drowning Honolulu—Important Supreme Court Decisions—Demand for Sweet Wines.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) SAN FRANCISCO, March 18.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] John Dudley, a fourteen-year-old "boy vaquero," whose self-vaunted adventures with cow-punchers on the range from Idaho to Mexico were exploited in the press a week ago, turns out to be a prodigious fraud, as well as a thief. When arrested on the water front, equipped with an arsenal of revolvers and cartridges, young Dudley told a romantic tale of running away from his "poor old grandma" in Pueblo, Colo., at the age of 8 years, with a band of cowboys. For six years afterward he claimed to have lived in the saddle, doing and seeing things that would furnish material for a dozen melodramas. Now Dudley proves to be a wicked romancer, who has derived all his knowledge of cowboy life from dime novels.

Instead of having come to San Francisco from Arizona, as he told the police, the "boy vaquero" journeyed here from the Whittier Reform School via Los Angeles. His real name is Gordon Bell, and he escaped from the Whittier institution about ten days before his capture on the water front. All this was discovered when Detective Anthony was detailed to arrest Gordon Bell for stealing \$60, three pistols, a cartridge belt, two boxes of cartridges, and two railroad tickets from his uncle in Los Angeles.

It appears the counterfeiter, young cowboy has been living with his Los Angeles relatives until he made free with property which did not belong to him. He was tried for this offense, convicted and sent to the Whittier School. Some two weeks later he reappeared at his uncle's residence, and was received as a prodigal. The police here do not know how he got out of the Reform School. After a stay of two days in Los Angeles young Bell disappeared, taking with him the plunder inventoried above. The railroad tickets he stole were afterward found in the Santa Fe station at Los Angeles.

A photograph of young Bell and a request for his arrest were received from Los Angeles by Chief Lees today. The photograph was at once recognized as that of John Dudley, the "boy vaquero." Detective Anthony, who knew Bell made the identification positive, and he was sent to the home of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, to which he had been committed, to rearrest the juvenile Munchausen for transfer to Los Angeles. He arrived there too late, for on the preceding evening Gordon Bell had taken French leave of his latest guardian.

NEARLY LOST THEIR LIVES.

Narrow Escape of Russell Colgrove and Tourists at Honolulu.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) SEATTLE (Wash.) March 18.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Garonne, just from Honolulu, brings news that the wreck of the ship Edward O'Brien has entirely broken up, and those who bought the cargo and wreck on speculation will lose their money. Russell Colgrove, well-known here in connection with City of Columbia, nearly lost his life in an effort to get some of the valuables of the wreck, which he had purchased.

He went on board Sunday morning with seven Japanese and started to work on the wreck. His boat was blown out to sea by a sudden storm that came up, and all would surely have been lost had it not been for Commander Smith of the City of Columbia. He saw their signals of distress, and went after them in a launch.

SUPREME COURT RULING.

Decision of Lower Court to Pay an Accident Policy, REVERSED.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 18.—The action of the lower court in granting relief to the widow of George H. Bayley in her suit against the Employers' Liability Assurance Corporation has been reversed by the Supreme Court. The corporation refused to pay a \$20,000 policy on the life of Bayley, who was accidentally killed, on the ground that the accident made by him did not rectify cases where he had received benefits for accidents.

The widow averred that the company knew of some of the occurrences where Bayley had received benefits. The company admitted that it was aware of one such instance not recited in the application, but it did not know of others. The Supreme Court reversed the judgment on the ground of omission to recite cases where benefits had been received.

MOTHER FINDS HER CHILD.

Located at a San Francisco Orphanage After Two Years.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) SAN FRANCISCO, March 18.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] After two and a half years spent in searching for her baby girl, Mrs. O. C. Saae of No. 221 South Bunker Hill avenue, Los Angeles, has at length, with the aid of the police, located the little one in the Maria K. K. Orphanage in this city. When she separated from her first husband, whose name was Joseph Mance, Mrs. Saae placed her child, then 2 years and 6 months old, in care of her friend, Mrs. Lillie Whittier, who soon after disappeared, taking her charge with her. The mother exhausted all her resources to trace little "Marie Mance" and when she married Saae he assisted her, but their quest was fruitless.

When hope had almost died in the breast of Mrs. Saae, she received a letter dated San Francisco, November 27, 1898, and signed "Ed Jarvis." The writer, who gave his address as No. 122 Turk street, said he knew a man named Whittier in Michigan, who had a girl named Marie, whom he believed to be Mrs. Saae's daughter. "Jarvis" wrote again on December 8, asking why he had received no answer to his first letter.

Mrs. Saae did not reply to Jarvis, and on February 11 last she received a letter dated No. 613 Mission street, San Francisco, written in a feminine hand and signed "Frank West." The writer, who claimed to belong to "Frank's" detective agency of Chicago,

stated that he met Mrs. Lillie Whittier in a small town near Chicago; that she had a little girl, whose picture he enclosed, who was with a family in the interior of this State. "West" said that Mrs. Whittier had told him the story of the little Marie and had agreed to give him \$150 to take the child back to Chicago. Having a grievance against Mrs. Whittier, who "did him dirt," he was willing to betray her and deliver the child to her mother if the latter would give him the same amount of money.

Mrs. Saae continued to ignore the blackmailing letters, and still another by "West" was sent to her, dated Pasadena, February 25, which requested her to send her telephone address and "West" would communicate with her from Santa Cruz on his way to Wisconsin. Feeling satisfied that the writer of the letters knew where the child was, Mrs. Saae went to Chief of Police Glass of Los Angeles and that official sent letters and an outline of the story to Chief Lees.

An investigation was started which resulted in the discovery of the child by Policeman McMurray on Thursday in the Maria Kip Orphanage. Little Marie was taken to the orphanage about a month ago by the Whittier woman, who called herself "Whittier," and gave the child's name as "Edith." Mrs. Whittier has not called at the orphanage since she left Marie there, but was seen on Turk street last Friday by Mrs. Cunningham of the Infants' Shelter.

RIOTOUS OUTBREAK.

Unsuccessful Attempt of Railroad Strikers at Skagway.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

VICTORIA (B. C.) March 18.—The steamer Amur, which arrived today, reports a riotous outbreak of railroad strikers at Skagway. The men made an unsuccessful attempt to drive the non-striking workmen from Camp No. 1. White, the ringleader, led a large body of men to the camp where Dr. Whiting, the railroad surgeon, and a few men stood as guards. White advanced in front of the party and parleyed for a few minutes, then sprang for Whiting, who knocked him down with a rifle, breaking it and stunning White. The rioters then dispersed.

Starts at Port Valdez, Through Key- stone Mountains, Across Copper River, Through Passes into Tanana Valley, Thence over the Divide to Eagle City.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

SAN JOSE, March 18.—According to Southern Pacific Agent Aram at Boulder Creek, the recent storm gave 10 inches of water there, a total for the season of 41 inches. This is said to be heavier than any other place reporting in the State.

ALL CROPS PROMISING.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

SAN JOSE, March 18.—At the meeting of the Grange today Horticultural Commissioner Ehrlhorn reported that no frost has been done in this county since last week. He said that in two or three localities slight harm may have resulted to apricots and peaches, but it was exceedingly slight. All crops are promising and irrigation has ceased.

FORTY-ONE INCHES OF RAIN.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

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ALL-AMERICAN ROUTE.

CAPT. ABERCROMBIE HAS FOUND ONE TO THE KLONDIKE.

Starts at Port Valdez, Through Key- stone Mountains, Across Copper River, Through Passes into Tanana Valley, Thence over the Divide to Eagle City.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

WASHINGTON, March 18.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] An all-American route to the Klondike has been discovered by Capt. Abercrombie of the Second United States Infantry, and his findings together with those of Capt. Gen. and Lieut. Castner, have been made the subject of a report to the War Department. Capt. Abercrombie, speaking of his explorations today, gave what is practically a synopsis of the report filed with the department, but not yet given out for publication. He said:

"I made a start at Port Valdez, Prince William Sound, and went through to the mouth of the Tanana River, and then to Belle Isle, close to the boundary line of the Yukon River. I found an all-American route that started from Port Valdez, going through what is known as the Key-stone Pass in the coast range of mountains, crossing Copper River at its junction with Klutena River, and thence crossing Big Bend of Copper River, in almost a direct line, to the confluence of Slahna River with upper Copper River.

"Leading from Slahna, over into Tanana Valley, we found a number of passes; crossed Tanana at the mouth of the Tetling, thence over to the headwaters of Forty Mile, down Forty Mile to O'Brien Creek, and up O'Brien Creek and over the divide to Eagle City, a distance of about 385 miles. The greatest altitude crossed on this route was between three and four thousand feet, a lower gradient than that of any other pass into Alaska.

"Copper River Valley was found to be an ancient lake bed, which averages about seventy miles in width, and about two hundred miles long. It is a succession of terraces from the mountains on each side, and terminates in an abrupt escarp at the river bank. Where the streams have cut through these terraces, black soil is shown from a depth of four to six feet. Native grasses, berries and flowers are found in great quantities, and of luxuriant growth. The minerals of Alaska show strong indications of developing. There will probably be some sensational placer diggings discovered during the next year in the American territory. There have been locations made of promising copper properties, and it is possible quicksilver, galena, iron and coal will be located and ironed on during the coming season.

"The chances for a poor man to make fortune in Alaska are not encouraging, owing to the fact that transportation is so expensive and labor so high. To a poor man, I would say: 'Wait until the operator has developed the quartz claims, which he will do within a few years, and then venture in.' To the small farmer who wants to raise hay and grain, I would say: 'I believe there is a fairly good field awaiting development.'

Five furlongs, selling: Triaditga won. J. McCallie second, Myrtle G. Barker third; time 1:03.

Mile and a quarter, selling: Dona- won, Woodranger second, Tinto disqualifed, Babe Fields third; time 2:09%.

One mile, handicap: Takanassee won. Barataria second, Elkin, third; time 1:42.

One mile: Effi Ainslie won. Brown Vail second. D. P. McCarthy third; time 1:43%.

Seven furlongs, selling: Sauterne won. John Sullivan second, Elsie Bramble third; time 1:30%.

OTHER FIRES.

Disastrous Conflagrations at Green- ville, Texas, and Elsewhere.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

HOUSTON (Tex.) March 18.—A special from Greenville, Tex., says that a fire started at 5 o'clock last night in the Opera building and destroyed an office building adjoining. The fire was still raging at 1:30 o'clock a.m. The loss at that hour was \$135,000, including several fine libraries which cannot be replaced. The insurance will not amount to half the loss.

AMESBURY'S LOSS.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

AMESBURY (Mass.) March 18.—A fire which started in the opera house here just before 2:30 o'clock this morning, destroyed three of the largest business blocks in the place and one church and other property. The loss is estimated at \$50,000.

BICYCLE SYNDICATE.

Combines Formed to Buy Out the Leading Plants in the Country.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

CHICAGO, March 18.—W. Kiser, president of the Monarch Bicycle Manufacturing Company, said today that a syndicate had been formed, which proposed to buy out the plants of the leading bicycle-makers of the country.

All will be conducted under one head, although each company will continue to operate its own plant under its own name. The syndicate will market the wheels. In this way a vast amount spent for traveling men, etc., will be saved. It is said it will take at least \$25,000,000 to buy the various plants.

AT NEW YORK HOTELS.

NEW YORK, March 18.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The following Los Angeles people are at hotels in New York: E. L. S. Usham, A. Kennedy, Miss E. Clark, E. Howard, C. H. Dickenson, J. J. Gowell, A. S. O'Neill, R. Cole, Los Angeles, is in Paris.

IMPROVED RATES.

Deserted Wife Thinks Young King- ey May Have Been Her Husband.

(A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.)

SAN FRANCISCO, March 18.—The passage through this city of the body of James Cook Kingsley on its way from San Salvador to Brooklyn, has brought to the surface a mystery of some years standing, involving the disappearance of a mining engineer named Fred Cook Kingsley, who was last heard of in 1892, and whose wife resides in this city.

OLD MYSTERY REVIVED.

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FATAL EXPLOSION IN FRANCE.

Three Men Killed and Several Injured in Ammunition Factories.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

PARIS, March 18.—[By Atlantic Cable.] Two explosions occurred today at government ammunition factories. At Bourges, in the shell-filling shop, three men were killed and five were injured.

At Marseilles, a cartridge exploded, blowing up a quantity of gunpowder. Three men were injured, and great damage was done to the building.

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The dead man was the son of the



EASTER

The Crown of Easter Glory

Is the Easter Hat, and where in all the land will you find a more enticingly charming display than at this grand double store. More space given to millinery than any other two stores in the city, and more thought by three times. Every article we offer for sale is marked at cut rates. That means less than you can buy it for elsewhere or no sale.

Grand collection of Pattern Hats for you to copy from. Pick out the style you want, select your own materials, let our trimmers do the work and save half your money.



Easter Sailor.

Two hundred styles of the nobbiest sailors yet. No other store has our styles. No other store will sell at our prices. Not a color, shape or kind of braid that you can't find here if it has been mentioned even once in any fashion paper.

MARVEL CUT RATE MILLINERY CO.

241-243 SOUTH BROADWAY.

ON INGLESIDE TRACK.

No Pool-selling and Handbooks Did No Business—Results.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

SAN FRANCISCO, March 18.—There was no pool-selling at Ingleside today, and the police prevented the handbooks from doing any business. No arrests were made this afternoon. The weather was fine, but the track was slow.

One and a sixteenth miles, selling: Opponent, 102 (H. Martin) won; Wyoming, 109 (Rutter) 10 to 1, second; Joe Mussle, 109 (Bassinger) 5 to 1, third; time, 1:14%.

Steepchase, short course, handicap: Vanity, 135 (McAuliffe) 6 to 5, won; Lord Chesterfield, 142 (Matiere) 5 to 2, second; Huntsman, 140 (Hannah) 10 to 1, third; time 4:04%. University also ran.

Three and a half miles, selling: Sardine, 117 (Rutter) 6 to 5, won; Lime Water, 94 (McNichols) 4 to 1, second; Marinel, 95 (Loulie) 4 to 1, third; time 1:42%.

Los Medanos, Judge Wofford, Glendale, Robert Bonner and Carrie U. also ran.

One mile, selling: Fleur-de-Lis, 117 (Rutter) 6 to 5, won; Lime Water, 94 (McNichols) 4 to 1, second; Ella Polson, 110 (McNichols) 5 to



NEWS FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA TOWNS.

for the benefit of the Y.M.C.A. at the Auditorium April 6.

There was big travel to Mt. Lowe today. A party of ten went from the Evanston Inn.

There will be a thanksgiving service for the rain at the Lincoln Avenue Church Saturday at 3 o'clock.

Prof. G. Wharton James has returned from the East, where he has been lecturing for several months.

Mrs. F. Edward Gray of Alhambra is suffering from a severe shock and bruises resulting from a runaway accident.

W. F. Wentworth, impersonator: H. H. Barnard, pianist; and A. Miller, tenor, will appear at the Universalist Auditorium Tuesday evening.

The colored people of Pasadena had a jubilation this evening at the home of Mrs. Jane Brown Thompson, daughter of John Brown.

Unsparring exertions have saved the life of the magnificent St. Bernard dog, owned by John B. Miller, that was twice attacked by the poisoner this week.

President C. L. Hutchinson of the Corn Exchange Club of Chicago, who was visiting this city, was called home by the death of his father, a famous operator in the grain and cattle business.

Among those fatally injured in the Windham Hotel fire in New York City was Mrs. James S. Kirk of Chicago, whose son, John S. Kirk, has been a guest at Hotel Green this winter. Mr. Kirk left Pasadena four days ago.

Mrs. M. M. Seaman of Los Angeles and Miss F. E. the Toronto sculptor, gave a notable reception this afternoon in honor of Mrs. James A. Garfield, at the home of Mrs. Belle M. Jewett on Belfontaine street.

It is gratifying to find that Miss Orr's classical school for girls is in a more promising condition than ever, with a larger number of pupils in all grades, a stronger faculty, and a greater interest.

A visit to the attractive school buildings on South Euclid avenue, in Pasadena, reveals that there are sixty pupils, including in the grounds and auditorium departments, under a corps of thirteen instructors.

When the writer called, the little ones of the kindergarten were having a birthday party in honor of one of their number, and it was most interesting to watch the beginning of these little ladies in the lessons in womanhood, as developed under the kindergarten system. It is a source of great satisfaction to many Pasadena mothers that their children can be placed in such happy influences.

The gymnasium is one of the highly-prized features of the school.

The Health Officer today raised the quarantine and the residents of this city are now breathing somewhat easier.

SANTA ANA BREVITIES.

It has developed that the company asking for an electric franchise in this city did not care to string wires in the San Gabriel Cafeteria.

It is a bad idea to have a town between this city and the mountains to the north, but instead it is proposed to bring the machinery to Santa Ana.

A trolley-ho party from the hotel visited Tia Juana and other points of interest in the bay region this morning.

The arrivals last night included H. S. Hallister, Denver, Colo.; C. E. Dickerman and wife, St. Paul; C. H. Munger and wife, St. Paul; C. E. Madison, San Francisco; W. E. Whitford and wife, Providence, R. I.; W. T. Kirkpatrick, Durango, Colo.

ANAEHIM.

Grain and Beet-growers Feel Assured of Fair Crop.

ANAEHIM, March 18.—(Regular Correspondence.) Ranchers have been wonderfully active since the rain and general work has gone ahead with rapidity. It is considered that hay made early has reached a good height, grain will be secured. A number who put out a barley crop have been delayed by frost-knots. Had it been delayed a week longer grain would have suffered greatly. In the beet district the greatest change has been wrought. Families in actual want find themselves with fair prospects ahead, and they will get through the season in good shape. Another inch of rain within the next month will make them a good year. In the dairy country cows have been largely withdrawn from the market, when they were offered at \$100 per ton in their own figures. Assurance of feed and pasture makes it possible for the owners to hang on and keep their stock. Milk has been bringing the best figures ever known in the county at the present time, but cost of production has been so high as to be prohibitive to many. Horses have also strengthened much during the past few days, a soap factory buyer who had no difficulty in securing all the horses he wanted on Wednesday at \$1.50 per head, finds it impossible today to contract for a single animal.

City school teachers were permitted to go to Los Angeles today, the quarantine put on by the school board having been raised. Scarlet fever is about 100 cases in the city and school attendance is increasing. Many children were withdrawn at the beginning of the smallpox scare, and when scarlet fever was reported in the city a big decline in attendance occurred. There has been a few cases of the fever, the other being very mild. German measles are now epidemic in the locality, many cases being reported among children. More than the usual number of adults on the occasion of these epidemics are suffering attacks.

SANTA BARBARA BREVITIES.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Sherman, wife of Charles H. Sherman, of Arlington Heights, will be held Sunday afternoon from the residence. Mrs. Sherman died recently in San Francisco.

Several of the local pastors will join in a symposium at the Congregational Church, under the direction of Mr. Kennedy, who has brought the organization to its present efficiency.

The demur of Sheriff Nat Stewart to the election contest complaint of ex-Sheriff Hicks was argued in the Superior Court yesterday. The defendant was given until the 20th inst. to present affidavits and plaintiff until the 22d. The present authorities in reply:

"The Restless has arrived from San Nicolas Island with a cargo of abalone shells.

SOMEBODY'S GOOD LUCK.

B. H. Smith Wants to Pay Money to Los Angeles Men.

The following Associated Press dispatch was received last night:

"ATCHISON (Kan.), March 18.—The

Chief of Police has received a letter from B. H. Smith of Boulder, Colo., inquiring for the whereabouts of H. B. Treat and W. H. Williams, who left this town ten years ago, going to California. A good many years ago Treat

traded a ranch to the Indians.

The Restless has arrived from San

Nicolas Island with a cargo of abalone shells.

LEATHER GOODS.

Ladies' Purses in all shades of green, brown, tan and black. 25c to \$2.00.

A Real Seal Purse for \$1.25. Gentlemen's Purses, all shapes and sizes, 10c to \$1.25.

Special Sale This Week Only.

California Syrup of Figs 30c.

Our Cigar Department

Is growing in favor with layers of fine goods.

Try a Key West Superior, 5c cigar.

This is the only 5c cigar made by Ballard & Co., of Tampa, Florida, the makers of the celebrated Princess Louise Cigars. It is a clear Havana with a Havana wrapper and is pronounced by judges to be the best 5c cigar in the market.

5c each, 6 for 25c

Boxes of 100 for \$1.00

Electric Belts.

Why pay \$20.00 to \$40.00 for an Electric Belt when we will sell you a better one from \$5.00 to \$15.00. Don't purchase before seeing ours.

Mail orders promptly filled.

\$5.00 worth of goods delivered free to any railroad point within

100 miles of Los Angeles. Cash with order.

WOLF & CHILSON,

Prescription Druggists,

Second and Broadway,

Telephone M. 361.

Leading grocers sell Grape-Nuts.

MALT Vines 25c dozen. Woolcott.

GRAPENEUTS.

They are perfectly cooked at the Factory.

PASTY CEREALS.

Responsible for Many Cases of Indigestion.

Many cooks send cooked cereals to the breakfast table in a starchy, pasty and wholly indigestible manner. You are sure of a properly cooked dish when Grape-Nuts are served, for absolutely no preparation of any kind is required, therefore the flavor and ease of digestion are just as intended by the food experts who make Grape-Nuts. Try them. Made by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Leading grocers sell Grape-Nuts.

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Second and Broadway,

City Briefs.

BISHOP'S

"MEDALLION"
Jams and Jellies of
pure fruit.

Your grocer has them.

BISHOP AND COMPANY

SODA
CRACKERSPremier Wine can
be delivered to any
eastern point from
our eastern offices at
a freight saving.When you
send wine
east from
California
send the best
wine pro-
duced in
the state.
The best is
"Premier"
Brand.Charles Stern & Sons,
Winery and Distillery,
901-901 MACY ST. "Phone Boyle 1.
City Depot — ELLINGTON DRUG
CO., corner Fourth and Spring.

for this week only: \$50 suits, all silk-lined, \$25; \$40 suits, half-silk lined, \$20; \$25 suits to be closed this week at half-price, \$14. South Broadway.

O. L. Wuerker, next to L. A. Theater, shows a large assortment of beads and buckles, from \$1 to \$5.

Navajo blankets, opals, Mexican and Brazil; draw-work. Field & Cole, 349 Spring.

Indian baskets, choice and rare, at cost. Winkler's curios, 336 South Broadway.

Zimman's button factory, 254 South Broadway, room 11, corner Third.

Sewing machines to rent \$1.50 month, bargains \$3 up, 507 South Spring.

Coming's studio, always in the lead; 25 cent photos 25¢.

The Unique makes corsets to order. Chainless bicycles rented, 518 S. Hill. Nittinger, 31 situations; 200 S. Spring. Dr. Minnie Wells, 127 E. Third.

The firm of Mortimer & Harris, attorneys-at-law, has been dissolved.

The Hill Tops and the Redondo nine play a game of baseball at Redondo today.

The Landmarks Club has arranged an excursion to San Fernando mission for April 8.

Stanton Woman's Relief Corps, G. A. R., will give an entertainment to its friends at Kramer Hall next Friday evening.

Bishop Montgomery will deliver a lecture on the programme.

The gathering will include music and recitations.

The second in the course of lectures on architecture, given under the auspices of the Ruskin Club, was delivered in Music Hall on Saturday afternoon by Rev. W. D. P. Bliss. The subject was "Orpheus in the Architects' Studio."

Ladies, go to the New Home Domestic and Wheeler & Wilson office this week, and see the second-hand machines, from \$3 up. R. B. Moorehead, manager, 349 South Spring.

Prof. W. W. Lovejoy, formerly Browning lecturer in Boston and Philadelphia, Simpson Tabernacle, Sunday evening, 7:45. "The Religion of Browning." Admission free.

President Jordan of Stanford University, at Unity Church Monday, March 27, at 8 p.m. Subject, "The Mission of the Fool-Killer." Admission 25 cents.

Of all the pretty millinery openings the one at No. 303 S. Broadway, given by Mme. Dosch is considered by the ladies to excel. She will continue the display Monday.

Happy those that realize the good of the rain. Happier those that realize Walter's bargain. Border free with 7½ and 10c wall paper. 627 S. Spring. Tel., main 1055.

Prof. W. W. Lovejoy will lecture on "Carlyle's" 320 S. Broadway, tomorrow afternoon, 3 o'clock. Thursday afternoon on "Tenison's" evening on "Lowell." Admission, 25 cents.

For sale—Bank stock, street bonds, water bonds, money to loan, 5 to 7 per cent, any amount. Established 1886. Lee A. McConnell, financial agent, 145 S. Broadway.

I guarantee to cure rheumatism or make no charge. Nothing internal. No electricity. Address M. Mendelson, Capitola, Orange county, Cal.

Prof. Payne will give a social dance Tuesday night at Illinois Hall. All friends are invited. Admission, gentlemen, 50 cents; ladies free.

Piano lessons by Mrs. Dion Ramond. For consultation address Mr. Durant, Southern California Music Company, Bradbury building.

French by conversation, 930 Grand avenue, \$1 a month. A trip to Rio reads like a novel. Classes, 10, 4, 7:30. Visitors welcome.

Turkey dinner at the Natick dining parlors from 4:45 to 7:30 p.m. today at the usual rates, 25 cents, or twenty-one meals for \$4.50.

Skeel's organ recital, First Congregational Church, next Tuesday. Mr. Bassett, reader, and the U.S.C. Glee Club will assist.

Just received a choice selection of Bargain portieres, \$1 and up; also many fine kiskskins, 315 South Broadway, room 219.

Samuel E. Wells will give his wonderful impersonations from "Hamlet" in the Y.M.C.A. auditorium tomorrow evening.

La Ramassana, 533 S. Broadway; lace and lace curtains cleaned, from 30c pair and up; special attention for repairing.

The latest millinery goods at Mrs. Hunt's, 224 Fourth street. We trim for 25 cents. Give us a trial.

Special reduction on ladies' tailor-made suits; suits made at half-price please copy.

MASONIC FUNERAL.

MILLIAN — In this city, March 17, 1899, Julie E. Quinn, widow of the late Frank T. Quinn, a native of New York, aged 62 years. Funeral Monday, March 20, from residence of her father, Vital F. Vignes, No. 326 South Avenue, Forty-one, East Los Angeles, at 8:45, hence to the Hotel Church, where friends will be entertained at 10 a.m. Friends and acquaintances invited.

DEXTER — At the family residence, No. 120 South Spring street, March 18, 1899, Mercy M. Dexter, 30 years.

The funeral service will be held at the Boyle Heights Methodist Episcopal Church, yesterday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. Interment Evergreen.

BALDWIN — In South San Francisco, March 6, 1899, William C., dearly beloved husband of Jane Baldwin, a native of England, aged 50 years.

Funeral service at his home, Sunday, at 2 p.m. Friends please accept this, only intimation.

BIRGMAN — In Sierra Madre, March 16, 1899, of consumption, William F. Birzman, a native of New York, aged 38 years and 5 months.

(Scranton, Pa., and El Paso, Tex., papers please copy.)

MASONIC FUNERAL.

MILLIAN — In this city, March 17, 1899, at 10 a.m. West Spring street, Isaac Alexander Millian, aged 77 years.

Funeral service will be conducted by Penitentiary Lodge, Knight Templars, and Scottish Rite bodies with all escort.

By order of the W. M. W. W. ROBINSON.

Secretary.

Robert Bruce Chapter of Rose Croix, No. 3, will convene at the Scottish Rite Cathedral, South Hill street, today at 1 p.m., to attend the funeral of our late brother, Isaac Alexander McMillan.

W. E. PRITCHARD, W. M. A. M. will meet today (Sunday), March 19, 1899, at 1 o'clock p.m., to attend the funeral of Brother Isaac Alexander McMillan.

By order of the W. M. W. W. ROBINSON.

Secretary.

Our soldiers and sailors in the tropics, the seekers after gold in the Klondike, Lieutenant Peary exploring the Arctic sea, are using

Cleveland's Baking Powder

which stands the test of varying climates and does the work just right every time.

Cleveland Baking Powder Co., New York.

The funeral service of Mr. G. H. Libby will be held at 10 a.m. on Saturday, No. 691 Washington avenue, Sunday, March 19, at 2:30 p.m. Friends invited. Interment private.

SUTCH & REED FURNERAL PARLORS

Nos. 506-508 South Broadway, Mrs. Soper, attendant for ladies and children. Tel. No. 655.

THE Hotel Rosslyn is so practically fire-proof. Mr. Ross carries his own insurance. He argues, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

George Francis of the Attorney-General

is 36 years of age, about five feet

HALE'S THE STORE MOTHER LIKES.

Table Linens

New--Bright--Fresh--Cherry.

The choicest available—in worth and sturdiness—and easily and economically priced too—for you know "Hale's California Stores" buy seven times as much as any other merchantile organization on the coast—they get seven times the advantage too.

Shirt Waists.

We are showing now a splendid assortment of shirt waists with full fronts, extended yokes, detachable collars and in assort'd patterns for.....
Percale Shirt Waists, with full fronts, extended yokes and in popular stripes and plaids, for.....
Shirt Waists of French percale, in pretty blues and pinks, with large stripes and biased fronts, with extended yokes, for.....

1.00

Wrappers.

We have a few of our Flannellette wrappers left that we have lowered in price from \$1 for cleaning out at.....
Percale wrappers in blues, reds, blks and grays, with full fronts and backs, are selling at.....

75c

Dress Skirts.

Of silk Mohair, with a 4 yd. sweep, lined and bound.....
Of silk Mohair, plain, but with buttons on the back, it is lined and velvetine bound.....
Of plain silk Taffeta silk, handsomely trimmed in rows of shirred ribbon, splendid value, at.....

10.50

Muslin Underwear.

Ladies' fine muslin drawers, umbrella style, deep flounce of fine lawn with rows of fine val. insertion and narrow tucks and edging to.....
Match, special at.....
Ladies' fine cambric drawers, umbrella style, deep flounce of fine lawn, strikingly trimmed with rows of fancy lace and fine lawn forming scallops, and fancy lace edge; 1.50
fine value at.....
Ladies' fine Muslin Drawers, clusters of fine tucks and wide open embroidery; special at.....
Ladies' good Muslin Chemise, open down the front, neck and arms, trimmed in narrow torchon lace; special at.....

25c

Notions.

8c horn combs for 5c
10c rubber dress shields for 5c
10c rice case for 5c
Talcum Powders for 9c
Mohair skirt blists, 1c roll
Hooks and Eyes, 1c
Best Nickel Safety Pins, 4c card

50c

Silks.

25 pieces Wash Silks, all pure silk, plain and corded effects, plaid, checks, stripes, etc.....
Check Waist Taffetas, all the new spring color combination, satin barred.....

75c

Dress Crash.

The gathering is complete comprising all the popular shades, weaves and patterns, marked at easy price steps, up from 10c to.....

35c

Golf Suitings

Just the thing for Outing Suits and Shirts. We have beautiful patterns of stripes, checks and plaids.....

15c

Piques.

Our showing of these is most tempting and alluring, the weaves are popular, the colorings and patterns most effective and the qualities unmatched, the widths ranging up from 27 in., and the prices go up from 12c to.....

35c

Towels.

12c each..... worth 16c, size 20x40 in. These are Huck Towels of pure linen, fringed and hemmed.

19c each..... worth 24c, size 20x42 in. And they are full bleached Huck Towels, hemmed and with knotted fringes.

25c

Ladies' light weight ribbed cotton vests, high neck, long or short sleeves, silk lined; Special.....

25c

Ladies' light weight ribbed cotton pants, ankle or knee length finished; Special.....

25c

Ladies' light weight white cotton pants, ribbed knee length, lace trimmed; Special.....

35c

Ladies' ecru ribbed cotton vests light weight, shaped taped neck and arms; Ladies' India gauze vests, high neck long or short sleeves, in all sizes; Special.....

25c

Knit Underwear.

Ladies' light weight ribbed cotton vests, high neck, long or short sleeves, silk

25c

Ladies' light weight ribbed cotton pants, ankle or knee length finished; Special.....

25c

Ladies' light weight white cotton pants, ribbed knee length, lace trimmed; Special.....

35c

Ladies' ecru ribbed cotton vests light weight, shaped taped neck and arms; Ladies' India gauze vests, high neck long or short sleeves, in all sizes; Special.....

25c

Drapery.

\$2 Lace Curtains, \$1.25.

54 in. wide, 3½ yds. long with pretty fish net centers and beautiful scroll borders, white or ecru.

Nottingham Curtains for 29c Pair

34 in. wide, 2½ yds. long with fish net centers and pretty borders, taped edges.

\$3.50 Portiers for \$2.39

Of tapestry in full width, 3½ yds. long and embracing some of the prettiest Persian patterns imaginable.

Fancy Ruchings.

Satin Shaded Ribbon Ruche.

In the popular shades of lavender, black, navy, pink, 12c

cerise, turquoise, at only yard.

Fancy Shaded Taffeta Ruche.

With chenille edges in black, white, etc., at yard.....

20c

Fancy Collarettes.

In Satin or chiffon of all shades, trim'd with lace inserting or fancy

shirred ribbon, at 75c

85c

Pique Dot Cashmere, plain grounds

with colored dot embroidered in silk, entirely

52 in. wide.....

12.5c

48 in. colored Granite Cloths, all

wool and mohair, hard twisted thread, very

serviceable.....

EVENTS IN SOCIETY.

[Communications intended for the society columns must be signed and must be written on only one side of the page. Anonymous announcements of society events, persons, etc., and those which, because they are written on both sides of a page, have to be rewritten, will not be accepted. The society column of the Sunday Times are closed at 6 p.m. on Saturday.]

M. R. AND MRS. ADRIEN LOEB

entertained a number of friends yesterday evening at their home, No. 1249 Trenton avenue, the occasion being the celebration of their fifth wedding anniversary. The house decorations were exquisite, being carried out as far as possible in wood, suggestive of the celebration. The reception hall was hung with a large American flag, and a canopy of smilax was arranged from the chandeliers to the walls of the hall. The drawing-room and parlor decorations were carried out in green, pink and cream. From the chandeliers in the center of the rooms were streamers of broad pink satin ribbons, interspersed with thin shavings strung on wire, forming canopies. Over the lace curtains were lover's knots of pink ribbons and smilax, and in the doorway leading from one room to the other and into the hall were graceful portiers of shavings and ribbons. Empire wreaths of smilax were formed on the walls, caught up here and there with French bows of ribbons. Large cut-glass vases, filled with pink carnations and maidenhair ferns, were placed about the room, adding fragrance and beauty to the general effect. A large canvas tent at the rear of the house was the scene of a picnic, and served as a dining-room. In the center was a huge orange tree, covered with fragrant blossoms, and a canopy was formed overhead with large wooden spoons lacquered together with red bebe ribbons. Bouquets of red carnations were conspicuous everywhere. In the center of the table, resting on a pedestal, was a large silver tassel silver candelabra, shaded with red. High above this was a handsome basket of carnations, suspended from the center of the tent by bands of ribbons. At each place was a bouquet of red carnations and miniature souvenirs of the day, with a small Empire spoons holding red candies were placed around the table, and the effect was charming. An elaborate menu was served under the direction of Hicks. The place cards were orange wood figure fives, representing the fifth wedding celebration of the bride and groom. They were hand-painted with the for-a-me-not pattern, on one side, and the date and names of Mr. and Mrs. Adrien Loeb on the other. Following dinner the guests were entertained with games and orange wood prizes were awarded. Mr. and Mrs. Loeb were assisted by Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hildt, Steinberg.

Mrs. Loeb wore a becoming gown of pink organdy, made over pink silk, and trimmed with ribbons and lace. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Baer, Mrs. and Mrs. Ed. Germann, Mr. and Mrs. T. Grumbach, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Green, Mr. and Mrs. T. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. J. Greenhood, Mr. and Mrs. M. Lissner, Mr. and Mrs. F. White, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Gearson, Mrs. Farrer, Misses Katherine Collins, Higgins, Pauline Bowes, Beck, Messers. S. S. Salisbury, Horace Anderson, John Chanslor, Sidney Ellis, William R. Hubbard, Wilbur O. Dow, Davison, Anderson of Colorado, Walter Cosby, Fred O. Johnson, and Miss Burdine.

The usual bi-monthly meeting of the Eico Heights division of the Educational Union was held at No. 2557 West Cheyenne Thursday afternoon at her home, No. 1004 South Alvarado street.

The table was exquisitely decorated, the center consisting of ferns, scarlet geraniums and pink roses. The place cards were dainty affairs, ornamented with artistic sprays of pink roses done in water colors. The guests were Misses S. S. Salisbury, Horace Anderson, John Chanslor, Sidney Ellis, William R. Hubbard, Wilbur O. Dow, Davison, Anderson of Colorado, Walter Cosby, Fred O. Johnson, and Miss Burdine.

The usual bi-monthly meeting of the Eico Heights division of the Educational Union was held at No. 2557 West Cheyenne Thursday afternoon at her home, No. 1004 South Alvarado street.

The house was tastefully decorated with peppers, palms, smilax and cut flowers. The members of the club sang and gave recitations. The object of the club is mutual improvement. The following members took part: Misses V. M. Murray, Anna B. Basher, Bessie Botsford, Hazel Stiles, Mrs. Nellie S. Blanch, McMurray and Master Claude Wilcox. Among others present were Misses V. Quick, B. E. Vickery, A. E. Long, A. Wilcox, W. W. Brown, M. Fisher, C. Steele, H. Hewitt, M. Rudin, A. Martin, G. McMurray, Misses L. E. Phillips, E. E. Vining, Walter W. Brown, G. McMurray, Lucas Phillips, Earl Phillips, A. Stainer.

The Ninety-nine Whist Club was entertained Friday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Arders. The first ladies' prize, a decorated china olive dish, was won by Mrs. J. S. Owen. Mrs. Swartz won first gentleman's prize, a silver stamp holder. The consolations were awarded to Mrs. J. S. Owen and Mrs. Slusher.

Miss Ziba Jeannette Swan, only daughter of Mrs. Louis Meissner, and Charles Edwin Patterson were married Thursday afternoon at the Rev. Dr. Cantine. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson left on the afternoon train for Santa Barbara, and will be at home Thursdays, after April 15, at No. 212 East Twenty-fourth street.

The ladies of the Orange-street Whist Club were delightfully entertained by Mrs. L. L. Ormsby with a box party Saturday. The following were present: Misses C. H. White, Fred O. Johnson, S. W. Garretson, J. W. Hinton, C. D. Pepper, John M. Miller, H. G. Carter, Herbert C. Brown, John W. Trueworthy, W. W. Heuer, L. L. Moore, Robert Bascom, Edward Weid, Charles Beckett, Harry Hayward.

A delightful dancing party was given Friday evening at Wood's Hall by the Halcyon Club. The hall was decorated with pink and the occasion was a delightfully pleasant one. The chaperones were Misses Healey, Reed and Robinson. Those present were Misses Reed, Healey, Alice Healey, Bruna, Robinson, McKinney, Karren, McCormick, Mercereau, Julia Mercereau, Stradling, Babcock, Pimpineau, Meyer, Martha Robinson; Messrs. Talbot, Hawley, Prentiss, Latin, George, Dierber, Devere McLean, Walter Latin, Joseph Windsor, Walter Bean, Dr. Lawrence Lathrop, Dr. Charles.

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Choir, "One There is Above All Others" (Vincent.)

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Morning: Organ, "Pastorale," andantino in G (D. R. Munro)—W. W. Ellis.

Anthem, "Jubilate in E Flat" (Nevin.)

Offertory, "Jesus Lover of My Soul" (J. R. Thomas)—Mrs. Chick, Mrs. Upright, Mr. Gribble, Mr. Chick.

Postlude, "Offertory in G" (J. Herbert Spinney.)

Evening: Organ, "Impromptu" (Gustav Merkel)—Mr. Ellis.

Anthem, soprano solo and chorus, "Sweet is Thy Mercy Lord" (Barnby)—Mrs. Chick and choir.

Offertory duet, "Holy Mother Guide His Footsteps" (Wallace)—Mr. and Mrs. Chick.

Postlude, "Chorus of Shepherds" (J. Lemmons.)

CHURCH OF THE UNITY.

Morning: Prelude, melody (Haydn.)

Duet, "As Pants the Heart" (Smart)—Messrs. Jones and Huehner.

Anthem, "Praise Ye the Father" (Gounod.)

Offertory solo, "The Holy City" (Adams)—Mr. Clark.

Postlude, march "Eli" (Costa.)

IMMANUEL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Morning: "Oh Saving Victim" (Feure.)

Offertory solo, "The King of Love My Shepherd Is" (Bullard)—Miss Jennie Winston.

Evening: "The Sun Shall Be No More Thy Light" (Woodward.)

Offertory duo, "Will You Go?" (Havens)—Mr. Miller and Mr. Barnhart.

Anthem, "Not a Sparrow Falleft."

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, (Corner Sixteenth and Hill streets.)

Morning: Prelude, "Meditation in E Flat" (Dubois.)

"Gloria Patri."

"Christian the Morn" (Shelley.)

Response (Maln.)

Offertory (Hoffmann.)

Anthem, "The Lord is My Shepherd" (Chandler.)

Solo, "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say" (W. Perry)—Mr. Abbott.

"Postlude in E Flat" (Rinck.)

Evening: Prelude, "Andante Sostenute" (Bastite.)

Offertory "Prelude" (Rinck.)

Anthem, "Savior O'er Life's Troubled Deep" (Bendel-Chittenden.)

Solo, "Jesus Lover of My Soul"—Miss Roper.

Postlude, march (Lachner.)

CHRIST CHURCH, EPISCOPAL.

Morning: "O Jesus, I have Promised" (Elliott.)

"Benedicti" and "Benedictus in E Flat" (Forest Hill.)

Anthem, "Hear, Oh My People" (Stevenson)—Miss Grace Longley and choir.

Recessional, "Sweet the Moments" (Kong.)

Evening: "Processional, 'Softly Now the Light of Day' (Weber.)

"Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis in E Flat" (Clare.)

Collect anthem, "Behold, How Glorious" (Forest Hill.)

Offertory anthem, "Incline—Thine Ear" (Himmel)—Clifford Smith and choir.

Recessional, "Sun of My Soul" (Gorman.)

Visitors are most welcome at all times.

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Morning: Organ, prelude (Chopin.)

Choir, "Cantate Domino" (Elliott.)

"Gloria" (Buck.)

Response (Anon.)

Offertory, "The Publican" (Gounod.)

Mr. Skilling.

Evening: Organ, "Prayer" (Wagner.)

Choir, "Who Are These in Bright Array" (Trimmer.)

Response (Skilling.)

Offertory, duo, "The Lord is My Shepherd" (Tours)—Misses Daily and Heartt.

The choir as newly organized under the direction of Robert P. Skilling, consists of Miss Mary Belle Dally, soprano; Miss Estelle Heartt, contralto; E. H. Brown, tenor, and R. P. Skilling, bass. Miss Landrum presides at the organ as heretofore.

ENGLISH ADMIRAL INVITED.

Work Progressing Satisfactorily for the Free Harbor Jubilee.

Gen. Mathews, as chairman of the Naval Committee of the Free Harbor Jubilee, has invited Admiral Palisser of the British navy to be present at San Pedro at the time of the jubilee with his flagship. He is now in British Columbia, but is reported to be about to leave for this section.

The Executive and Finance committees of the jubilee held a joint meeting yesterday and are carrying on a vigorous campaign in the raising of money, and find the conditions for this work greatly promoted by the recent storm. They report that they will undoubtedly secure sufficient subscriptions to guarantee a first-class celebration. In this work there is perfect harmony with the National Educational Society Committee.

The Transportation Committee was to meet yesterday afternoon, but Mr. Ladd, of the Southern Pacific, was unable to attend. Messrs. Hynes of the Terminal and Nevins of the Santa Fe were present and talked over the question of rates informally. It is the intention to secure uniform rates from the railroads for all points west of the Rocky Mountains.

Mr. Parsons and Harris met a representative body of business men of Pasadena yesterday, and were very much encouraged by the reception they were given. The matter of Pasadena's quota for the jubilee was talked over, and the opinion was expressed by some of the citizens there that that city should give at least \$1000 to the general fund for the entertainment of the visitors.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Notice is hereby given that the San Antonio Water Company of Ontario, California, for the year 1890, received sealed proposals for constructing an extension to the Bodenhamer tunnel, a bulkhead in said tunnel and a shaft near 21st and Orange.

All bids not conforming fully to the requirements of the specifications, blank form of contract and bill will not be entertained, and the company reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Every bid must be accompanied by a certified check in the amount of ten per cent of the value of the work, said check to be on some responsible bank and made payable to the San Antonio Water Company and to be held and deposited for the use of the company for the payment of said work.

All bids not conforming fully to the requirements of the specifications, blank form of contract and bill will not be entertained, and the company reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

SAN ANTONIO WATER CO.

W. T. Lakes, President.

B. C. Shepherd, Secretary.

March 8, 1890.

ARIZONA.

LAST DAY OF THE TERRITORIAL LEGISLATURE.

Musical Instruments.

We will sell you any kind of musical instrument and you can pay for it a little at a time—weekly or monthly. We will sell you a famous

Chickering Or Shaw

Piano. A Mandolin, Violin, Guitar, Horn, Drum or any other music-making device on this plan. Why wait year after year for an instrument when you can come here and get it right now

On Credit

Southern California Music Co.
Wholesalers and Importers,
216-218 West Third, Bradbury Building.

NOVEL WAY TO QUARANTINE.

Barbed-wire Troche Charged With Electricity Around a Pesthouse. [Newspaper News (Va.), dispatch in Washington Times.] The Board of Health of New York held a meeting to devise a system of lighting to give general vaccination of the laborers employed in the shipyard and at the piers. When the fifteen-foot barbed-wire is placed around the pesthouse here it will be practically impossible for any of the inmates to effect their escape.

There will be four watch houses at each corner of the grounds, and inside will be a guard with a shotgun. The board has decided to have the wires and the fence charged with electricity, and if any desperate attempts to risk the sharp bars on the wires should receive a heavy shock that will banish all idea of escape from his mind. The current will not be strong enough to kill, but it will be to serve its purpose.

N.E.A. Convention.

Local committees for the N.E.A. convention have been considerably gratified by the receipt of a number of requests for cuts setting forth the attractions of this city, which are to be printed in eastern educational journals. About thirty-five such cuts were sent out yesterday, and in this way the city will obtain a large amount of advertising among teachers.

This is Easy.

[Mining Review.] We are told that competition is the life of trade, but if the trusts are not going to let us have an equal competition, what is going to become of the life of trade? There is an easy one.

Hair Health

Never fails to renew your color and life to gray hair. Use Dr. Hay's Hair Health: Covers bald spots, strengthens hair falling, scalp diseases, don't stain skin or linen. Absolutely harmless.

Gives Perfect Satisfaction. Best hair grower, dressing for Men, Women and Children. If your hair is not growing, turn to Dr. Hay's Hair Health.

Only 50 Cents per Large Bottle. Prepared by London Supply Co., 853 Broadway, N. Y., who will send it prepaid, with a sample. Dr. Hay's Hair Health, only sure and instant 10c Cure, on receipt of 60c; three bottles, 40c.

At all leading druggists.

F. W. Braun & Co., Wholesale Agents.

DO NOT ACCEPT ANY SUBSTITUTE.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED.

Visible, comfortable, self-adjusting. FREE ADVICE. CONSULTATION at our office, HICKOX CO., 853 Broadway, New York. Send for BOOK FREE.

Los Angeles' Select Hair Store.

Special Order Hair Work.

It is such work as only comes from a first-class establishment, and while we slight nothing, you will find our prices extremely reasonable.

It is one great distinctive feature about all our work.

IT IS NATURAL.

It is such work as only comes from a first-class establishment, and while we slight nothing, you will find our prices extremely reasonable.

Hair Dressing, Shampooing, Singeing, Etc.

The finest appointed Toilet Parlors in the Southwest.

Mrs. Weaver-Jackson,
318 S. Spring St.

THE END SIGHTED.

The Greatest Sale
That Ever Happened
Drawing to a Close.



A Grand Sale of Suits

At prices that need no talking to emphasize their cheapness. Styles are—Fly Front Jackets, Tight Fitting and Half Tight Fitting.

Materials are—Magnificent Venetian Cloths, Coverts, English Serges, Cheviots, Camel's Hair and High Novelty Weaves.

Colors are—Black, Navy, New Blues, Browns, Tans, Greens and a great variety of the newest and most beautiful fancy blended mixtures. Every suit is made, pressed and finished by men tailors. Many of them are handsomely garnished with magnificent trimmings. For quick action we have divided two hundred suits in three lots priced as follows.

Assortment A—All costumes formerly sold up to \$12.00, Now \$4.95.

Assortment B—All costumes formerly sold up to \$16.50, Now \$8.95.

Assortment C—All costumes formerly sold up to \$30.00, Now \$13.95.

The Final 10 Days Sweep in Dress Skirts.

The workmanship, quality, style and finish have always been a matter of pride with us. The absurd prices herewith quoted should keep the store packed until every skirt is gone.

See this lot of elegant Black Figured Brilliantine Skirts that you can't buy anywhere under \$2.50; \$1.25

And this lot of splendid All-wool Serge Skirts, in beautiful shade of Havana brown, equal to \$5.00. \$2.95 in gold coin; Final Sweep Price.

These brown and gray imported Mohair Skirts, beautifully made, would be cheap at \$6.00; Final Sweep Price.

An elegant lot of beautiful Black Brocade Silk Skirts which have sold heretofore at \$6.50 and \$7.25, \$3.95 now go in the Final Sweep at

Taffeta silk, crepon, peau de soie and serge Skirts, only one and two of a kind, buttoned in the black and flaring bottom. Just exactly half price.

The Final 10 Days Sweep in Spring Capes.

Perfectly seasonable in all details and priced now for this last grand dash at figures that make them pre-eminently interesting. To early comers will fall some wonderful worths.

Ladies' Black Cloth Capes—Full silk lined, 16 inch length with 6 rows of braid and 2 rows of satin ribbon, finished with jet and steel buckles. Price \$1.95.

Fancy Broadcloth Capes—In royal blue, oxblood and tan, lined with changeable silk and elaborately trimmed with braid and jet. Price \$2.25 worth \$5.00.

Ladies' Black Capes—English white cord, handsomely braided with black soutache and finished with satin ribbons, lined with satin Rhadama. Price \$2.45 worth \$6.00.

Flounce Broadcloth Capes—In rich colors, lined with changeable silk and beautifully trimmed with two tone braid effects, at \$2.95; worth \$6.50.

PARISIAN CLOAK & SUIT CO.,

221 South Spring St.



CONSUMPTION

By the continuous inhalation method.

The air in every room is saturated with a germicide. The patient lives in an atmosphere that positively kills the germ of tuberculosis. Immediate relief to the weakening night sweat and cough. Temperature falls to normal, and four week's treatment invariably increases weight from six to twenty pounds.

The celebrated Throat and Lung Specialist Dr. Robt. Hunter of New York writes: "I entirely approve of all you are doing and predict great success for your undertaking."

Rev. Mr. White, of Whittier, Colton, after interviews with patients, and investigation, sends his brother Thomas, and writes under date of June 8, 1890: "May the Master bless you in your great work of arresting the destruction of the human race. You are great benefactors to

A SQUATTERS' FIGHT.

OURIOUS CALABASAS CONTEST BEFORE LAND OFFICIALS.

For Ten Years Mrs. White Avera She Has Fought in Court and Out Against One Jesus Soldano, and Manuel Granillo, Who Now Contests Title.

A most extraordinary statement of facts has been alleged in an application being heard before the Registrar and Receiver of the United States Land office, wherein Mrs. Seth White is seeking to have her title confirmed to 160 acres of land on the old Rancho Los Vignes.

The tract is at Calabasas, and is included in the unsurveyed lands belonging to the United States government. Mrs. White took up the quarter section she claims to own in 1888, and established herself on it, and her husband and four children, and thereby took the ordinary squatter's title. Her husband was an imbecile and some time afterward was pronounced insane and committed to Highland, where he died. The mother and children remained on the ranch, however, in the face of most persistent opposition until 1892, when she was finally ousted from possession. From that time on she has been in the courts for what she believed to be her rights, and in September, 1898, the land office granted Mrs. White permission to file upon the disputed land, and now the matter is before Registrar Cruckhank and Justice Kinney on the question of title, the contestants being one Manuel Granillo, who is reported to have been sent to fight Mrs. White's claim as a mere figurehead, although it has been stated in the evidence that he took an active part in the trouble in which Mrs. White has been involved since Calabasas ever since she took up her residence there over ten years ago.

For years Calabasas has been noted as the most lawless section of the country, the shootings and killings in that section have repeatedly been under investigation in the courts. It is not in communication by railroad with the outside world, and to date Calabasas has been a self-contained little commonwealth of a rather unruly character, and where shotgun law has been more or less the ruling power.

It has been generally claimed that this interest was occasioned by the absence of any government survey. This can only be approximately correct, for when the recent survey was made, section lines were scarcely disturbed, and any uncertainty that did arise from lack of confirmation of title, and the uncertainty gave the possible chance that land-jumpers were looking for to acquire forcible possession.

It appeared from what testimony has been put in before the land office that Mrs. White, her husband and family took the piece of land now in dispute late in 1888, and the following spring had forty acres of the tract planted out to a varied crop. The neighborhood was sparsely settled, but on an adjacent section one Jesus Soldano lived, and the present contestants, and that Jesus Soldano, who died for him. These two, who Soldano's son, are alleged to have welcomed their new neighbors by bringing a couple of gang-plows with the necessary horses to the White premises and plowing up the first crop, which was then beginning to show signs of growth, and the acts accomplished by the present board have existed for some time a certain column, such a condition resulting mainly from the unfortunate presence on the board of Earl Rogers, for whom the library force has not had, and could not have a proper degree of respect.

In the above statement I confine myself wholly to public matters. With his private or professional character I have nothing to do.

WILLIAM F. BURBANK,
Director of the Public Library.

SAN PEDRO.

Bloody Cutting Affray—A Sailorman Much Wounded.

SAN PEDRO, March 18.—[Regular Correspondence.] The bloodiest cutting affray that Happy Valley has witnessed in many months occurred in that notorious quarter Thursday evening. According to allegations summarized in two complaints against Chris Schulze, as filed in Justice Downing's court, Schulze visited the house kept by Annie Riggs, more commonly known as "One-eyed" Annie, knocked at the door and informed for a woman whom he wanted to see. It was informed that the woman was not there, and that must have made him angry, for he struck at Annie with a knife.

Charles Lund, a sailorman, interfered, and as the blow intended for the Riggs woman, the blade struck Lund's hand, nearly severing a thumb. Lund rushed to Schulze and they made a square fight, but Schulze declined, and tried to carve Lund, who received many cuts about the head and body. Lund began to weaken and finally fell, but, when Schulze had let the knife go, revived enough to grab and make an attack on Schulze, without inflicting any very serious wounds.

Schulze has two charges of assault with deadly weapon with intent to murder standing against him, and the cases will come up Monday for preliminary examination.

Justice Downing had a jury trial before Justice Downing, Friday on a charge of defrauding an innkeeper. The complainant was R. J. Stohman, keeper of Terminal Tavern. The was out from 11 o'clock a.m. till 1 o'clock this morning. It stood nine for conviction and two for acquittal, and was discharged. The case will probably have to be tried over again.

AZUSA.

Rain Improves Business and Pays Dobs.

AZUSA, March 18.—[Regular Correspondence.] That the late rain "took" here in the fullest sense is proved in the fall in the price of hay from \$26 to 20 per ton, and the further fact that a rancher paid a bill of \$12.50 to C. C. Casey, who has hung his sign since 1894. Mr. Casey avers that he cannot tell what another such rain might have done.

The postponement of the rifle match with the Los Angeles men will give the local team opportunity for practice, of which they will fully avail themselves.

The rifle match is an excellent indicator of business, and as the local office is constantly working up in business, the claim of the people that times are improving seems to be well taken.

As hay tumbles in price, deciduous fruit is rising proportionately, so that this valley is receiving the fullest measure of material blessing.

FELL OVER THE BLUFF.

Soldiers' Home Veteran Seriously Hurt at Santa Monica.

T. A. Marlin, a member of Co. C of the Soldiers' Home, fell over the Santa Monica bluff early yesterday morning, and is lying in the home hospital with a fractured rib and a number of broken bones, but with a fair chance of surviving his injuries.

Friday was the day on which payments of quarterly pensions were made at the home, and with those so inclined, there was a general rush to the drinking places of Santa Monica and elsewhere for liquor stronger than the usual beer. One of the men, T. A. Marlin, who owns the Calleguas ranch, had made a wreck of the place. But was not dismayed, and when he returned to Calabasas and put up a tent on her place, pending rebuilding herself a new home, for he averred that Soldano and his people had attempted to tear down the tent, drop away her cow, and chased her and her children to take refuge in the settlement. Then it was stated that Soldano sold out his place on section 18, and moved the old house to the West, and settled down to the quiet enjoyment of life. He rented the land to a sheep man and Mrs. White alleged that she sued him and succeeded in getting judgment for \$75. An appeal was made to the Superior Court, and she was then awarded the full amount of her claim, \$299.

As time went on and Soldano was not ousted and Mrs. White lived for the most part in Los Angeles, the active hostility to him by Mrs. Granillo is to be known to have his title joined and Mrs. White is on hand to controvert his claim, she alleging that in any case he is only the employee of Soldano.

Attorney H. W. Duncan is representing the plaintiff, while Hester & Ladd are appearing for Mrs. White, and she was then awarded the full amount of her claim, \$299.

NEAT LITTLE HOME.

With small but good place for chickens, on Traction car, for \$75. At \$10 a month. Good, easy buy. Longevity, 228 S. Spring.

SKIN TROUBLE.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Bears the Signature of *Pat H. Fletcher*.

FINE wine at Woolacott's, 124 N. Spring.

THE LIBRARY ROW.

Director William F. Burbank Ares His Grievances.

The recent fracas among the library directors has now reached the newspaper stage, the following letter being a continuation of the episode in which Directors Burbank and Rogers were engaged:

To the Editor of The Times: Recently a meeting of the directors of the Public Library was disturbed by the use of language not customary to be spoken by gentlemen or used in the presence of ladies and gentlemen, though both were present. The ill-natured and offensive remarks were uttered by Director Rogers, whose little son, contained in a suit of clothes, that is, and one dressed to make charges against him, such person taunt make them openly. Partly to gratify him and partly to advise the good people of Los Angeles more fully regarding certain matters relative to a not unimportant part of the municipality. I address to the public press over my signature the following charges, namely:

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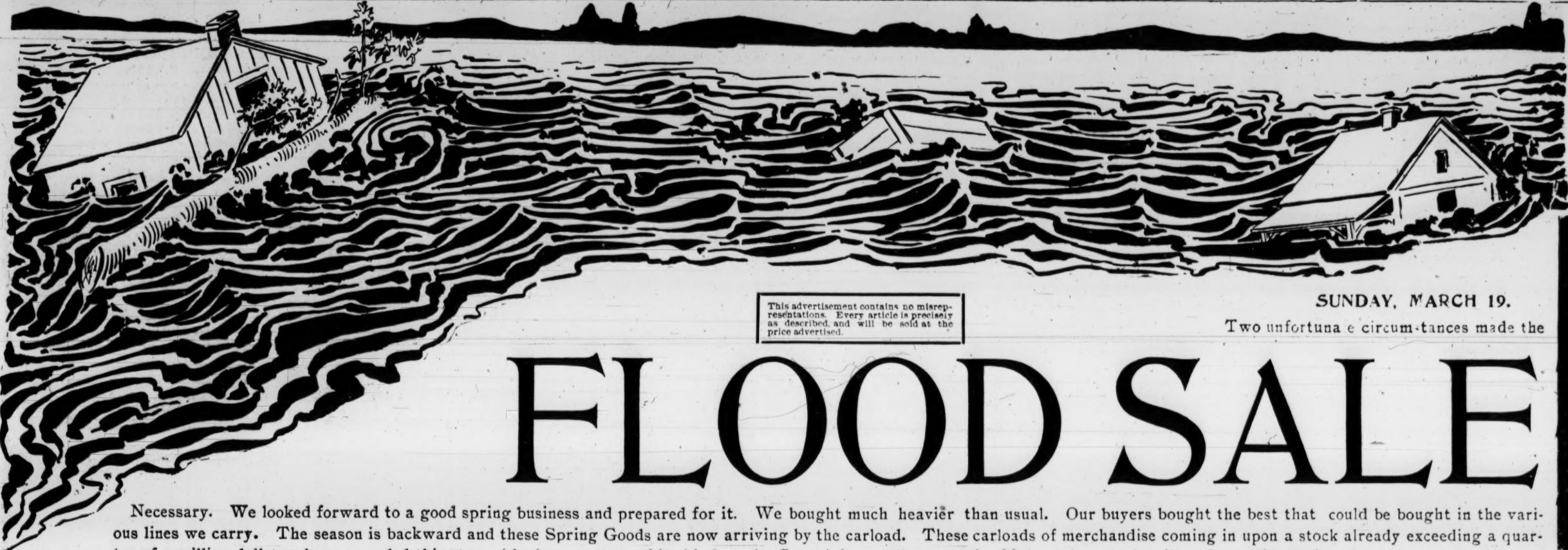
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This advertisement contains no misrepresentations. Every article is precisely as described, and will be sold at the price advertised.

SUNDAY, MARCH 19.

Two unfortunate circumstances made the

FLOOD SALE

Necessary. We looked forward to a good spring business and prepared for it. We bought much heavier than usual. Our buyers bought the best that could be bought in the various lines we carry. The season is backward and these Spring Goods are now arriving by the carload. These carloads of merchandise coming in upon a stock already exceeding a quarter of a million dollars—have crowded this store, (the largest store of its kind on the Coast,) from cellar to roof. More spring goods will arrive daily during the next two weeks—and we must have room for them—must get rid of them—no matter how great the sacrifice. That is one of the unfortunate circumstances that has caused the Flood Sale and Flood Sale Prices. The other circumstance? We need the cash to pay for these immense shipments of merchandise. The goods and transportation must be paid for.

The Flood Sale up to the present has eclipsed any previous trade event of this or any other house. Larger crowds, larger sales, smaller prices, have made the Flood Sale the success it is. We are going to make this third week of the Flood Sale still greater, still larger than the preceding weeks. Tremendous as the selling has been, the inflow of merchandise has been more tremendous, and the Big Store's stock of over a quarter of a million dollars is larger than it was a week ago. It's greater than it has been at any time during the thirty-five years of the Big Store's existence. The purpose of the Flood Sale must be accomplished—we must distribute this immense stock, and we've cut prices as they have never been cut before, so as to do it quickly.

We've separated this talk about Men's Pants from the rest of the Men's Clothing, because it is an extra special event even for the Flood Sale. In a nutshell, we've taken close on to six hundred pairs of Men's Pants and divided them into four lots. The former prices quoted here are in every instance the lowest-priced pants in the lot—there are quite a few higher-priced ones in each lot. This Flood Sale pants opportunity gives you a chance to get two pairs of pants for just a trifle more than the cost of one.

LOT 551.
\$5.00 Men's Pants—Some sold as high as seven dollars. **\$3.16**

LOT 502.
\$4.00 Men's Pants—Cheviots, worsteds and hair line cassimeres. **\$2.89**

LOT 508.
\$2.50 Men's Pants—Cheviots and cassimeres some of this lot are three dollar pants. **\$1.79**

LOT 500.
\$1.50 Men's Pants—Cheviots, checks and stripes, big values at one-fifth. **\$1.06**

Our Men's Hat Department has been a busy department during the Flood Sale. We've put prices on hats just a little deeper than they were ever before. Hats take up a lot of space, and space is more valuable than the hats are to us.

LOT 706.
\$1.00 Men's Hats—Spring style Fedora shape, colors black, brown and pearl. **48c**

LOT 701.
\$1.50 Men's Hats—Fedora shapes in all the new shades. **63c**

LOT 704.
\$2.50 Men's Hats—These two-fifty Fedoras are as good as any two-fifty hats, and they are better than most two-fifty hats. **\$1.37**

LOT 705.
\$2.50 Men's Hats—Stiff Hats in all the new spring blocks, these black, brown and cedar two-fifty stiff hats are. **\$1.62**

If your boy needs a new hat, treat the boy fairly, and do justice to your purse. "Treat the boy fairly" prints hill here and we'll let him get his hat from the largest stock of Boys' Hats in Los Angeles. "Do justice to your purse"—Don't buy the boy's hat until you learn how much you can save by buying the hat at the Flood Sale.

LOT 701.
50c Boys' Hats, Felt Crushers, gray black and brown and Fedora styles, in black and dark gray; Flood Sale. **24c**

LOT 470.
50c Boys' Caps, Yachting, Golf and many styles, some have swell leather lining, these are elaborately silk embroidered in gold, silver and blue. **33c**

The big store carries the largest stock of Men's Pants and Men's and Boys' Hats in Los Angeles. No exceptions. **\$11.65**

Without any exceptions whatever the big store carries the largest stock of Men's Clothing in Southern California.

No matter what one does—in any walk of life—either right or wrong—they'll usually give a "reason" for it. "Reasons" are natural, and every person has them, but they have no "reasons" to impress upon you as to why you should buy your clothing here. No fancy pictures or bombastic talk—just plain, simple, "common sense" square talk as to what our clothing is made of, how it is made—it's true value (without exaggeration) and the Flood Sale price. There can be but one way to get around it—take as good clothes as these, and pay the same price or less. Here is an honest description of the cloth—what we offer you and the price we'll be glad to sell it at.

LOT 1201.

\$10.00 Top Coats—New York's latest spring style garments, new brown and tan shade, thick plaid, broad and narrow shoulders, Italian cloth lining. Only a Flood Sale would make an opportunity such as this possible. **\$6.46**

LOT 603.

\$7.50 Men's Suits—Serviceable union cassimeres. They are the equal of any suit the colors are pretty gay, but every pair is made to fit every pair seamless. Flood Sale. **\$3.97**

LOT 604.

\$8.50 Mens suits—No better cheviot, no better linings, no better trimmings, no better suits. We've got them to fit any eight-fifty suit. We've an immense variety of these eight-fifty suits, but for the Flood Sale they are. **\$4.68**

LOT 1202.

\$8.50 Top Coats—Skeleton lined cover cloths, with double front French shoulders and satin piped seams with four rows of stitching. We ask you to see these garments to criticize and judge them as fifteen dollar garments. When you have decided that they are fifteen dollar garments, pay the Flood Sale price and take 'em. **\$9.78**

LOT 605.

\$12.50 Men's Suits—Pure wool cheviot, single or double breasted sack styles with satin piped seams and reinforced shoulders. The Flood Sale price of these suits is only twenty-four cents more than half price. **\$6.89**

LOT 606.

\$15.00 Men's Suits—Clay worsted in single-breasted, round or square-cut sack styles, with a good broad cutaway. They are extra quality clay worsteds, at their regular price, \$15.00, but the Flood Sale recognizes the former valuation. **\$9.37**

LOT 1203.

\$12.50 Top Coats—Cover Cloths in handsome dark-tan shades. These coats have all the "hand marks" of the expert tailor: the linings, make-up and fit would please you. If it's not its style you'll find and you'd pay that readily, for the Flood Sale they are. **\$7.98**

LOT 607.

\$16.00 Men's Suits—Cutaway, single and double breasted, single and double faced, with waistcoats and worsteds. 23 distinct patterns, no matter what your choice of color or shade may be, if it's modern, it's in style. **\$9.65**

LOT 608.

\$20.00 Suits and Overcoats—When we bought these suits and overcoats from the Stein Black Co., we tried to get the best \$20.00 suits and overcoats that could possibly be sold for \$20.00; we had not thought of the Flood Sale then—neither anticipated selling them for the Flood Sale. Mr. Stein Bloch put the same materials and trimmings in these garments that they put into the \$20.00 garments that other dealers are asking you to pay for the ordinary. The same skillful cutters and the same tailors in making them: examine the \$20.00 Stein Black Suits and overcoats anywhere in town, and for you, care, quality bear the firm's label, then examine ours; you'll find no difference until you reach the price of \$20.00 ours is a Flood Sale price. **\$11.65**

LOT 701.

\$1.00 Men's Hats—Stiff Hats in all the new spring blocks, these black, brown and cedar two-fifty stiff hats are. **\$1.37**

LOT 705.

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The Furnishing Goods Department has been a busy one. Even in normal times it is the department of the big store was above all others in quality and completeness, and it is below them in price. The Flood Sale has cast all former prices into oblivion crowded for rooms and in need of cash to pay for the goods. We've got to sell the goods. To sell the goods we've had to cut the prices—and we've cut the prices deeper than they ever will be cut again.

LOT 887.

10c Men's Half Hose—Every pair of them full finished and seamless. **61c**

LOT 301.

15c Men's Half Hose—With extra high finished, one color, tan, but that color is guaranteed fast; Flood Sale. **71c**

LOT 388.

25c Men's Half Hose—Fancy colors, some of the colors are pretty gay, but every pair is made to fit every pair seamless. Flood Sale. **11c**

LOT 308.

35c Men's Half Hose—Lisle thread. Lisle thread mind you, not something else; seamless, full finished, three-ply heel and toe; Flood Sale. **12c**

LOT 804.

35c Men's Underwear—Medium weight jersey rib, striped colors and ecru, shirts or drawers, each; Flood Sale. **17c**

LOT 805.

35c Men's Underwear—Jersey fitting, full weight, still not too heavy, shirts or drawers, each; Flood Sale. **29c**

LOT 845.

35c Men's Shirts—Laundered white shirts, short bosoms only, all sizes; Flood Sale. **43c**

LOT 846.

35c Dress Shirts—Fancy bosoms, cuffs to match; we want you to see these new spring patterns; Flood Sale. **66c**

LOT 842.

35c Men's Slumber Robes—Made of extra quality muslin, fancy embroidered fronts, just a suggestion. Flood Sale. **64c**

LOT 339.

35c Silk Handkerchiefs—We say 35c most stores would say 50c; size 18x18, with a hemstitch fancy border; Flood Sale. **17c**

LOT 340.

35c Men's Handkerchiefs—Soft finished Japonette, hemstitched, fancy, face colored borders; Flood Sale. **8c**

LOT 815.

35c Men's Gloves—Good heavy tan leather gloves; Flood Sale. **26c**

LOT 843.

35c Men's Gloves—Genuine Para-Buck-India tanne, with welted seams; Flood Sale. **49c**

LOT 341.

35c Suspenders—Fancy Colored French Web, mohair and cat tab ends; Flood Sale. **23c**

LOT 816.

35c Neckwear—Five styles, Puffs, For-In-Hands, Clubs, Teeks and Bowls, innumerable shades and patterns; Flood Sale. **16c**

LOT 817.

35c Negligees—French Madras Cloth and Linen Cloth, extra large bodies, made to fit, not only to sell and look at; Flood Sale. **39c**

LOT 344.

35c Negligees—French Madras Cloth and Linen Cloth, extra large bodies, made to fit, not only to sell and look at; Flood Sale. **49c**

The big store's stock of Men's Furnishing Goods is larger than the stock of any Furnishing Goods store in town.

All things earthly follow the course of "cause and effect." The crowds that visit our Boys' Clothing Department and the Flood Sale prices that bring 'em here are the "effect." The "fact" that we are overwhelmingly overstocked and that we need the ready money to pay the bills with are the "cause" that bring forth the effect. We have met adversity with grim determination to sell goods, no matter how great the loss may be. Now that you know the why and wherefore, we'll ask you to read the items and prices.

LOT 1103.

35c Boys' Pants—The maker had three points in view when he made them—to look neat, to give good service and to sell at 35c. The Flood Sale up set the last calculation for them are

LOT 412.

35c Boys' Knee Pantis—Spring weights and styles; Flood Sale. **16c**

LOT 1104.

35c Boys' Waists—And blouses, light colors as well as the darker shades; Flood Sale. **18c**

LOT 1105.

35c Boys' Wool Sweaters—Maroon, blue and black, extra quality Maroon, blue's wool, all sizes; Flood Sale. **69c**

LOT 111.

35c Boys' Collars—Four pliy linens, turn down or standup styles; Flood Sale. **2c**

LOT 415.

35c Boys' Pants—Made to sell at 35c, and they are well worth it—patent waistbands; Flood Sale. **16c**

LOT 416.

35c Boys' Suits, and we are willing that you should judge and compare them with any other suits in Los Angeles, single and double-breasted styles, cheviots. For boys from 8 to 15 years. **\$1.09**

LOT 417.

35c Boys' Suits, and hand-sewn, ribbed, extra heavy ribbed, two thread, fast black; Flood Sale. **21c**

LOT 418.

35c Boys' Hose—Ribbed, extra heavy ribbed, triple heel and toe, fast black; Flood Sale. **5c**

LOT 419.

35c Boys' Hose—These are superb Extra heavy ribbed, triple heel and toe, fast black; Flood Sale. **14c**

LOT 420.

35c Boys' Hose—Stripped all over, wool garments, medium weight, natural gray; Flood Sale. **43c**

LOT 421.

The Times

THE WEATHER YESTERDAY.

U. S. WEATHER BUREAU, Los Angeles, March 18.—(Reported by George E. Franklin, Local Forecast Official.) At 5 o'clock a.m. the barometer registered 30.18; at 5 p.m., 30.14. Thermometer for the corresponding hours was 52°; minimum, 49°. Wind, 10 miles, 5 a.m., 50 per cent.; 5 p.m., 72 per cent. Wind, 5 a.m., calm; 5 p.m., west, velocity 8 miles. Maximum temperature, 62 deg.; minimum temperature, 41 deg. Rainfall past twenty-four hours, trace; rainfall for season, 3.99 inches. Barometer reduced to sea level. DRY TEMPERATURE.

Los Angeles 44 San Francisco 46
San Diego 44 Portland 36

WEATHER CONDITIONS.—The storm has passed eastward to the south of this chart, followed by rapidly rising barometer from the Pacific Coast to the Missouri River, and fair, cooler weather on the Pacific Slope.

Light showers of rain fell at Los Angeles and San Diego during the night, followed this morning by bright, sunshiny weather. The precipitation for the storm at Los Angeles amounted to 1.08 inches, making 3.99 inches for the season. Snow fell heavily in the higher mountain ranges.

Forecasts.—Local forecast for Los Angeles and vicinity. Fair tonight, followed by pleasant, moderately warm weather; westerly winds.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 18.—Weather conditions and general forecast: The following are the seasonal rainfalls to date, as compared with those of same date last season, and rainfall in last twenty-four hours.

Last twenty-four hours, season, season.

Bureka 27.89 28.03
San Fran. 14.91 12.08
Sacramento 8.55 8.55
San Francisco 10.12 8.55
Fresno 4.84 3.88
San Luis Obispo 10.28 5.45
San Mendocino 3.92 5.04
San Diego 4.29 3.26
Yuma 1.34 1.62

San Francisco data: Maximum temperature, 65 deg.; minimum, 45 deg.; mean, 52 deg.

The weather is cloudy and somewhat threatening over the California north of the Tehachapi. There was a shower on the coast during the day. The pressure has fallen slightly along the Northern California and Oregon coast during the past twelve hours, and there are indications of the approach of another storm from the ocean.

Forecast made at San Francisco for thirty hours ending midnight, March 19.

Northern California: Cloudy and probably showers in the western portions Sunday; fresh southerly winds.

Southern California: Partly cloudy Sunday; fresh west winds.

Arizona: Fair Sunday.

San Francisco and vicinity: Cloudy and probably showers Sunday; fresh southerly winds.

ALL ALONG THE LINE.

There must be some mistake in the report that an alarm of fire was caused by the upsetting of a stove in a "poker joint" Friday night. It is well-known to the police that there are no "poker joints" in Los Angeles.

The Fraternal Brotherhood, the Supreme Lodge of which met in this city last Friday, is undoubtedly an excellent order, but it would be interesting to know how it happened that such well-educated men as its founders could be guilty of such bald tautology in naming it.

Our very considerate and generous neighbor, the San Bernardino Times-Index, on the 10th inst., printed this very entertaining bit of a story: "P. J. Williams, a railroad man, came up from Los Angeles this morning and confirms the report that Los Angeles is about to be quarantined. He says that people are leaving the city in droves." What we want to know now is, who in Sam Hill is Williams? Inquiry at both the offices of the Southern Pacific and the Southern California railways has been made regarding the aforesaid Williams, but he is not an employe of either company. Is Mr. Williams a myth as well as an extremely expert single-handed prevaricator, or is it some other "little boy" who has lied.

A test of a voting machine was made in one of the precincts of Oakland at the municipal election last Monday, and the result is reported to have been an entire success. The voters easily comprehended the method of operation, the slowest not taking more than one and one-half minutes to vote, while many voted the full ticket and left the booth within less than thirty-five seconds. Three hundred and sixteen votes were polled with the machine, and the result was announced immediately after the close of the polls, while at the regular polls, the report says, eight election officers toiled sleepily until almost daylight next morning making up the tally sheets. Evidently it is high time for the voting machine to be brought into general use.

At the meeting in Pasadena on Friday to consider what that city should do as her share in the San Pedro Harbor celebration, some difference of opinion was manifested as to the manner in which the funds raised there should be used. The president of the Board of Trade and others proposed that the amount be placed in the general Jubilee fund, while a few thought the money should be expended exclusively on a representative of Pasadena in the procession. It is to be hoped these latter will see the impracticality of their plan. The complete success of the jubilee will require a unity and a centralization of all interests. All should contribute to the general success of the occasion, as all have contributed to the securing of the harbor. Pasadena can safely trust her interests in the hands of the general management.

The Central Law Journal of St. Louis, Mo., the foremost legal periodical of America, in its issue of March 3, publishes as its leading article an exhaustive discussion by Louis Luckel, Esq., of the Los Angeles bar, of the question—ever interesting to lawyers—of what provisions in wills or deeds are valid limitations to cease upon marriage, and what provisions giving property are conditions in restraint of marriage, and therefore void. The conflict in the early authorities led the distinguished English jurist, Lord Loughborough, to remark upon one phase of this question that "such was the state of the authorities, a Judge could not be considered to act too boldly, whichever side of the proposition he should adopt," and Judge Redfield, among the most prominent of law writers, said, that "the cases seem to resolve themselves into the mere judgment of the court upon the circumstances of each particular case."

OSTRICH FEATHER BOAS AND PLUMES From the Ostrich Farm, Real California souvenirs. Large selection. Producer's prices.

TREMBLING hands, weak limbs and unfeeling skin can be cured. All drugs, 50 cents. Consult Hudyan doctors free, 316 South Broadway.

MALT Vinegar, \$2.50 dozen, Woolacott.

A BILL THAT FAILED.

THE QUESTION OF APPORTIONMENT UNDER THE CENSUS.

The Disfranchisement of the Negro to Come up at the Next Session of Congress—What Mr. Crumpler Has to Say on the Subject.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, March 13.—One of the measures which failed to pass in the Fifty-fifth Congress was the bill introduced by Mr. Crumpler requiring the Director of the Census to furnish Congress with statistical information to be used as a basis for representation under the twelfth census.

This would have amounted to nothing less than a basis of forcing Southern States that have disfranchised the negro to accept a representative in Congress on a basis of its actual voting strength. The bill provided that the Director of the Census compile the election and registration laws of the United States in so far as they affect the qualification of voters, and collect statistics showing the number of registered voters in each State, and the number of votes actually cast at the Presidential election in 1896 and 1898, together with the number of electors who were not in the same class. This information was to be submitted in convenient form to Congress on or before December 15, 1900.

The disfranchisement of the negro will come up in the next session of Congress, and the bill for securing the ballot of South Carolina is reported from the Committee on Election. Without any advice from the White House the Republicans of the House are probably in favor of giving the South representation in its election, and not the negroes. It is asserted that it is more likely that the President is not in favor of such radical action. It is interesting to note what Mr. Crumpler has to say to the question, as that probability forecasts the attitude of those Republicans who believe in radical legislation. The Census Committee has recommended the passage of the bill. Mr. Crumpler, in the report accompanying the bill, explained its object as a means of providing Congress with data to be used as a basis for the apportionment of representatives under the twelfth census.

The complications and statistics were to be secured from official documents and records so they could be successfully impeached for inaccuracy or unfairness.

The advantage to a State of a large representation, was deemed an adequate safeguard against arbitrary and capricious disfranchisement. The language of the Constitution is peremptory and the provision is mandatory in its operation as far as it is possible to make it to be mandatory upon a political body.

"It is a notorious fact that in several of the States less than half the male citizens over 21 years of age participate in elections. In some of the districts in recent years officers have been elected by less than 20 per cent. of the voters under the manhood rule. It is asserted that these results come from the disfranchisement of large numbers of voters of States which, at that time, Congress should be advised of such fact, in order that the function of apportioning Representatives may be exercised with justice and intelligence."

With references to the provision for collecting information as to the number of inhabitants in each State over the age of 21 years, white and colored respectively, also the number of illiterates, insane and idiots in each class the report said:

"Under the last three censuses representation was based upon population exclusively, but section two of the fourteenth amendment of the Federal Constitution provides that:

"When the right to vote at any election for choice of electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the executive and judicial officers of a State, or the members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being 21 years of age, and citizens of the United States, and except for participation in rebellion, or other crime, the basis of representation shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens 21 years of age in such State."

Mr. Crumpler's report explains that while this provision was designed primarily to prevent the disfranchisement of citizens of African descent, its terms are general and it embraces all classes of citizens.

"Prior to the abolition of slavery, representation was based upon the free population," the report continues, "and three-fifths of all other persons, but emancipation gave full consideration to those heretofore in bondage, and the fourteenth amendment gave the Constitution a right to induce the States to confer upon them the right of suffrage. Afterward the fifteenth amendment was adopted, declaring that the right to vote should not be denied on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. With exception, the right to vote is now given to all citizens to withhold the right of suffrage to any class of citizens; they may require a high degree of mental endowment or scholastic attainment as a qualification to the right to vote, but it should be limited to a large per cent. of their citizens to have the burden of government. Every State must maintain a republican form of government, but it is well to note that under the Constitution the government need be republican in form only. It is the policy of the government to encourage manhood suffrage in all the States, to provide against the temptation to abridge that right on account of race prejudice or party advantage, the provision of the Constitution above quoted was enacted."

It is further, that the report says that if the census reports give the information and data requested, that shall not prevent Congress from making further investigation. Inasmuch as no instructions are given, the census director, an effort is pretty certain to be made by Congress to gather the data by its own agents.

E. S. LITTLE.

Call to Dr. Thompson.

A movement is being made by the friends of Dr. J. S. Thompson, now of Chicago, to call him as pastor of a liberal church to be organized under his instructions. Dr. Thompson has signified his willingness to return if convinced he is needed. The large subscription has already been pledged, the list of subscribers comprising some one hundred and fifty names, among whom are the following: Hon. John M. Miller, R. B. Williamson, J. A. Troebeck, J. B. Newton, Walter J. Trask, L. W. Blinn, H. M. Genger, George B. Daugherty, W. T. Seward, Dr. W. E. Thompson, Mrs. Charles T. Parsons, Mrs. J. S. Barnum, Mrs. F. A. Eastman, Mrs. E. C. Hambrook and Miss Flora Howes. William F. Bottsford, president of the California Bank, will act as trustee of the funds.

DR. J. S. THOMPSON.

Account business, \$1000 equity, \$500 cash.

TREMBLING hands, weak limbs and unfeeling skin can be cured. All drugs, 50 cents. Consult Hudyan doctors free, 316 South Broadway.

MALT Vinegar, \$2.50 dozen, Woolacott.

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TREMBLING hands, weak limbs and unfeeling skin can be cured. All drugs, 50 cents. Consult Hudyan doctors free, 316 South Broadway.

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WIVES AND CHILDREN.

PENSIONERS MUST SHARE THEIR PENSIONS WITH DEFENDANTS.

New Law Just Put in Force by the Government—Present Membership at the Santa Monica Home, Entertainments for the Veterans.

SOLDIERS' HOME, March 18.—(Regular Correspondence.) A circular just received from the Commissioner of Pensions will provoke no end of grumblng among pensioners having in the mind world, wives and dependent children. It will result, too, it is thought, in the hasty exodus of numerous demurring married veterans. Section 476, title 57 of the revised statutes of the United States (relating to pensions) is amended by the addition of several sections, each of which in the circular alluded to, the law referred to is as follows:

(Public No. 234.)

An act to amend section 476 of the revised statutes of the United States.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that section 476, title 57 of the revised statutes of the United States, is hereby amended by inserting the following additional provisions and provisions, to wit:

Provided further, that in case a resident pensioner of the United States dies during the period of over six months, his lawful wife, who is a woman of good moral character and in necessitous circumstances, or, if he have no lawful wife, shall desert his legitimate minor child or children under 16 years of age, or his dependent, helpless, child or children, and the child or children shall be inmates of the same institution or of some home provided for wives and children of soldiers and sailors; provided further, that if any pensioner is or shall become an inmate of a national soldiers' home, or any institution drawn in his behalf or to which he may become entitled during his residence therein shall be paid by the treasurer of that institution to such pensioner's wife, who is in good circumstances, or, if there be no wife, to the legal guardian of the minor child or children or the permanently dependent helpless child or children of such pensioner, on the order of the Commissioner of Pensions, provided that such pensioner is not a pensioner under any law of the United States; shall be granted, allowed, or paid to the widow of a soldier, sailor, officer, naval or military marine, marine officer, or any other male person entitled to a pension under any law of the United States unless it shall be proved and established that the marriage of such widow to the soldier, sailor, officer, marine, or other person on account of whose service the pension is asked, was duly and legally contracted, and that the wife of such act or unless such wife shall have lived and cohabited with such soldier, sailor, officer, marine, marine officer, or other person, continuously from the date of the marriage until the date of his death, unless the marriage shall take place after and prior to or during the military or naval service of the soldier, sailor, officer, marine, or other person on account of whose service the pension is asked or claimed. This provision shall not apply to any widow of a soldier, sailor, marine, officer, or marine officer serving or who has served in the war between the United States and the kingdom of Spain.

In all cases the questions of deser- tion, entrances into a home, necessitous circumstances, and good character shall be determined and determined by the Commissioner of Pensions under such rules and regulations as he shall prescribe, and the trans- fers or governors of the several soldiers' and sailors' homes shall be ad- vised of such action from time to time. Approved, March 18, 1899.

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The amounts allowed for the quarter under the different laws are as follows: Act of June 27, 1890, \$35,350.00; navy, \$3000; general (or old) law, \$6667.50; Mexican war, \$2500; Indian war, \$2000; adding to this about \$1000 received and paid out during the quarter as arrears, the total payment for the quarter will amount to over \$55,000.

Ward Memorial Hall was packed on Monday evening by veterans and visitors to take part in a very enjoyable concert contributed by the band of Southern California Glee Club. Customarily a pestilence takes possession of the old members before "tattoo," when many of them grow fatigued and take their ease; but, therefore, the repast as high as could be expected. The Glee Club that night a veteran left the house with the last number had been sung. The home or hosta contributed several excellent numbers, and Mrs. C. E. Edwards, assisted by a number of young ladies from Santa Monica and the home, presented a tableau entitled "Water Nymphs."

James W. Chaffee, late Co. A, Eighty-sixth New York Infantry, for several years past a corporal of home Co. C, is again engaged in home Co. A, vice Captain, residing in Los Angeles.

Noah Brooks of New York who spent the winter with the treasurer of the home left on Monday for Mount Lowe, at which place he expects to remain for a month.

The London Celtic Club of the home with their friends, numbering between sixty and seventy people, will enjoy a banquet tonight at Eureka Hall in Santa Monica in honor of St. Patrick, and in celebrating the anniversary of Ireland's patron saint.

Gov. A. J. Smith returned from the East on Tuesday, accompanied by Gen. Hyde of Bath, Me. The latter gentleman, who is ill in Los Angeles, will, upon recovering, go to Smith and Hyde's, an extended tour of California, before returning East.

The various organizations of the home, at whose entertainments Mrs. Alice Morley of Los Angeles has frequently volunteered her assistance, are joining in rendering that lady a benefit, which will take place in Memorial Hall on Saturday evening, March 25.

Prof. de Kenney has secured the hall for Wednesday evening, March 22, for his home rain-gauge shows that the past few days has added \$3 of an inch, which makes a total for the season of 4.63 inches.

Total membership, today, 2146, of which there are present 1604; absent on furlough, 540. About fifty have gone on furlough since pension day, Friday.

DEATHS.

James Andrews, late Co. E, One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania In-

fantry, admitted from Nevada City, Cal., May 28, 1896, died March 12; aged 71 years.

Christopher C. Fulton, late Co. I, One Hundred and Second Illinois Infantry, admitted from Hyde Park, Cal., January 28, 1890, died March 15; aged 63 years.

Uriah W. La Dow, late Co. I, Thirty-eighth Ohio Infantry, admitted from Los Angeles, Cal., October 15, 1889, died March 17; aged 73 years.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

Dr. Harper's Lecture Last Evening at Simpson Tabernacle.

Dr. William Rainey Harper, president of the University of Chicago, lectured last evening at Simpson Tabernacle, to a rather small audience, on "University Extension." The efforts which culminated in Dr. Harper's address are in line with the general movement, one result of which has been the valuable course of lectures given from time to time by Prof. Henry W. Roche, who is from the college of which last evening's speaker is the head.

Dr. Harper stated that thinking men and women desire a higher education, and some therefore go to college and high school educational work is the most common subject of thought; but they are wrong, for notwithstanding how general has been our advance, or how numerous our institutions have become, there exists an apathy in the minds of the people to education. The speaker then offered a fact in support of this statement, that the accommodations for higher education are poor in the Middle and Western States on lines-adequate.

The speaker believed social and political questions are receiving more attention than any other group, but it was difficult to define the term social; it should be interpreted to include everything educational and educational.

Dr. Harper said, additionally, that it is only the slow growth that is growth, for real growth is to be determined by its fruit. One should be cautious to be scholarly. All cannot be so; however; but a scholarly spirit can be cultivated and it is only the shallow man who jumps from one position to another. The world is thinking man, not does.

The greatest evil of our day is the tendency toward a divorce of the leaders from the masses, and this is bad, as it is the scholar and properly thinking man who leads the untutored majority.

The solution that the speaker offered was to remain true to the old methods of work, and to be a man, and

not to become due said person, but to become the counterpart of such person as the wife, or in case there is wife, to be the local guardian of the child or children provided, further, that when a soldier or sailor enters into a State home for soldiers or sailors as an inmate thereof, one-half his pension according to his residence therein shall be paid by the treasurer of that institution to such pensioner's wife, who is a woman of good moral character and in necessitous circumstances, or, if he have no lawful wife, shall desert his legitimate minor child or children under 16 years of age, or his dependent, helpless, child or children, and the child or children shall be inmates of the same institution or of some home provided for wives and children of soldiers and sailors; provided further, that if any pensioner is or shall become an inmate of a national soldiers' home, or any institution drawn in his behalf or to which he may become entitled during his residence therein shall be paid by the treasurer of that institution to such pensioner's wife, who is a woman of good moral character and in necessitous circumstances, or, if there be no wife, to the legal guardian of the minor child or children or the permanently dependent helpless child or children of such pensioner, on the order of the Commissioner of Pensions, provided that such pensioner is not a pensioner under any law of the United States; shall be granted, allowed, or paid to the widow of a soldier, sailor, officer, naval or military marine, marine officer, or any other male person entitled to a pension under any law of the United States unless it shall be proved and established that the marriage of such widow to the soldier, sailor, officer, marine, or other person on account of whose service the pension is asked, was duly and legally contracted, and that the wife of such act or unless such wife shall have lived and cohabited with such soldier, sailor, officer, marine, marine officer, or other person, continuously from the date of the marriage until the date of his death, unless the marriage shall take place after and prior to or during the military or naval service of the soldier, sailor, officer, marine, or other person on account of whose service the pension is asked or claimed. This provision shall not apply to any widow of a soldier, sailor, marine, officer, or other person who has served in the war between the United States and the kingdom of Spain.

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BECKINS Van and Storage ship goods to all points at cut rates. 436 South Spring.

A STEEL TELESCOPE.

Marvelous Instrument to be Seen at the Paris Exposition.

[London Standard.] When the idea was first modelled, more than a year ago, in the Paris Exposition, Dr. Phillips, George L. Leslie, the Rev. Hugh K. Walker and B. F. Coulter and Mrs. Lou. V. Chapin took part, besides several others.

SHE WAS HAPPY TILL SHE MET YOU THE NEW SONG.

Make no mistake. The old, reliable Tally's Phonograph and Kineto-Piano Parlor are in Paris, connected with any other place in this city. Seven years in the business will convince any one that this is the parlor that keeps up with the times in all the latest music and in lowest prices on supplies. You should hear the new song. Keep your eyes on this popular place of amusement for something new.

BECKINS Van and Storage ship goods to all points at cut rates. 436 South Spring.

Crowds Visit KOHLER "The Oriental Seer."

This Strange and Wonderful Man is Gradually but Surely Turning the Tide of Skepticism.

"Remain not in Darkness and Ignorance, but Seek Ye the Light of Knowledge."

Professional men and women are awestricken, the public in general are dumfounded. Had he been born in the time of superstition his work would have been classed little less than miraculous. SO EXTRAORDINARY are his remarkable powers that they must be witnessed to be believed. He tells the full name of every caller, and for what they came.

Lawyers, speculators, business men of all grades and ladies from every walk of life, together sound his praise for the benefit they have received. His parlors are always filled with anxious people seeking reliable information, and every reply is most gratifying; all are pleased.

His remarkable demonstrations of second sight and high development of the power of mind over matter have won for him a reputation that extends over two hemispheres.

He has reunited the separated, brought back truean husbands and wives, made enemies fast friends, caused happy marriages, conquered sickness, cured diseases given up by the physicians and pronounced beyond the reach of medical skill; has been the means of satisfactory settlement of old estates, located hidden treasures, made fortunes for speculators and made many lives happy.

A SECRET YOU SHOULD KNOW—How to control, fascinate or influence any one you know, love, admire or meet. How to become successful or prosperous in business. How to gain the heart and hand of one you love never fails.

The true key to success, health, wealth and happiness.

Valuable information concerning all matters of health, difficult, obscure or nervous diseases of men or women:

The New York Herald writes: "Men like Kohler and Chero have raised

occult to the dignity of a science, have succeeded in clothing their profession in honor, raising it above the gulf of discredit into which it has been cast by meaningless pretenders."

The World says: "McKinley's success foretold. Prof. Kohler, in the year 1888, foretold the election of Maj. McKinley to the presidency in 1896, giving a table of states and majority in support of his claim. McKinley's opponent in the contest to come was described as a young Western man, not then publicly known. The prediction at the time was little heeded in the multiplicity of events which accompany an election, but it has since proven to be correct, even to the state majorities."

The Chicago Tribune says: "Prof. Kohler is a veritable wizard, a mystery and a puzzle to all. There are a great many self-styled life readers, but the tests this man gives are sufficient to convince the most hard-hearted skeptic."

Robert A. Van Wyck, elected first mayor of Greater New York, as predicted by Prof. Kohler one year before election.

Mag. Louis Ginter of Richmond, Va., "the tobacco king," says: "Your advice has saved me thousands of dollars."

Mrs. W. B. Dana of 1344 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, says: "Your prediction that my husband would meet his death by accident in the fall of 1897, has come about exactly as you described. Taking advantage of your advice I secured an insurance policy on his life, and am now independent; otherwise I should have been left uninsured for."

Take notice of the many favorable comments of his work that appear nearly every day in the leading papers. Hours for reading, 9 to 12 a.m., 1 to 5 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday evenings, 7 to 8; Sundays, 10 to 4. Charges within the reach of all. Office over jewelry store at 245 South Spring Street.

Pure Vegetable Compound is a Destroyer of Disease.

Dr. Wong has 3000 herbal remedies which cure over 400 diseases. These herbs have a distinct purpose. It is just as easy for him to feed a bone as it is to feed a muscle.

His first rule is to eliminate all poison from the system. He can wash your blood the same as you wash your hands. After all the poisonous substance in the blood has been removed, assimilation of food is more readily obtained, thereby giving strength to the patient. Acquaintance softens prejudice—go talk to Dr. Wong; he may surprise you by his pulse diagnosis. He will cure you as he has many others who have been given up to date.

Invalids come or write from all parts of the United States for his herbal remedies. There is much virtue in his treatment, or he could not have cured the thousands of patients who are his friends. Dr. Wong is the most widely known Chinese physician on the Pacific Coast.

Seventeen Years in City. Consultation Free.

Sanitarium and Office, 713 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

DR. WONG.

American Dye Works.

The oldest established, most reliable and best equipped for cleaning, dyeing and renovating in all its branches.

Our New Improved Dry Process has no equal.

Ostrich Feathers cleaned, dyed and curled.

Mail Office—210 S. Spring St. Tel. M. 850 Works—613-615 W. Sixth St. Tel. M. 101

from what would seem to be close at hand, no little amusement was caused in Paris. Innumerable pleasantries were made at the expense of "the moon that is out." At the end of the project was thought to have been done, or rather, it was never supposed that it had been seriously entertained. However, it is now announced that the scheme is to be realized up to a certain point, and the image of the moon on which visitors to the exhibition will be able to gaze, will appear to be distant only about one hundred kilometers, or sixty miles.

The telescope that is to attain this result, which will fall outside of what has been previously achieved, which is to be made of steel will have a diameter of over a yard and a half, and will weigh some twenty tons. The instrument will be what is known as a "refractor," a telescope of the refractor's side.

It will be possible to take photographs of the surface of the moon on a scale ten thousand times larger than any obtained up to now. The great difficulty that has had to be overcome has been the polishing of the reflector, a most laborious and delicate process that is now approaching completion.

A COSTLY FRATERNITY HOUSE.

[Philadelphia Record.] The costly and pretentious fraternity house now being erected at the University of Pennsylvania, and the high school educational work is the most common subject of thought; but they are wrong, for notwithstanding how general has been our advance, or how numerous our institutions have become, there exists an apathy in the minds of the people to education. The speaker then offered a fact in support of this statement, that the accommodations for higher education are poor in the Middle and Western States on lines-adequate.

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LITERARY OUTLOOK.

A TIME OF CHEERFULNESS WITH BOTH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NEW YORK, March 6.—W. C. Brownell's fine appreciation of Thackeray, in a recent number of Scribner's Magazine, renews the expressions of regret, common after any appearance of his, that he is heard from so rarely. He has an unfailing command of distinction; whatever he writes is worth attending to; but his abstemiousness is almost puritanical. I suppose it is not wholly a matter of choice with him. He has the usual human desire, for himself and his family, of keeping soul and body conjoined, and that desire—perfectly just as it may be—is hardly to be accomplished in this country, at the present time, by means simply of high criticism. In his earlier years Mr. Brownell had recourse to journalism; but now, for a good long time, he has depended on his position as chief reader and literary adviser for the Scribner publishing house. This position was once held by E. L. Godkin, and Mr. Brownell entered it when Scribner's Magazine was started and Mr. Burlingame became its editor. With a full, hard day's work to be done every day in considering the manuscripts of other people, and in making a sharp, clear spirit left for the consideration of his own, and I have no doubt that Mr. Brownell's finding it so is the primary reason for his writing so little. Moreover, it is clear that, although he has served his term on the staff, he can be content to "scrape" things together; the only satisfactory way with him, is to have a subject quietly grow. It is probably because his criticism usually comes in this sure, natural way that they are penetrating and penetrating all that can be said on the subject has had time to occur to the mind and get fully considered. A year or two ago he published in Scribner's Magazine a remarkably subtle and sympathetic study of Newport, or, if I may say, of the study of Newport, in a small measure to the fact that he himself was born and reared there. He is a man of middle age (47 or 48), rather quiet and reserved, but with a gift of keen and humorous speech and a good school of general culture, and with a special fondness for the French, as his best known work, "French Traits," would lead one to infer.

There is soon to be published a volume of poems by Emily Gilbert Dickinson. It will be her first book, but her name is already fairly well known to readers of the magazines, and it is associated with work of the highest quality. Miss Dickinson is in the same town, and I am much the same avowal of publicity as did her aunt, Emily Dickinson, who wrote some of the most notable poems of her time with scarcely anybody knowing it, until after her death, when the fact was discovered and the poems were published in the Atlantic, Amherst, Mass., where Miss Dickinson's family have been important people for several generations, having been prominently identified with Amherst College from its foundation. She does not hide her poems away from possible readers, as her aunt may almost be said to have done, yet in writing them she seems to have as little thought of publication as if she did hide them. They are clearly the expression of ideas and emotions that are for utterance, and this is the secret of the fine quality that always appears in them. As they appeared in the small corner of a newspaper or magazine they began to attract notice of those who had no eyes for such things, and the author has always received cordial testimonies from the highest judges. Her book will include a number of poems that have appeared in the Atlantic, the Century, Scribner's and Harper's, but it has also contained some that have never been published. Like that of her aunt, Miss Dickinson's poetry is all of a serious and almost solemn character, but there is a strain of hopefulness and inspiration in it that is not so obvious in the aunt's writings.

That prosperous young society of women writers and artists, the Pen and Brush Club, has been especially active in its social enterprises. I think London is the only place that its primary purpose was to furnish the members a comfortable and convenient resort for intervals between the regular working hours of the day. But it has all along been hospitable, as well as domestic, and has not wholly denied its cheer to people who are not the good fortune to be of its membership, and a few evenings ago it gave an avowed "entertainment," with formal invitations and programme, and something more of refreshment than it offers at its ordinary receptions. It is an all-around social gathering, the set exercises consisting in the reading of unpublished writings by certain of the members. It is an ominous phrase usually, that of "unpublished writings," but the thing itself, as discovered this night at the Pen and Brush, is the thing itself, as discovered this night at the Pen and Brush, was so, is yet another proof of the superior tact of women, for I have sat under an unfolding of "uncut leaves" when the result was anything but enlivening, and when the reason for the publication of that work, or being unpublished, was only too obvious. The readers at the Pen and Brush, by keeping to a certain simplicity of manner and aim, were able to escape imparting any such affliction.

THE VOTING MACHINE.

Result of a Recent Test Made in Oakland.

Oakland Times, March 14. The testing of the Ellis ballot machine in the City Hall precinct yesterday created no little excitement. A booth was made of the lower corridor of the City Hall, and throngs of voters gathered about the machine all day, manifesting the keenest interest in its operations. Before the voting began the machine was closed and a number of prints were made from the counting wheels, showing that all the registers stood at zero. Such mechanical proof of the honesty of the counting of the votes was the best argument of this important invention. The writer is a graduate of West Point, who, after serving four years as an officer, voluntarily resigned his commission in the army to become a freight brakeman. He worked six months as a freight brakeman, and then became master, all of the time in constant contact with the men and the conductors he describes. In the late war he was major in the First District of Columbia Volunteer Infantry. Here is one of the good stories he tells: "Not long ago a freight conductor started on a night run after drawing his month's wages from the pay car. He had with him his young son, a lad of 12, and when well under way they began to cook supper in the caboose stove. The freight brakeman, in the cupola, observed that the engine seemed to have unusual difficulty in pulling the train. He did not connect this fact with the presence of several hoboes on top of the cars, who, under the influence of drink, had been stalling the train. The front door of the caboose flew open, and four masked and armed men ordered the occupants to throw up their hands. The conductor jumped to shield his child, but not until his shirt was torn and three bullets were in his body. Fighting to the last, he fell dead in the doorway. The brakeman was shot in the arm, and made his escape from the car to the ground. Fearing he would give the alarm and cause their

Locomotor Ataxia, or Creeping Palsy, Cured by the Great Hudyan.

G. P. WALKER SAYS HE HAS ENTIRELY RECOVERED.



G. P. Walker is an engineer, living in the city of El Paso in Texas, and is a truthful, honest, hard-working engineer.

Hudyan Doctors—

I am home again. I take great pleasure in recommending your "HUDYAN." It is first-class in every respect. It is now one year since I visited your "Hudyan" offices—in such a condition I pray to God never again to be placed. I then expected never to return to my family, except in a helpless condition. I was sorely stricken with that dreadful disease Locomotor Ataxia or Creeping Palsy—it was called progressive paralysis by a New York doctor. I am now happy to say, that after ninety days of treatment I was able to go about. I am now again on the engine. It seems good to be at home once more. Thank you, thank "HUDYAN."

Yours respectfully,

G. P. WALKER.

P. S.—I will answer every letter or telegram.

This is what he now writes

and if you doubt it write to him yourself. He will tell you it is true.

EL PASO, TEXAS.

Hudyan Doctors—

I am home again. I take great pleasure in recommending your "HUDYAN." It is first-class in every respect. It is now one year since I visited your "Hudyan" offices—in such a condition I pray to God never again to be placed.

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P. S.—I will answer every letter or telegram.

"HUDYAN" cures disorders arising from an impoverished blood or nerve condition. It is a peculiar remedy. Harmless. Get "HUDYAN" at your druggists, 50c per package, six packages for \$2.50.

DOCTORS TO DOCTOR YOU.

If your case is a complicated one; if your case is a peculiar one you should consult the "HUDYAN" doctors free.

Write or call.

HUDYAN REMEDY CO.,

Ellis, Stockton and Market Sta., San Francisco, Cal.

If your druggist does not supply you with "HUDYAN" send direct, 50c per package, six packages for \$2.50.

316 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

claims, is an astonishing revelation of the superiority of the machine method of voting over the old ballot system.

RAILWAY HEROES.

Deeds of Daring That the Men Themselves Sometimes Forget.

The Century has published several articles on the "Heroes of Peace," and one of the best of the series appears in the March number of the magazine. It is called "Heroes of the Railway Service," and consists of notes from the experiences of Charles de Gaulle. The writer is a graduate of West Point, who, after serving four years as an officer, voluntarily resigned his commission in the army to become a freight brakeman. He worked six months as a freight brakeman, and then became master, all of the time in constant contact with the men and the conductors he describes. In the late war he was major in the First District of Columbia Volunteer Infantry. Here is one of the good stories he tells:

"Not long ago a freight conductor started on a night run after drawing his month's wages from the pay car.

He had with him his young son, a lad of 12, and when well under way they began to cook supper in the caboose stove. The freight brakeman, in the cupola, observed that the engine seemed to have unusual difficulty in pulling the train.

He did not connect this fact with the presence of several hoboes on top of the cars, who, under the influence of drink, had been stalling the train.

The front door of the caboose flew open, and four masked and armed men ordered the occupants to throw up their hands.

The conductor jumped to shield his child, but not until his shirt was torn and three bullets were in his body.

Fighting to the last, he fell dead in the doorway. The brakeman was shot in the arm, and made his escape from the car to the ground.

Fearing he would give the alarm and cause their

capture, the bandits fled. Then the boy showed that the blood of his hero was transmitted to succeeding generations. He pulled the body of his father inside and coolly secured his money and watch. He noticed that the train was barely moving and it occurred to him that there was a second locomotive behind. He knew that the brakeman had no lantern, even if alive. The plucky boy took the red light and torpedoes dropped off, ran back, expecting at every step to be shot, and flagged at the engine. The train was moving over the Big Four sometimes wonder why a slender volunteer seems so prominent in helping the switchmen attach the dining car at one of the terminals. If they happen to inquire, the men reply: "Why, that's John's boy, the conductor those bums 'pit in the clear' that day last year."

BLEDSOE'S BATTERY.

No Member Reproached—Tribute to Grant at Beauregard.

[In New York, Sunday, "was a member

of Capt. Hiram Bledsoe's famous Mis-

souri battery," said a man who is in

New York. "His recent death

removes one of the last prominent figures in the Confederacy ranks from Missouri. Except in the presence of his superior officer, he preferred to have his men call him 'Hi.' He went into the war right at the beginning. The men who first enlisted under him were his neighbors and acquaintances in Cass County, where he had lived since the Mexican war.

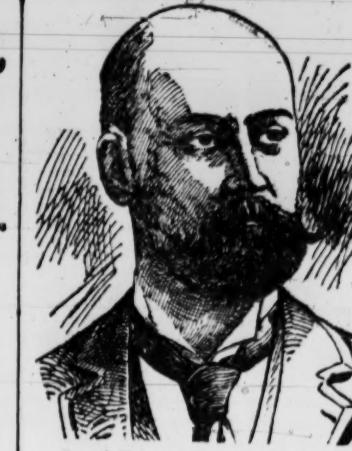
"There was five brothers in his first

command. When they presented themselves for enlistment Hi asked them if they had not better divide, and added that if he did not want to have the entire family go, the boys insisted, and their commander, fought through the night.

"In 1864 there was but one Confederate monument in Chickamauga National Park. It was the gift of Missouri. On its sides is the story of Bledsoe's battery."

WATCHES cleaned, 75c; mainsprings, 50c; crystals, 10c. Pattern, No. 214 S. Broadway.

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SPECIALISTS.

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Practice confined to Diseases of

MEN ONLY.

STRICTLY RELIABLE.

We are Always Willing to Wait for Our Fee Until Cure is Effectuated.

We mean this emphatically and is for everybody. Every form of weakness, blood taints, discharges, varicose piles, rupture and results of badly treated diseases. Our practice is confined to these troubles and absolutely nothing else.

Corner Main and Third Streets, over Wells Fargo. Private entrance on Third Street.

Southern California

Electro-Vitapathic Institute,



534¹ South Broadway, = = = Los Angeles. TELEPHONE MAIN 1363.

Electricity, Baths, Massage, Solar, Vacuum and other Modern Treatments, employed scientifically, are INvariably BENEFICIAL. But when used by those ignorant of their physiological action they are POSITIVELY DANGEROUS. This is the only institution in the Southwest where these various treatments are successfully employed by INTELLIGENT, EXPERIENCED OPERATORS. DIGESTIVE, KIDNEY AND NERVOUS DISORDERS, Rheumatism and other Blood Diseases quickly relieved. Ulcers, Tumors and Diseases of Women positively cured without operation. CONSULTATION FREE. Baths open all day and evenings. Ladies Tuesday and Friday evenings. FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS.

DR. LIEBIG & CO.

The old reliable, never-failing specialists, established 16 years. Dispensaries in Chicago, Kansas City, Butte, Mont., San Francisco and Los Angeles, In all private diseases of men.

No dollar need be paid until cured, CATARRH a specialty. We cure the worst cases in two or three months. Diseases of years standing cured promptly. Wasting disease of all kinds in man or woman speedily stopped.

Examination, Including Analysis, Free

No matter what your trouble is, nor who has failed to cure it, come and see us. You will not regret it. In nature's laboratory there is a remedy for every disease. We have the best in the world. Come and see us.

Persons at a distance may be CURED AT HOME. All communications strictly confidential. Call or write. The poor treated free on Fridays, from 12 to 1 P.M. Address

123 SOUTH MAIN STREET, Los Angeles, Cal.

BANKS.

Oldest and Largest Bank in Southern California.

Farmers' and Merchants' Bank

Capital - - - \$500,000.00 Deposits - - - \$4,250,000.00

Surplus - - - \$925,000.00 DIRECTORS:

J. W. Perry, J. F. Francis, A. Gassell, W. H. Helman, Jr., C. E. Thomas, O. W. Childs, I. N. Van Nuy, H. W. Helman, L. W. Helman, G. Helman, Assistant Cashier.

Direct banking connections with and Drafts for sale on London, Paris, Berlin, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Honolulu, Manila and Iloilo.

Special Safety Deposit Department and Storage Vaults.

W. C. PATTISON, President. W. D. WOOLWINE, Cashier. E. W. COE, Asst. Cashier.

123 SOUTH MAIN STREET, Los Angeles, Cal.

CORNER FIRST AND SPRING STS.

Capital, \$500,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$60,000.00.

This bank has the best location of any bank in Los Angeles. It is the largest capital in Southern California.

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LARGEST NATIONAL BANK IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BANK OFFICERS: J. M. Elliott, President. W. G. Kerckhoff, Vice-President. J. C. Drake, F. Q. Story.

Directors: H. J. Hooker, J. D. Bicknell, J. C. Drake, W. G. Kerckhoff, F. Q. Story.

STATE LOAN AND TRUST CO. N. W. corner Second and Spring Streets, Los Angeles, Cal.

CAPITAL.....\$500,000.00 Accounts of corporations and individuals solicited. As trustee for corporations and estates. Safe deposit boxes for real property.

OFFICERS: H. J. WOOLACOTT, President. C. A. ALLEN, Vice-President. R. H. RULE, J. W. COE, B. F. BALL, J. A. MUIR, B. F. PORTER, WARREN GILLELLIN, G. H. HALSTED, Thomas & Gibbons, Thomas & Gibbons, H. J. WOOLACOTT.

Attorneys: J. W. COE, H. J. WOOLACOTT. Money loaned on improved real estate.

STATE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, N. E. corner Main and Second Streets.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000.00 Deposits.....\$1,525,000.00

OFF

Spring Opening Exhibit.—Continued.

The grandeur of the Merchandise Study in Red will be at its best this week. The great store is a dream, a brilliant example of artistic decorating. The warm, popular and ever attractive hues of Amaryllis, Fuschia, Amaranth and Cyclamen are twined and woven from pillar to pillar midst the more prominent showing of merchandise of the same shades. A grand picture, and one that lovers of beautiful merchandise linger long to more thoroughly enjoy.

The merchandise part of the exhibit is a revelation to every beholder. It speaks in silent eloquence of our far-reaching buying organization's untold efforts in bringing the finest products of the world's looms to our favored city. Long ago the preparations for this event were begun.

The welcome rain kept many away, and on that account the Opening will be continued throughout this week. New beauty will be added.

Easter Sunday is only two weeks from today. Are you ready? We are ready in the fullest meaning of the word. We have anticipated your every want. The Great Store is at your service, and is equipped to give unequalled service. Today's News Letter is of no ordinary character. It is overflowing with attractive propositions to our friends and patrons—the people of Southern California.



Women's Tailored Suits

Our manager reported Friday morning that 437 suits had been received and were in stock. Since then possibly 30 have been sold. Is there another Los Angeles store showing so many? Is there another store where they're priced so cheaply? Most noticeable is the slightness of the alterations necessary. Many of them fit perfectly without an extra stitch. They are made by tailors who know their business.

The styles shown are refined and up-to-date, a few extreme styles for exclusive dressers, but most of them are elegant in material and artistic in outline without exaggeration.

Men-tailored suits of tan gray and mixed herring-bone cheviot, fly front jackets, silk seen lined, new sheath cut skirts, percale price \$15.00 the price most stores will take. \$10.00

Tailored suits of navy and black cheviot, fly from jacket and new sheath skirt, entire suit lined with a good quality of dark silk taffeta, a wonderful full value. \$15.00

We Excel in Millinery

Possibly you were kept away from the opening by the rain. We extend the same cordial invitation for this week. The display will be as complete as at first. New creations take the places of those sold and many lower priced hats will be added. Our buying, selling and manufacturing departments are in charge of experts and we recognize no competition in this market. We import this talent from the greatest millinery markets in America, and their experience gives them knowledge which is not common in any city—and found in few.

The new management of this department is anxious to popularize it even beyond its present high standard. Some of the points which are

The most authentic styles

The greatest assortment to select from

Individual styles for exclusive dressers

The greatest possible value for your money, and positively polite and attentive salesladies to wait on you properly, who are reliable and capable of taking special orders. We have no beginners in our Millinery Salesrooms and Los Angeles will certainly appreciate this. Large or small orders receive the same attention.

We suggest ordering Easter hats now, less hurried work can be done and more careful attention from the salesladies is assured. Easter is only two weeks from today.

Mourning Millinery This department is a specialty in itself and one we shall devote every care to make worthy your confidence. Our head trimmer will call upon customers at their residence to take mourning orders, and will execute them in a manner entirely satisfactory. In case of need simply phone us and entire charge of all matters pertaining to mourning requirements will be taken without extra charge. Prices the same as if you came personally.

New 1899 Trimmings If you trim, and trim you must, there is everything here to interest and please, everything from spangled robes down to soutache braids. We mention a few of the latest arrivals among which are:

5 new black spangled, 27-inch, all-overs, in the latest designs, some are steel and jet with spangles on a black net. \$1.75
New black and brown silk and mohair draw braids from 28 to a yard down to 5c
A beautiful line of black and cream silk knot bows in two sizes, priced at 50c each for the small ones; the large size \$1.50
New black silk and mohair braids in both effects, open designs of small soutache, lace, pearl and fancy pearl edged silk tubulars in entirely different designs; marked at 8c
New black and cream applique trimming, 1 inch wide, very handsome patterns; on sale at 50c a yard, down to 1.00

A New Veil A black, all silk, Brussels net, chenille dotted veil with silk border, very pretty patterns, sold everywhere for 50c, one yard long and proper width; our price is 35c

Undermuslin Specials We dignify the word "special," We link values to it that mean something. We use the word here to indicate that values are greater than the prices. Not a garment quoted here below that can be purchased at the price in any other store.

Ladies' gowns of fine muslin made with fancy yoke trimmed with embroidery and tucks; at 69c
Ladies' gowns of good fabric, yoke of fine muslin, with embroidery and tucks; at 89c
Ladies' gowns of fine muslin elaborately trimmed with embroidery, insertion and tucks; selling at 1.25

Canary Birds Your choice of 25 fine canary birds, all first class singers, 2 years old and in good healthy condition; these birds sell regularly at \$4.00; on sale Monday only at \$2.38

Baby Cabs From infancy's first clothes to grandmire's house coat; from kitchen brooms to parlor curtains; from baby rattles to graphophones; everything of use to humanity is found here baby cab gets ample showing; carloads of them; all priced at much less than you would expect, even here; grades up to \$47. Extra large, swell front carriages upholstered in art twill, silesia parasol, foot brake and best running gear; at \$6.00
Very large, ornate, centered in derby cloth, adjustable cushioned, sateen parasol with scolloped ruffe; at \$8.50
Baby carriages with antique finish, adjustable cushioned or covered; at \$10.50
Go-carts in 25 different styles; there are imports, and you cannot find any on others in Los Angeles; priced upwards from \$3.50

Rich Dress Goods.

If you would have ocular proof that the Greater People's Store can and does give more elegance and more goodness for any certain price than is usually found, come Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday for these. They illustrate the possibilities of a buying organization such as ours. The season's newest, best and most attractive styles in qualities up to the best are at your service.

Some 20 pieces of fine quality, all wool covert cloth in the new mixed colorings so fashionable this season, tans, greens, blues, grays, etc., full 42 inches wide and 75c a yard to sell for the price; three days at.....

New French granite cloth, a material designed for hard wear, with 1 1/4 yards wide, every thread pure wool; 50c a yard, with 1 1/4 yards wide, the best make; double twilled fouldards, 24 inches wide, in neat figures and patterns of blue and white, black, brown and white, and white and white, red, blue, etc.; this is a regular \$1.00 grade, selling for three days at.....

Handsome tailor-made suits of fine quality Venetian cloth with tight fitting spade front or fly from jackets, entire suit lined with a good grade of white silk, new silk and wool plaid, a hat and gloves; \$35.00

Tailor-made suits of navy and black cheviot, fly front jackets, silk seen lined, new sheath cut skirts, percale price \$15.00

Tailor-made suits of navy and new sheath skirt, entire suit lined with a good quality of dark silk taffeta, color black; a hat and gloves; \$35.00

Tailor-made suits of tan gray and mixed herring-bone cheviot, fly front jackets, silk seen lined, new sheath cut skirts, percale price \$15.00

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ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION

This Paper not
to be taken from
the Library. ••••

Los Angeles Sunday Times

Part I.—28 Pages.

MARCH 19, 1899.

Price, 5 Cents

NO WONDER THEY WANT THE PRESS MUZZLED.



Who will then expose the men who, while receiving a salary for protecting the rights of the people, accept bribes from the corporations to give away or destroy those rights?

THE MAGAZINE SECTION.

[ANNOUNCEMENT.]

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION constitutes, regularly, Part I of the Los Angeles Sunday Times. Being complete in itself, the weekly parts may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has 28 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics possessing strong local and California color and a piquant Southwestern flavor; Historical and Descriptive Sketches; the Development of the Country; Current Literature; Religious Thought; Romance, Fiction, Poetry and Humor; Editorials, Music, Art and Drama; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; also Business Announcements.

The MAGAZINE SECTION is produced on our Hoe quadruple perfecting press, "Columbia II," being printed, folded, cut, inset, covered and wire-stitched by a series of operations so nearly simultaneous as to make them practically one, including the printing of the cover in two colors.

Subscribers intending to preserve the magazine would do well to carefully save up the parts from the first, which, if desired, may be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.



ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

THE DECENTRALIZATION OF THE CITY.

THE decentralization of the city as the solution of the complicated problems of municipal government, has been forcibly demonstrated recently by the resolution of London into fifteen municipalities, each with its Mayor and Common Council. The tendency in America for the last twenty years has been toward consolidation of cities and a centralization of their power in the hands of persons so far removed from the rank and file of citizens that the latter have become indifferent spectators of municipal affairs who relegate the nomination and election of officials to the "boss" and the "machine."

The assumption that municipal government is "representative" is one of these fictions that Americans cherish because it accords with their theories of nationalism. The truth is that the ordinary citizen of a great city is so far removed, actually and in his interests, from the centers of official power, that he neither knows nor cares who are the incumbents so long as his own neighborhood is not affected. Even in Los Angeles a large proportion of the adult inhabitants are unable to name the ward in which they live, who know who is their representative in the Council or Board of Education, or the salary paid to a single member of the city government, and are ignorant of the duties of his official position.

This apathy is the natural result of a clumsy and complicated municipal system that gives its legislative body almost autocratic power, while the individual member thereof is protected from responsibility. This system fosters the corrupt politician who graduates from the City Council into State or national politics, and becomes a menace to society. The Crokers and Burnses receive their schooling as ward manipulators, and it is because municipalities are so centralized that this comparatively small class wields immense power that the American cities are the worst governed in the civilized world.

It has been frankly admitted by the London authorities that it is absolutely impossible for a single governing body to deal justly with the numerous interests of its vast population. Where the city is small justice can be done in the matter of correct distribution of the benefits of taxation, and public opinion can more directly be brought to bear to secure efficiency and honesty among officials. The ordinances can be more closely scrutinized, and blame or praise fixed for all enactments. This is why the small city is universally better governed than a metropolis, and accounts for the more universal civic patriotism in small than in large American municipalities.

The power of the great city in State politics is out of all proportion to the vote cast at municipal elections, and comes from the close affiliation of the "machine" element in both. France learned to her cost that a Mayor holding the chief power in the greatest city in the republic was a perpetual menace to the stability of government, and the decentralization of Paris has gone steadily

forward until now it is in reality twenty almost independent arrondissements, each with a special center for local legislation.

One of the chief causes of the decay of the democratic spirit in the great cities of the United States is the fact that it furnishes no common rallying point for the citizens. There is diffusion where there should be localization and in many there is not even a neighborhood spirit.

The decentralization of power, the substitution of complete small municipalities within the great aggregate, from which the latter draws its representation, and a subordination of all to the general good in matters concerning all, in fact a Federal municipal system, is London's sensible plan to bring the citizen in touch with the city, and make him a potential individuality instead of a helpless unit submerged in the human tide and without cohesion with the body politic.

The "Greater New York" and "Greater Chicago" movements have brought to the "machine" fuel that has made its energies almost irresistible, but the growing spirit of socialism and anarchy in those cities speak plainly the sense of the estrangement of the individual struggling against total submersion. The citizen must be identified with the government if both city and State are not to be alienated from his affections, and indifference is not to become absolute coldness or open hostility. A feeble and undeveloped borough system in New York gives a semblance of local self-government, but decentralization and reorganization would deprive Tammany of its power, and is not to be hoped for.

Until the State legally limits the number of persons that shall be organized under a single municipal governing body, restricts the activities of the city to their normal sphere, and codifies adequate laws for city government, the "city problem" will never cease to cause anxiety to those who truly love liberty and favor progress.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

WE ARE a nation of more than 70,000,000 of people—how many more the approaching census will inform us. This number of people live under the Stars and Stripes upon this continent, and it does not include the population of our recently annexed territory. We are a people who love liberty and whose banner is but the unspoken synonym for freedom. The great palpitating heart of the nation is for universal sovereignty; for the man above the king; the people—the great masses—above the throne.

There can be no question but what the fundamental principles of our government are based upon righteousness, and if carried out to the letter we shall find the science of human society more grandly developed by American freemen than it has hitherto been in the whole history of the race.

It has been claimed that "the history of western civilization is simply the natural history of the Christian religion, and it is to the softening influence of the spirit of that unexampled conception of self-abnegation that we owe the evolutionary force that has been behind the entire process of social development which has transformed a military organization of society into the modern State, and which is still pursuing its course unchecked among us." But the masses, or the unthinking element, do not take into consideration what we, as a people, owe to Christianity. Has heathenism ever proclaimed in all the long centuries of the past that "all men are created free and equal and entitled to the right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?" In the whole world's history have not barbarism, and cruelty, and oppression been found to exist wherever the Christian religion did not prevail? Rome in the very height of her power and splendor was cruel. Universal manhood was not recognized; the right of man to be a man was not acknowledged. In the historic and storied past, we find that it was the Jews, with their belief in one universal and divine Father, who first, as a people, cheerfully promulgated the belief in the grandeur of humanity. It was not the teaching of any of the ancient peoples, save the Jews, who accepted God as the Father and Maker of men. It is Christianity that teaches us the value of man as a creature endowed with immortal powers and made in the image of the Divine Creator.

Freedom, then, is an inspiration of Christian-

ity, and just so long as we adhere to Christian teachings and base the control of our public affairs upon them, shall we be a free and prosperous people, growing in greatness and in power, realizing the value of humanity and the grandeur of its possibilities. Christianity is like a powerful searchlight thrown upon human needs, and it quickens the sympathies of men in such a way that they are anxious to supply those needs.

A nation grows great only as it realizes the grandeur of man and stands ready for the work of his uplifting. It is true that among the American people there are many who have not become assimilated to the American idea of Christianity and freedom—aliens who mistake liberty for license and Christianity for dogma and creed. But that leaven of faith which permeated the atmosphere which our Puritan fathers breathed is working today in the very spirit of our free institutions, and is controlling us in our policy and laws, no less than in our relation toward other nations. Underlying popular sentiment throughout the country is the love of justice, humanity and the right. And, living under the stress of such sentiment, the American people can never become oppressors. We have not removed the shackles of the Spaniard from Cuban and Filipino that we might forge for them the chains of a political slavery. The warm, flowery isle of Cuba stirred within our hearts no sense of avarice or greed, for we, as we looked toward it, saw only oppressed and down-trodden humanity and heard the groans of an outraged people. The love of Christ constrained us as we saw the oppression heaped upon them, and it was Christian humanity that lifted its arm to give them succor.

And in the same spirit have we turned to the Filipinos, those children in self-government who are incapable of grasping the idea of a disinterested willingness on our part to help them establish a government of their own just so soon as they shall prove themselves fitted for independence and governmental affairs. The spirit of conquest does not move us. No greed for the acquisition of new territory has inspired our actions, and Christian America today would rejoice if she could lay aside the sword and give the hand of a brother to those with whom she is battling. But we hope that out of this baptism of blood will come better days to that poor benighted land, and that as America advances she will sow the seed of liberty and Christianity within that blood-drenched soil. God's providence often opens the door in this way for human advancement, and

"Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

The installation of our national power in those far islands was not of this government's seeking. It was a something thrust upon us by the providence of God, and He is calling today upon the American people to aid in the solution of the problem of uplifting ignorant and semi-barbarous peoples. We are solving that problem in a way that we did not desire, by the help of the sword, but every bullet He may make speak for Him in the behalf of freedom and for a nobler future for that race. Each tomorrow of time has its night in which the sun is hid, but when the tomorrow of America's relation with those islands shall dawn, we shall see for them the promise of a better day.

The providence of God is not working idly. It was through war that we have again been cemented into one great and undivided nation. The baptism of blood is upon our flag, but we have been led to see the hand of Providence in all these varied affairs of the government, and to feel that we were being guided by that same hand into new paths that we have not sought, and that out of them, sooner or later, would come the revelations of God's purpose, while we would say, "Here, O Lord, are we, Thy people, use us as Thou wilt!"

EQUALLY SUFFERERS.

[Chicago Tribune:] "This makes the tenth morning, ma'am, that I have tried to collect this milk bill." "I've tried more mornings than that, sir, to collect a little cream from your milk, and I have never had any better success than you're going to have this time. Don't step on the cat when you go out, please."

A PHENOMENON.

[Judge:] Dorothy was greatly delighted one morning to find in the barn a black, red and white calf. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, as she rushed into the house, "there's a calf in the barn with a calico skin on!"

THE SANTA CATALINA AQUARIUM.

A MARINE LABORATORY AND ZOOLOGICAL STATION FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By a Special Contributor.

A FEW days ago The Times expressed the opinion that an aquarium and zoological station for purposes of education were needed in Southern California and that Santa Catalina was the place. This was in the nature of an inspiration, as just such an institution is to be built on the island—a movement that will result in time in one of the finest aquariums, zoological stations and seaside laboratories in the world. For some months experiments have been made at Santa Catalina to determine the ease with which animal life can be obtained and the consensus of opinion is that few localities equal Avalon Bay in the richness of its fauna and its marvelous variety. Here one sees almost every animal to be found on the Atlantic Coast, including the semi-tropical region of the Mediterranean Sea, and the question of supply and of variety becomes a simple one. Visitors have been amazed recently with the animals exhibited in a small 3x3 tank, and an eastern naturalist expressed the opinion that the possibilities here for an aquarium were greater than those which made the great aquarium at Naples a possibility. The Santa Catalina aquarium will be built, and within a month its initial plant of sixteen or twenty tanks will be in a temporary building and facilities given for students from all over the country.

Aquariums, that is, large ones, are rare; the one in New York, those of Brighton, Berlin, Amsterdam and Naples being best known and all representing vast outlay of expense. The New York aquarium cost nearly \$150,000 before it was completed. The Naples aquarium represents an outlay of \$200,000, and the expense of keeping both up is proportionate. Santa Catalina is the only spot in Southern California, in the opinion of experts, where such an institution can be successfully maintained on a large scale. The enormous weight of the water and tanks necessitate a foundation of stone of the most costly description. The large glass and bronze tanks cost hundreds of dollars. In the New York aquarium the huge plates, costing \$500 to \$800, often broke without warning. The aquarium at Santa Catalina will require a large and expensive engine and a pumping plant, while the intricate system of aeration involved requires the use in large aquariums of several miles of piping. In a word, the conditions of the ocean are imitated, so that the collection of fish may not die, and the problem, including the feeding of several thousand marine animals, all with varied tastes and demands, makes the question one that can only be successful in the hands of an expert.

The Santa Catalina aquarium will open in temporary quarters and will gradually increase, the object being to give the thousands of educators who will be here in the summer an idea of how zoölogy can be taught in California, and place before them living specimens of every fish, crab, worm, shell and sea weed found in these waters, as a marvelous object lesson. At the present time the Naples aquarium is the great zoölogical station and zoölogical school of the world. It is under

the directorship of one of the most distinguished of German scientists and authors, Dr. Dorner, who has been honored and decorated by the Emperor for the great educational work he has carried out in the aquarium at Naples. Here, on the beautiful Bay of Naples, is a marvelous display of fish, but, curiously enough, not so interesting as can be made at Santa Catalina. The general admission is a nominal sum, the public seeing only the fishes in the outer tanks, but in separate rooms is a marvelous laboratory equipped by patrons of science all over the world and the government with microscopes and necessary instruments for study. In these rooms nearly every large university and college in Europe has a chair, so that they have the privilege of sending several students in zoölogy to the aquarium every year. Nearly all the American universities have chairs in the Naples aquarium laboratory, thus showing the possibilities of Santa Catalina, which possesses almost exactly the same marine fauna as Naples, together with many animals not found there. When complete, the Santa Catalina aquarium will extend its facilities to the educational institutions of America and demonstrate that Southern California can provide facilities for zoölogical study not

found in Europe. The scientific arrangement of the Santa Catalina aquarium will be under the directorship of Charles F. Holder, who was consulting naturalist of the New York aquarium and whose well-known interest in educational matters are suggestive that the new zoölogical station and seaside laboratory will be a valuable adjunct to our public schools and an incentive to the study of nature.

In the aquarium, when complete, almost every fish known to these waters will be exhibited. Large tanks will hold nine or ten-foot sharks, and many smaller ones, from the hammerhead to the interesting "puff shark," that blows itself up like a balloon. The yellowtail and sea bass will swim back and forth; the mighty jew fish will have a tank by itself, while a large inclosure will imprison the huge fifteen-foot whales, or orcas, that course the waters about Avalon Bay. The angel fishes, in brilliant tints of red, the electric fish, with gleams of blue, the lamp fish, which gives light, the bonito—the humming bird of the sea, rays, skates, gigantic turtles, all will have tanks arranged for their especial care. In one the visitor will see shark and skate egg hatching. In another the spawn of the flying fish, sword fish and others. A school of flying fish will have a tank to themselves, and the line of tanks will present a blaze of color. The crabs and crawfish, sea stars, sea cucumbers, sea eggs, or echini, shells, as limpets, abalones, keyhole limpets, cypress and many more will be arranged so that they will tell the life history and habits of the animals.

One of the most interesting tanks will be that relating to the devil fishes. Here will be seen the hideous octopus, with a radial spread of fifteen or twenty feet; the squid ten or fifteen feet long, weighing four or five hundred pounds—the animals that give ink, have pens, beaks like parrots and change color like chameleons. Here the gigantic sunfish will be shown side by side with the delicate and brilliantly-colored jelly fishes it affects. Other tanks will hold remoras and pilot fishes that accompany sharks; the electric ray, from which visitors may take shocks; the strange antennarius, that builds a nest; the

banded sheepshead, weird spined and colored sculpins, fishes from the deep sea in vivid hues of red, animals with phosphorescent lights that blaze out at the slightest touch—the torch-bearers of the sea. Nowhere else in the world can such a display be made, as while animals die readily under certain conditions they can easily be replaced here, as the rocky shores with adjacent deep water, which they require, are everywhere present.

The object of the aquarium will be educational and amusement, the plan of the Naples aquarium being followed, the idea being to show at a glance the almost complete animal life of this region, so that the casual visitor cannot fail to learn something. Every facility will be afforded students and teachers of the schools of California and the whole country. Small tanks will be introduced into the laboratory rooms, so that every animal may be studied and its life history followed from day to day. A lecture hall is a feature of the ultimate scheme, where lectures by eminent teachers and scientists will be given. A fish-hatching department will be an interesting feature, and the striped bass, blue fish and other eastern fishes will be introduced by the coöperation of the United States Fish Commission.

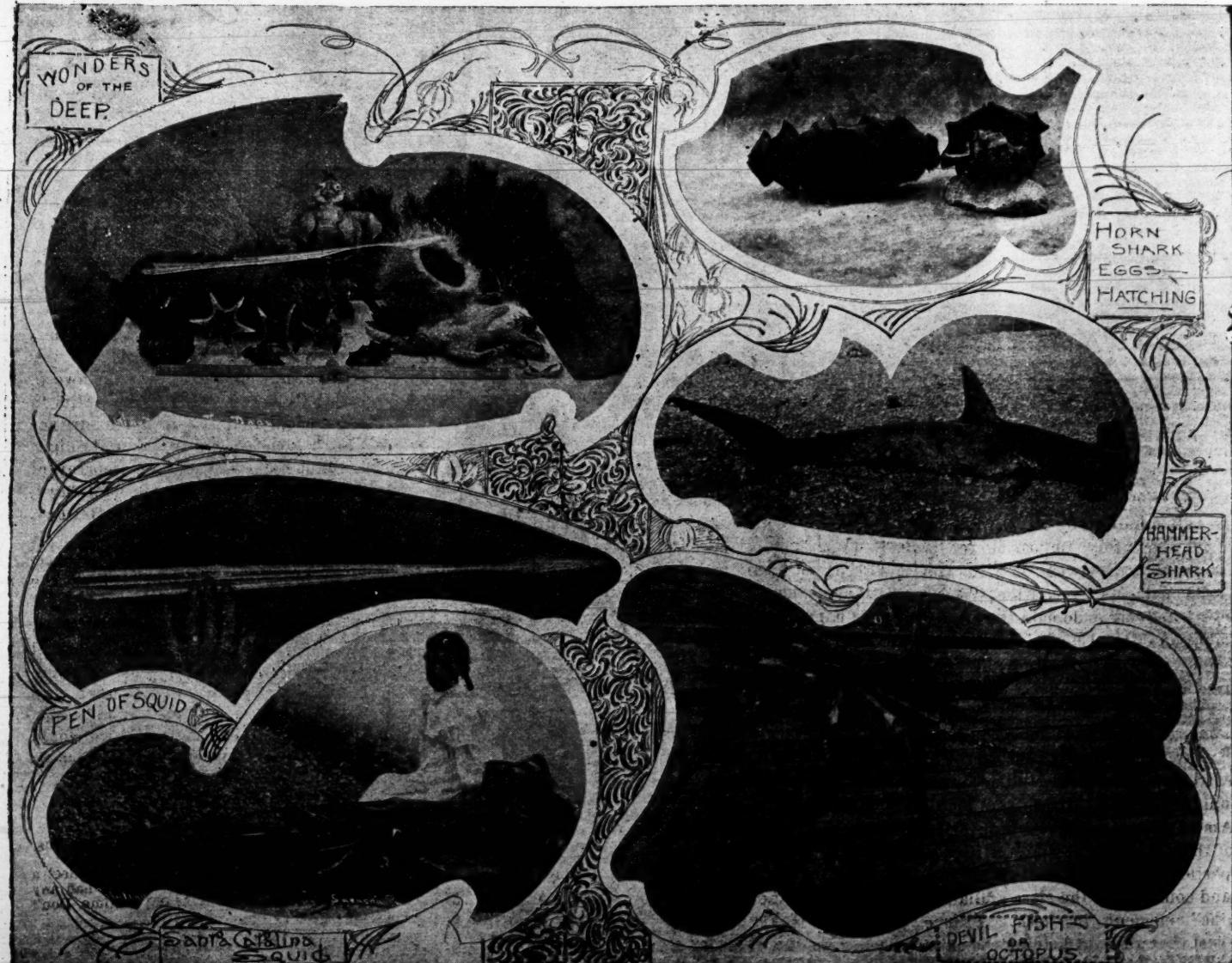
If the proposed aquarium is interesting by day, it will be a marvelous spectacle by night, as by an ingeniously devised arrangement the hall will be lighted by phosphorescent animals, which give light and which have long made Avalon Bay famous. The expense involved and the elaborate nature of the mechanical contrivances necessary to insure a complete success, will prevent the early presentation of such an aquarium complete, but it is believed that eighteen or twenty tanks, exhibiting nearly every fish from this coast, from yellowtail of thirty pounds down to a sardine, and thousands of other animals will be ready for exhibition in a little over a month, while in a few weeks longer large fishes, such as sharks, jew fish, tuna, and others will be shown in a natural pool.

S. J. MATHIS.

MARVELS OF PATIENCE AND INGENUITY.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

Human patience has been subjected to remarkable tests by eccentric men who have set themselves tasks more ingenious than useful. One of these who prided himself upon the smallness of his writing sent the president of the French Academy a grain of wheat on which he had written 221 words. A Polish poet of the seventeenth century wrote all of Homer's Iliad on a piece of paper which could be rolled up small enough to go into a nutshell. In the sixteenth century a man named Mark offered to Queen Elizabeth a gold chain of fifty links. The chain was so fine that it could not be seen unless it was put on a sheet of white paper. To prove its lightness Mark tied it to a fly which flew with it. The most curious fact in this matter, which required so extraordinary a facility of touch for making this microscopic ornament, was that Mark was a blacksmith accustomed to handle all kinds of heavy tools all day long. A Spaniard of this same century, Joseph Faba, made a carriage as large as a grain of wheat. Under a magnifying glass it was possible to see the interior fitted up with seats, every detail being carried out to perfection. The Jesuit Ferrarius made a cannon of ivory, with all its accessories, but it held only one grain of powder. But the most marvelous feat of all was that of the Swede Morigerus. He made a dozen plates out of ivory, each one holding a single grain of powder. These he presented to Pope Paul IV.



IN THE DAYS OF FORTY-NINE.

GLIMPSES OF CALIFORNIA LIFE HALF A CENTURY AGO.

By a Special Contributor.

"CALIFORNIA looks very different from what it did in 1849 and 1850," said Mr. Judson, stroking his snowy beard thoughtfully, while from his comfortable seat on the hotel veranda he looked out upon the busy city of Los Angeles. "This winter I determined to come back to California and see for myself the wonderful changes which have taken place since my first visit. This time I made the trip from Chicago to San Francisco in three and a half days, on a Pullman. In '49 it took six months to make the journey with oxen and prairie schooners. Six months—think of that—yet we were not lonely, for more than one party of gold-seekers were traveling over the same trail from the States."

Mr. Judson paused, and gazed absently at the crowded thoroughfare, smiling a little at the thoughts of by-gone days. "Why did you join the forty-niners, Mr. Judson?" The query brought him back to earth again. The smile vanished from his genial countenance. "Because," he said slowly, "I felt that I had been wronged at home. My father was a prosperous farmer, and my brother John and myself were his only heirs. I supposed, of course, we would share equally when the property was divided, even though I knew I was not so much a favorite as John. Well, in 1848, my father died, and when his will was read, I received \$1 and an old watch, my brother all the rest of the property. My grief was bitter, not so much because I was left penniless, but because my father, whom I had always deemed just and upright in all things, had treated me thus. In a few months, news of the discovery of gold out West set all the country astir, and I eagerly accepted an invitation to join a company of prospectors who were soon to start for the diggings. We had plenty of provisions with the exception of meat, and we depended upon our skill as hunters to bring down sufficient fowl and game to provide for our needs in that direction.

"To describe the journey would be tedious. We made slow progress, stopping to hunt and fish. Some times we would camp in a shady place during the day if the weather was unusually hot, resuming our journey after sunset and traveling all night. One night we camped in a valley beside a small stream. We were very tired and hastened to unyoke the oxen, turning them loose as usual. Our meal finished, one after another wrapped himself in his blanket, and soon all were asleep. When we woke it was daylight. Looking round for our oxen, we failed to find them and search as we would through the valley we could not find any trace of them. This was indeed a predicament. We were then traveling near the mountains and to climb one hill, was but to see ahead of us another, larger than the first, only separated from us by a small valley. As we could not find the oxen, we thought they had wandered over the hill. Some of our party, myself included, hurried forward therefore, to the crest of the hill. Sure enough, straight before us, plodding up the next hill, were the runaways. Hurry as we would we could not catch up with them, for they had at least three hours' start. All day long we hurried on and it was not until evening when they lay down to rest, that we, weary, dusty and thinking things more forcible than becoming, captured the truants, and the next day drove them back to where the wagons were.

"Crossing the mountains proved the most difficult and dangerous part of the journey. When we camped for the night, fires were kept burning continually and guards set, as much to protect ourselves from the Indians as from the wild beasts. The discovery of the bones of some poor fellow killed by the Indians or the beasts of the forest, whitening in the glare of the sun, warned us of the danger, more than all the cautions of our fellow-men.

"At last we reached our journey's end—or at least we arrived at San Francisco, from whence we intended to go to the mines. My first impression of San Francisco was that all the circuses of this and every other country had made that spot their headquarters, the many-colored tents presenting a striking appearance. It was about noon when we reached the top of the hill overlooking the bay, and a very remarkable sight it was—such as you, young man, will never see—tents made of every material, and small huts, were on every hand, one lone two-story building, Fremont's Hotel, rearing its head high above its insignificant neighbors. Men of all nationalities, in native costume, were occupied with various tasks, newcomers carrying their own trunks and baggage up from the wharf, for quite as many people came to California via steamer as over the plains and mountains.

"Selecting a favorable location, we pitched our tent and prepared to be comfortable as possible for the short time intervening between our arrival in 'Frisco and our departure for the gold fields. Toward sunset we started for a stroll about the city, for city it was, according to population at least—there being about twenty-five thousand inhabitants.

"Owing to the fact that it did not rain except at a certain season the houses, if such they may be called, were constructed mainly as a screen from the street and not with a view to protection from the elements, and therefore the frames were of the lightest material, while the sides and roof were of gay-colored calico or any woven stuff. The stores were also built in like manner, the only difference being the immense signs, mounted on posts in front of them; the framework of the building being too frail to support their weight.

"Prices were most exorbitant—rents especially. A small hut rented for \$100 to \$150 per month, while a restaurant of two or three rooms and kitchen brought as high as \$1200. Laundry charges were extraordinary, and for this reason the town might well have been called the "City of Dirty Shirts," for it was cheaper to buy new ones than pay for laundry, and strewn about everywhere were dirty shirts. Some, however, who owned fine linen would send it by some vessel to China, there to be laundered for a mere trifling, and brought back when the vessel returned—a long way to go for a washerwoman? Yes, I grant it was, but even that was cheaper than to employ one here.

"Gambling was carried on to excess. Every one gambled—some losing all they had and never reaching the

gold fields, others winning enough to make it unnecessary for them to go at all.

"It cost a small fortune to purchase an outfit for the diggings. A good mule costs from \$75 to \$125, oxen from \$200 to \$400, while a fairly good horse with saddle and bridle could be had for \$18 to \$20. Some horses, however, did not look worth 18 cents, and had the appearance of being held together by the saddlegirth.

"In the course of a few days, having disposed of our oxen and wagons, purchased a good mule on which to pack our provisions and tools, we started for the gold fields, in spite of the warning of some who told us the rainy season was near at hand.

"Successful? No, indeed—anything but successful. Soon after our arrival the rainy season set in, and one misfortune after another befell us until we decided to return to 'Frisco and await a more favorable opportunity to try our luck.

"December 1 found us once more in San Francisco. The rain fell in torrents, almost continually, and it was with no small degree of pleasure we realized we had once more reached the borderland of civilization. Many times during our journey from the mines I had thought of the frail houses and tents and wondered if we would be much better off when we reached 'Frisco, than we had been before. Now, to my astonishment, frame and also brick houses rose on every side. Yonder where had stood the tent one side of which was green baize and the other of flowered chintz, there rose a three-story hotel. There were more gambling hells than ever, all of which seemed to be doing a thriving business. The constant downpour kept the streets so muddy that crossing from one side to the other was a serious undertaking. We were willing to do anything that would guarantee our staying here until spring, when we might try gold-hunting again, so we eagerly accepted any offer of work, and soon all were at work save myself and Duke Clinton. We were decidedly discouraged, when we chanced to mention to someone that we were musicians, Duke playing the horn and I the flute. A few days later we received an offer from a man named Lankershim to play for dances. He stated he would pay us well, and that being our principal object, we accepted the offer with alacrity. Lankershim told us he ran a brewery and dance hall at Mission Dolores, three miles out of San Francisco. We thought that a strange name for a brewery and dance hall, but to our surprise when we reached the place we found it in very truth a mission; a long rambling adobe building two stories high, with a court in the center. There were many rooms upstairs and down, beside the church proper. It was built in that way, on account of danger from hostile Indians, which necessitated all inhabitants of the mission being under one roof. Now, alas for the good cause, the miners had driven the one remaining priest back into a few rooms in the rear of the building, and in the front on one side of the partition was a well patronized brewery and on the other side a dance hall, where Spanish and Mexican girls vied with each other in dancing the fandango, watching with eager eyes for the coins the miners threw upon the stage for them. The old Jesuits sleeping their last long sleep would have risen from their graves in the old forsaken graveyard could they have seen it.

"One of the characters at the mission impressed me much—Victor, a tall, broad-shouldered Indian, straight and agile, with the black, shiny locks and glowing eyes of his race. He was acknowledged to be the finest horseman in the country, but his besetting sin was a passion for liquor, and more than once I saw him lying in the gutter, an empty brandy bottle clutched in his hand, telling clearly why he lay like a beast in the highway. He had learned well the lesson the white men had taught him.

"In the second story of the mission was a hospital principally occupied by Mexican and Spanish men, who filled the rooms with their groans, and the graveyard with their bones.

"In the early spring we again set out for the gold fields, and this time were more successful; so much so that after a year or two I was able to return home and embark in business for myself.

"However, it has always been my desire to revisit California. I have been for the past six weeks in San Francisco, but shall remain in Los Angeles until May, when business at home requires my attention, but I shall on many accounts be loath to go, for truly this is God's country."

ST. PATRICK AND HIS PEOPLE

QUAINT STORIES OF THE PATRON SAINT OF IRELAND.

BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

"Cead mille failte to the Christmas day,
God speed the Plough in the glad New Year,
And blessings fall on the pray'r I pray,
For you and yours, God save all here."

HIS was a recent greeting from the old country to me, and the "hundred thousand welcomes" means hundred thousand other good things wished for you in the year to come.

It has been several years since I saw the emerald hills of Ireland, but St. Patrick's day, with its knot of green ribbon, is always dear to the heart of the true Irish, as Lady Wilde says, "The New Ireland across the seas, whether in America or in Australia, will still cherish with sacred devotion the beautiful legends, the pathetic songs, the poetry and history, and the heroic traditions of the old, well-loved country, as eternal verses of the Bible of humanity, with all the light and music of the fanciful fairy period."

I do not propose to write a history of St. Patrick. I shall leave that to an abler pen than mine. I believe last year it was conclusively proved that he was a Frenchman. Be that as it may, I shall still cling to the belief that was taught me from my cradle, that St. Patrick was an Irishman, and, as Charles Lever says, "came of daeint people."

On the 17th of March we all wore a bunch of shamrock, and a great many of the peasantry, especially the younger ones, wore in addition, crosses made of paper and colored with the yolk of eggs, and the juices of flowers. It was rather a rude palette from which to paint, but the artists considered the crosses thus made very effective and much to be desired as a St. Patrick's day decoration.

Moore, in singing the praise of the "green, immortal

shamrock," says "that when Love, Valor and Wit once wandered through Erin, a triple grass sprang up wherever they stepped."

"Says Valor, see,
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning
Says Love, no, no,
For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning,
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, Oh! do not sever,
A type that blends
Three god-like friends,
Love, Valor, Wit, forever."

Here is one of the legends of St. Patrick: "St. Patrick greatly desired that his day should be fine, so that the people might gather together in remembrance of him, and this was granted, so from that time forth the saint's day, the 17th of March, is always fine, for so it was decreed from the ancient times, when he was upon the earth."

Ancient chroniclers tell us that serpent worship once prevailed in Ireland, and that St. Patrick hewed down the serpent idol, Crom-Cruadh (the great worm) and cast it into the Boyne, from whence arose the legend that St. Patrick banished all venomous things from the island.

St. Patrick, it is told, performed many miracles, and that reminds me of a story Le Fanu tells:

"A farmer asked the well-known Father Tom Maguire what a miracle was. He gave him a very full explanation, which, however, did not seem quite to satisfy the farmer, who said: 'Now do you think, your reverence, you could give me an example of miracles?'

"'Well,' said Father Tom, 'walk on before me, and I'll see what I can do.'

As he did so, he gave him a tremendous kick behind.

"Did you feel that?" he asked.

"Why wouldn't I feel it?" said the farmer, rubbing the damaged place. "Begorra, I did feel it, sure enough."

"Well," said Father Tom, "it would be a miracle if you didn't."

While St. Patrick is credited with banishing all venomous things from Ireland, Le Fanu says: "Notwithstanding all this, there still exists a species of toad in the barony of Iveragh. I was fishing in the Caragh River, the first time I saw them. I said to two countrymen who were standing by, 'How was it that these toads escaped St. Patrick?' 'Well, now, your honor,' said one of them, 'it's what I'm told that when St. Patrick was down in these parts he went up the Weeks, and when he seen what a wild, dissolute place Iveragh was, he wouldn't go any further; and that's the rayson them things does be here still.' 'Well, now, your honor,' said the other fellow, 'I wouldn't altogether give in to that for av course the saint was, many's the time, in worse places than Iveragh. It's what I hear, yer honor, that it was a lady that sent them from England in a letter, fifty or sixty years ago.'

Here is another legend: "There is a lake on one of the Galtee Mountains, where there is a great serpent chained to a rock, and he may be heard constantly crying out, 'Oh, Patrick, is the Luan, or Monday, long from us?' For when St. Patrick cast this serpent into the lake, he bade him be chained to the rock till La-an-Luan (the judgment day), but the serpent mistook the word, and thought the saint meant Luan (Monday)."

So he still expects to be freed from one Monday to another, and the clanking of his chains on that day is awful to hear, as he strives to break them and get free.

We are told that "St. Patrick went to Tara, and there he lit the Paschal fire and celebrated the Easter mysteries. But the Druids were wroth, for it was against their ordinance, for any fire to be lit until the chief Druid himself had kindled the sacred fire. Therefore they sought to poison St. Patrick, and a cupful of poison was given him by one of the Druids, but the danger was revealed to him, and thereupon he pronounced certain words over the liquor, and whoever pronouneeth these words over poison shall receive no injury from it."

He also then composed the prayer, "In Nomine Dei Patris," and recited it over the cup of poison.

Whether the good saint was born in Ireland or not it is very evident that his heart was devoted to her people, as indicated in the following legend:

"When St. Patrick was dying an angel of the Lord was sent to him, who announced to the great and holy saint that God had granted this favor to his prayers, namely, that his jurisdiction over the church was ordained to be forever at Armagh, and that St. Patrick, as the apostle of Ireland, should be the judge of all the Irish at the last day, and none other, according to the promise made to the other apostles. 'Ye shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel.'"

Speaking of the Irish people, Lady Wilde truthfully says: "Ireland is a land of mists, and mystic shadows; of cloud wraiths on the purple mountains; of weird silences in the lonely hills and fitful skies of deepest gloom, alternating with gorgeous sunset splendors. all this fantastic caprice of an ever-varying atmosphere stirs the imagination and makes the Irish people strangely sensitive to spiritual influences—they are made for worshipers, poets, artists, musicians, orators; to move the world by passion, not by logic."

The wit and humor of the Irish has so often been spoken of, that no article written about them would be complete without a story or two. Here is one of Le Fanu's: "An Irish gentleman had a splendid cow, and she kicked so much that it took a very long time, and was nearly impossible to milk her; so he sent her to a fair to be sold, and told his herder to be sure not to sell her without letting the buyer know her faults. He brought home a large price, which he had got for her. His master was surprised and said, 'Are you sure you told all about her?'

"'Bedad, I did, sir!' said the herder. 'He asked me whether she was a good milker?' 'Begorra, sir,' says I, 'it's what you'd be tired milking her!'

Another story is of a drunken man, whom a friend was trying to bring to his home some miles away. He was constantly crossing from one side of the road to the other, so his friend said to him, "Come on, Pat, come on; the road is long." "I know it is long," said Pat; "but it isn't the length of it, but the breadth of it, that's killing me."

Here is a tale of an Irish peasant in the witness box, or rather out of it. One Judge Burton, who was a very old and weakly little man, was trying a case, when another very old man, a peasant, scarcely able to walk, came into court to give evidence. Instead of going to the witness box, he went toward the passage leading to the bench. One of the counsel called out to him: "Come back, sir; where are you going? Do you think you are a judge?" "Indeed, sir," said the old man, looking up at Judge Burton; "Indeed, sir, I believe I am fit for little else."

ANNIE LANE.

RED COATS OF THE NORTHWEST.

THRILLING TRUE STORIES ABOUT THE CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE.

By a Special Contributor.

A TINY force of 750 men, the Northwestern Mounted Police of Canada, guards and controls a territory nearly as large as the whole of Europe. They are big, powerful men physically, most of them of sturdy Scotch or Irish extraction, and the moral force of the brilliant red tunic which they wear is a minor revelation of the method by which the tiny British Isles govern an empire. Although there are thousands of Indians, and half-breeds more dangerous than Indians, and rough, reckless miners, and outlaws, in their domain, they ride the plains and climb the mountains and keep the peace of the third of a continent.

In 1873, 150 men were sent to Manitoba from Eastern Canada. That was the beginning of the Northwestern Mounted Police. During Riel's rebellion they numbered 1000. At present there are in the Northwest Territories 548; in the Yukon, 184.

There are three divisions, each with headquarters near the United States line. Each division has outposts, with from two to ten men each. It has also a superintendent and two inspectors. Above them are the commissioner and assistant commissioner. Two extra inspectors act respectively as paymaster and quartermaster for the whole force. Pay is not munificent. The commissioner gets \$2600 a year, his assistant \$1600, superintendents \$1400, inspectors, surgeons and veterinary surgeons \$100 each, petty officers from \$2 to 85 cents a day, and constables—the title of enlisted men—50 to 75 cents a day.

Full dress uniform is a scarlet tunic with yellow fac-

He must either kill the sergeant—stick his knife in the heart of the whole British nation—or give up and move away.

He chose the latter course, for Piapot had brains.

After the killing of Custer, Sitting Bull became a more or less orderly tenant or Her Majesty, the Queen. With 900 lodges he camped at Wood Mountain, just over the border from Montana. An arrow's flight away was the Northwestern Mounted Police post. One morning the police found six dead Saltaux Indians, scalped in approved Sioux fashion. A seventh Saltaux, still alive, had seen the killing. The police buried the dead Indians and took the living one to their post.

With characteristic cheek, Sitting Bull came, accompanied by chiefs and warriors, to demand the seventh Saltaux. In Wood Mountain there were twenty policemen backing Sergt. McDonald. With the chief there were at least 500 warriors. Sitting Bull threw his squat figure from his pony and thrust the muzzle of his gun into Sergt. McDonald's stomach. McDonald was typical of the force. He pushed the gun one side and told the chiefs to step inside the gate, stack their arms and come inside the shack for a powwow.

They demurred; the sergeant was firm. Outside, it was play day in Bedlam. The young bucks rode and whooped and fired their guns.

"Send your men away," said the sergeant, "if you have authority."

Sitting Bull and his chiefs made toward the door, but there were interruptions—red-coated objections. And outside in the yard, the chiefs' rifles were stacked.

Sitting Bull, like Piapot, had brains. The bucks were sent away. Then the sergeant persuaded the chiefs to listen further—mainly by force of the red-coated arguments he had brought to bear. "Tarry here, my brothers," he said, "until I send Constable Collins and two others of my men to arrest the murderers. The Saltaux are subjects of the Queen. We cannot allow them to be killed for the fun of the thing."

Then big Jack Collins—wild Irishman and all the rest of it—went over to the Sioux camp and arrested three. The bucks jostled and shoved them, fired pistols

through many moons by his Indian friends at Duck Lake.

One day in June a half-breed scout and a companion were bringing in a horse thief. As they came to a clump of poplars the thief disappeared and Almighty Voice came in view. Soon the scout was galloping for life with a bullet through his back, and Sergt. Colbrook's slayer, running like the wind at his horse's heels, making savage clutches at the swishing tail.

Low on his horse's neck the scout rode with reeling brain. The horse gained a little. The pursuer stopped. In an instant, his fierce black eyes gleaming along a nut barrel. The bullet cut the scout's cowboy hat and severed the woven hair bridle between the horse's ears. The bit dropped from his mouth, and under the new freedom the horse sped faster.

The news was flashed into Prince Albert. Capt. Allen and detachment of police rode eighty miles that night. In the morning as they reconnoitered, Allen saw three blots scamper into a bluff on all fours like a deer. They surrounded the bluff. As Capt. Allen patrolled the bushes he leaned far down the side of his horse—but too late. He heard the bone in his right arm snap like glass. Almighty Voice's bullet had smashed it at the shoulder. Thrown by the shock the officer crawled a little way through the thick grass then raised himself on one knee only to look into the eyes of Almighty Voice.

"Throw me your cartridge belt or I'll kill you!" he said in Cree.

"Never!" answered Allen. Just then a bullet spat against the trunk of a poplar. A constable had sighted the Indian. The latter jumped back among the trees.

They tried to burn out the Indians, but the growth was too green. Then three men crept in to try and unearth the desperadoes. Those on guard outside heard at irregular intervals the rifles speak, but no message came out of the deep shadow. No fleeing Indians darted into the open, no smoke-grimed policemen struggled forth holding a dark captive.

At last there was utter silence. The watchers grew heavy-hearted. Cameraderie is strong in the force, almost as strong as courage. At last characteristically two men undertook what three had failed to do. They were O'Kelly and Cook. Crawling flat upon his stomach O'Kelly discovered three runways made by breaking down small bushes, and ending in a death-trap—a pit the outlaws had dug with knives. At the other end of each runway was an Indian with a leveled rifle. It was in these runways the first three policemen had been shot.

Suddenly O'Kelly became aware of a pair of khaki-colored legs in front of him. As he seized upon them they were wrenched from his grasp, and disappeared over the embankment into the pit. An Indian sprang up to get a better shot—the bullet from O'Kelly's rifle crashed through his brain. The constable flattened out and hugged earth as though he loved it, yet a shot from Almighty Voice tore a spur from off his heel.

All night they guarded the bluff. Next day the fight was like a Roman spectacle. A near hill was covered with Indian and half-breed spectators. The old tan-faced mother of Almighty Voice sat there and crooned a weird death song, and cheered her boy to fight to the death like an Indian brave. She screamed defiance of the police—her son would slay many more of them.

His end was drawing near. A field gun brought up from Regina threw a few shells into the bluff. When the smoke cleared away, the pit held three dead Indians, and it was "all quiet along the Saskatchewan" once more.

Now a little as to the physique of the Northwestern Mounted Police. In height their average is 5 feet 9 inches, with a chest measurement of thirty-eight inches. Men and horses are subjected to a most searching medical examination before being taken on. The regulations of enlistment are framed, indeed, "to make it a most difficult force to get into, and an easy one to get out of." Result, a fine body of contented men, and few desertions.

Besides keeping the peace the police gather for the government information upon every subject under the sun—at least the sun which shines from the forty-ninth parallel northward. Stringent laws exist against the setting out of fire on the prairie lands, and summary justice awaits the offender. Sometimes there are fierce battles between the fire fiend and the constables. It is a stirring picture—two policemen with wet blankets knotted together, and trailing upon the ground, galloping one on either side a line of leaping, hungry flame. Miles and miles of fire they put out in this fashion. Every constable has authority to call upon civilians to help him fight fire.

During the Riel rebellion the police were always at the front. It was at the taking of Batoche that Jack French, a big, hard-fighting Irishman, inspector of police, became immortal. After a hot scrimmage a wounded policeman was left on the field. Jack French saw him and shouted in a brogue with the music of an organ in it: "What are you doin' there, Cook?"

"I'm wounded!" came back a faint call.

"It's mesilf I carry you, thin!" and down he marched, whistling, though two bullets cut the skirts of his tunic. "They're gettin' pretty close now," muttered Jack; but he was only a few feet from Cook.

May it be remembered to the credit of the half-breed rebels that, when they realized what French's mission was, they ceased fire. And when he swung his comrade upon his broad shoulders and started home with him, a cheer ran along the whole rebel line.

He brought Cook in safe, then went back to the fighting. His reward was not the Victoria Cross, for in half an hour he was dead. Cook still lives. He is in the government employ.

In the annals of the police there are heroic stories enough to fill a mighty volume; perhaps even stranger tales than I have told here.

FINEST THRONE IN THE WORLD.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

After the death of Mouzaffer-ed-Din his successor will take his seat upon the most elaborately decorated throne in the world. It is a sort of couch in solid, massive silver; ornamented with the delicately-chiselled and artistic figures representing many things, but, above all, symbols of the art of war, and heads of animals, in high relief. All the parts of the throne which are not sculptured are incrusted thickly with precious stones. Around the diamonds which blaze in this wonderful construction are little decorative figures in very precious colored stones. In the center of the dais is set a phenomenal brilliant, the price of which represents a fortune. On this royal couch, which serves as a throne during great ceremonies, the father of Choa-el-Saltanet has placed a covering (or robe) and a large, soft, pillow, all embroidered with threads of pure, fine gold and with sapphires, pearls, rubies and emeralds. The throne, its covering or robe and pillow, together, represent, at the lowest estimate, \$15,000,000 (\$75,000,000).



INSPECTOR M'DONALD AND SUPERINTENDENT STEELE, STURDY TYPES OF THE CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE.

ings, blue cloth breeches with yellow stripes, white helmet, cavalry boots, and cavalry overcoat. For winter they have fur coats and moccasins. A serviceable Khaki uniform and cowboy hat is used for rough work on the prairie in summer.

The mission of these scarlet-coated guardians is peace. Here are illustrations; they perhaps picture the method:

When Piapot, restless, quarrelsome, drink-loving, and his swarthy, hawk-faced following, spread their circle of smoke-tanned tepees near the construction line of the Canadian Pacific Railway beyond Swift Current, there was inaugurated the preliminary of a massacre, or whatever form of entertainment the brain of Piapot might devise.

Then the railway management sent a remonstrance to the powers. The Lieutenant-Governor issued an order, and two policemen rode forth carrying Her Majesty's commands. Not a brigade, nor a troop; the officer bearing the written order was but a sergeant. With him was one constable; that was the force that was to move this turbulent tribe from good hunting ground to a secluded spot miles away.

Piapot refused to move. The sergeant calmly gave him fifteen minutes in which to begin striking camp. Result, fifteen minutes of abuse. The Indians screamed defiance at the sergeant, and fired their guns under his charger's nose as they circled about him in their pony spirit war-dance.

When the fifteen minutes were up, the sergeant threw his picket line to the constable, dismounted, walked over to Chief Piapot's tepee and calmly knocked the key-pole out. All the warriors rushed for their guns, and one of the biggest bluffs on record was played by the red-

key-pones out, and Piapot saw that the game was up.

over their heads, but big Jack and his comrades hung on to their prisoners and worked their way to the post, with no sign of annoyance until a big buck spat in Colins's face.

A big mutton-leg fist shot out, and the Sioux lay like a crushed moccasin at Jack's feet. "Take that, ye black baste!" he hissed between clenched teeth; "an' ye've made me disobey orders, ye foul fiend!"

Then he marched his prisoners into the post, and reported himself for misconduct in striking an Indian.

Duck Lake is the "Tenderloin district" of the prairie provinces. It lies a hundred miles north of Regina, the capital of the territories. Last year four white men and three Indians lay there dead, that the peace broken by one Indian outlaw might be whole again.

Almighty Voice, son of John Sounding Sky, was hungry. He killed a cow, not his own, therefore a sergeant and a half-breed guide rode out to bring him before a magistrate. They came upon him in company of two squaws. He had just killed a prairie chicken.

"Tell him I've come to arrest him for killing cattle," said the sergeant to the guide.

"Tell him if he advances I'll kill him," answered Almighty Voice.

The guide covered the Indian with his carbine, but the sergeant said: "We have no authority to kill. We have come only to arrest. Tell him to lay down his arms."

The sergeant had no choice. He could not retire; he had no authority to shoot the Indian; he had orders to arrest him, even if it cost him his life—and it did. Another forward pace, and fire belched from the Cree's gun. Sergt. Colbrook fell, shot through the heart.

A price was set on the murderer's head. A thousand miles west, a thousand miles north, the red-coated riders watched for Almighty Voice, who was shielded

THE LITTLE LAND OF URUGUAY.

IT IS THE SMALLEST OF ALL THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MONTEVIDEO (Uruguay) Feb. 3, 1899.—Uruguay is the smallest and richest land south of the equator. It lies at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, just across the way from the Argentine Republic, and at the south-east corner of Brazil. The whole country would hardly be a mouthful for the Argentine and not a good-sized bite for big Brazil, but its land is as fat as the Valley of the Nile, and its people step high on the stilts of self-esteem. Most of the countries of South America are big. Brazil is as big as all the United States without Alaska or our new islands. The Argentine covers more territory than all of our country east of the Mississippi, but little Uruguay is only about as big as Missouri, and Connecticut. It is about the size of North Dakota and is not so thickly populated as Nebraska. It has about as many people as Boston, and fully one-third of these are in the capital, Montevideo, which at present is considerably less than Cleveland in the number of its inhabitants.

But first let me give you a birdseye view of the country. If you should look at Uruguay from a balloon you would see that it is gently rolling. It has no hills more than 2000 feet high. The country is covered with billowy waves, the greater part of which is made up of rich pastures.

It is well watered. There are rivers and streams everywhere, and still but few swamps. The climate is such

The Uruguay is about nine miles wide at its mouth, and during the most of the year steamboats of fourteen feet can go up it to Psyandu, a big town about the middle of the western boundary. From this point you get smaller steamers which carry you further up, and the Rio Negro, which crawls across the country dividing it in two equal parts, is also to some extent navigable.

Uruguay has not many large cities. It is like the Argentine in that the capital rules it and forms its social, intellectual, financial and industrial center. There are perhaps four cities which range between 10,000 and 15,000 in population and a dozen smaller towns of from 3000 to 6000 each. These are market towns and State capitals, but they all pay tribute to Montevideo.

Montevideo calls itself the Paris of South America. It is the healthiest city of the world and the cleanest city on the continent. Built upon a tongue of rock which runs out into the muddy Rio de la Plata, the streets all drain into the river, and every rain gives the city a washing. There is water on all sides of you. If you walk up or down a hill you are bound to come to it, and there is, in fact, no chance for stagnant pools.

Montevideo means: "I see the mountain." If you look at the root of this tongue of rock you will really see the mountain from which the city was named. It is called "The Cerro," but so far from being a mountain it is not quite so high as the Washington monument. At night you may distinguish twenty-five miles out at sea the revolving light upon its tower, but even if this were out you could tell that the Cerro was there. How? Why, by its smell. There is a great slaughter-house on the Cerro in which 200,000 cattle are killed every year, and from which during a land breeze a disgusting odor is wafted over the waters. I knew I was coming to Montevideo long before I could see the city, by the smell.

The Bay of Montevideo is naturally one of the finest in the world. It is in the shape of a horseshoe six miles in circumference, and so large that a thousand ocean steamers could be in it at one time. Hundreds of steam-

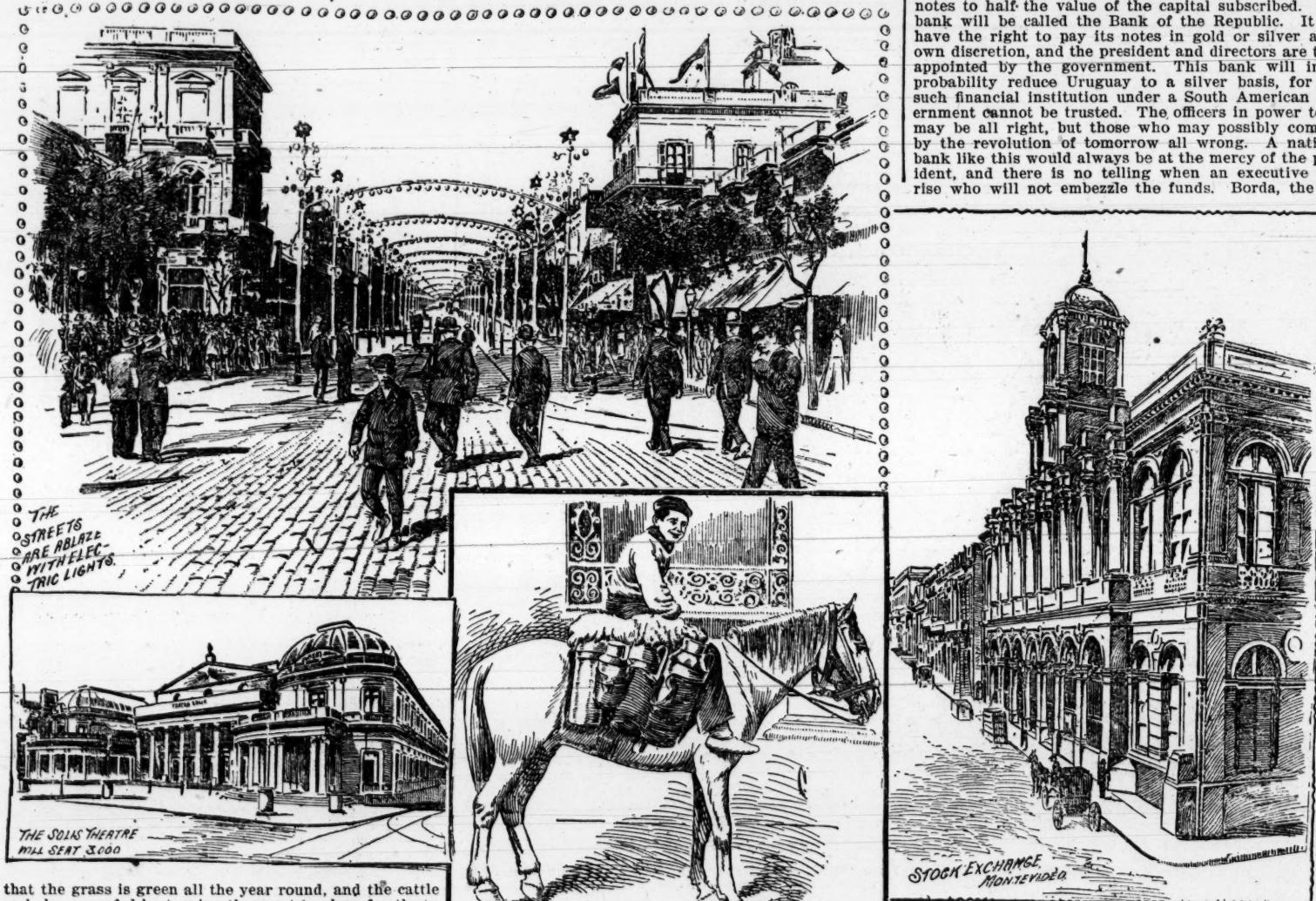
quarried near by and are in architecture more like the cities of Europe than those of South America. Many of the houses are covered with stucco, and some of them are painted in bright colors. Some are very large. The Solis Theater, for instance, covers almost two acres, and will seat 3000 spectators. It was built more than forty years ago and cost \$300,000 at that time. Sara Bernhardt has played in it and not long ago Patti sang there at her usual high prices.

Another fine building is the Bolsa, or stock exchange, at the corner of Zavala and Piedras streets. This was built in 1863 and cost just about half as much as the opera house. It is the stock gambling place of Uruguay and like the stock exchange of Buenos Ayres, has seen some notable crazes. Uruguay went wild along about 1890, as did the Argentine. It had one bank whose capital was \$12,000,000, and whose stock after its failure at that time dropped down 80 per cent. below par. At present there are a number of good banks, some of the largest being branches of the foreign banks at Buenos Ayres. Money brings good rates of interest, and as far as I can learn all of the banks pay dividends.

Speaking of money matters in Uruguay, this is the only country I have visited which is on a solid gold basis. In Peru, Chile, Bolivia, and the Argentine I got about \$3 for one when I presented my letter of credit at the bank, and in Paraguay when I made a draft for \$100 gold I usually received about \$700 in Paraguayan money. This was very pleasing, indeed, for although the money was not worth so much it went a great deal farther than the same amount when reduced to gold. In Montevideo an American dollar is only worth 96 cents, and for an English pound you only get \$4.72.

Cab fares here cost 50 cents a trip or a dollar an hour. In Buenos Ayres I paid only a dollar an hour in Argentine money, and this would have been less than 33 cents Uruguayan. The result is that everything is dear and money does not go half so far. At the hotel I pay \$3.50 a day, which is almost a gold dollar a day more than I paid at Buenos Ayres, where the rate was \$8 in Argentine money. A bottle of St. Julien, which I had the other day, cost me \$4, and everything is proportionately high.

There is now talk of establishing a bank with a capital of \$10,000,000, which shall be under the control of the government and which will have the right to issue bank notes to half the value of the capital subscribed. This bank will be called the Bank of the Republic. It will have the right to pay its notes in gold or silver at its own discretion, and the president and directors are to be appointed by the government. This bank will in all probability reduce Uruguay to a silver basis, for any such financial institution under a South American government cannot be trusted. The officers in power today may be all right, but those who may possibly come in by the revolution of tomorrow all wrong. A national bank like this would always be at the mercy of the president, and there is no telling when an executive may rise who will not embezzle the funds. Borda, the last



that the grass is green all the year round, and the cattle and sheep are fed by turning them out to chew for themselves.

There is not a barn in the country. You may travel a thousand miles and not see a haystack or feeding trough. Still there are flocks and herds everywhere, and I learn that at least 5,000,000 cattle, 13,000,000 sheep and several hundred thousand horses and mules are thus kept without much trouble. Talk about Job and his cattle, Job is on a thousand hills! In respect to both hills and cattle, Job was not in it with Uruguay.

The land is well adapted to support a great population. It has now about twelve to the square mile, and probably not half this number when you take out the cities. I doubt whether there is a family for every 640 acres. Still this soil will raise wheat. It grows apples and pears for the Buenos Ayres market, and it has strawberries nine months in the year. It is in about the latitude of Florida, but it is not as hot in the summer, nor, as a whole, so cold in the winter. Its seasons are just the opposite of ours. When we have fall Uruguay has spring, and when we put on our sealskins the Uruguayan ladies use their fans. August is the coldest month, and along about January you will find it the warmest.

I spoke about the land being well watered. The streams cover it like the veins of a leaf. The veins of the human body are not more in number than the waterways of Uruguay. Around almost the whole country there is a great belt of water, making it a very peninsula. It has, in fact, between six hundred and seven hundred miles of navigable waterways. There is the Atlantic on the south and southeast—200 miles. There is the muddy River Plate, with 155 miles of coast line, a little further over, and along the western boundary, 270 miles of the swift-flowing Uruguay.

ers formerly cast anchor there. This is not the case now, although more than one thousand ships call at the port every year. The waters of the Rio de la Plata are filled with mud, and for the past seventy years they have been dropping this mud into the bay. They have been filling it up at the rate of an inch a year, and now no ship which draws more than fifteen feet can come in. The result is that the ocean steamers must anchor far out in the river and all goods have to be brought in upon lighters. We were carried to the city on a steam tug, our ship remaining several miles from land.

For years Montevideo has been planning to dredge out this bay. It is estimated that it will cost \$30,000,000 to clean it, but the result would be worth much more than that to the city. It would make it the chief port of the River Plata, as it is already the chief port of the country. There are now daily steamers from Montevideo to Buenos Ayres, and every day or so you can get a ship from this city to Europe.

There are also steamers to and from the ports of Brazil, and there are boats here which will take you for thousands of miles up the Parana, Paraguay and Uruguay rivers. I traveled more than twelve hundred miles on river steamers in coming here. I took ship at Asuncion in Paraguay, and after a couple of hundred miles on the Paraguay River traveled something like 800 miles on the Parana and 150 miles on the Rio de la Plata to reach Montevideo.

I find Montevideo better built than the other South American cities I have visited. About one-fifth of the houses are of three stories. They are made of stone

President, had nothing when he was elected. When he was assassinated his estate was worth \$3,000,000, and his widow today has villas, farms and gold galore. Another President, I am told, stole about \$5,000,000 from the national bank during his administration. He had the appointment of the directors of this bank, and would send down for \$50,000 at one time.

As a result of such extravagance and thieving running through a series of years, Uruguay has now an enormous national debt. Its foreign debts amount to more than \$118,000,000, and it pays upon these in interest alone about \$4,000,000 a year. The debt if divided up would require the payment of \$140 by every man, woman and child in the country, or of about \$700 per family. The debt, in fact, is almost half the estimated value of the real estate of the republic, which in round numbers in 1895 was \$275,000,000, of which almost half was located in the department of Montevideo.

And still Montevideo rather prides itself upon its thrift and its piety. It has churches, a cathedral, convents and hospitals. The cathedral is now about a hundred years old, and it is as solid as when it was built. The Church of the Immaculate Conception, which is forty years old, was constructed by the milk men and market gardeners, and there are forty charitable institutions, with 12,000 members, who spend a quarter of a million dollars a year for the poor and sick.

There is a foundling asylum, which takes in 280 babies annually, and which, I am told, buries more than half of them before they get into their short clothes. The percentage of illegitimacy is large, fully one-fourth of the children of the country not being "wise enough to know

their own fathers." This is largely due to the costly marriage fees.

The state religion is the Roman Catholic, and the Protestants are only a drop in the bucket of Uruguayan life. In Montevideo alone there are 170,000 Catholics to about 10,000 Protestants and 23,000 others who are of no special religion. I understand that Protestants are well treated, and that such a thing as religious intolerance is not known anywhere in the cities.

Montevideo is noted for its intelligence. It is a city of newspapers, libraries and schools. There is a national library which contains 22,000 volumes. It has a national museum, in which there are 33,000 objects. It is the center of intelligence, for the country and the leading dailies, weeklies and monthlies are published here. Most of the dailies are in Spanish, but there are two daily English newspapers, and an Italian newspaper, and also one in French.

As to the school system, this is steadily improving. There are 500 more schools in Uruguay now than there were in 1876, although as yet only 9 per cent. of the population attend them, and the majority of the common people cannot read and write. There are now in the neighborhood of 1000 institutions of learning, public and private. There are about two thousand school teachers, of whom more than two-thirds are women. Teachers are well paid, the average being about \$35 a month. Most of the teachers are foreigners, there being only 606 native teachers in the 1900 in service. Normal schools have, however, been established, and there will be an increased number of native teachers in the future.

Montevideo has a university with eighty-five professors and 549 students. The course in this is very complete, law, medicine, engineering and the ordinary college studies being taught. It is supported by the government. The government also supports an industrial school, which has 243 pupils, and a military college, which has forty-eight pupils.

The country has a good postal and telegraph system. It has over four thousand miles of telegraph lines and in the neighborhood of 350,000 telegrams are annually sent. There are 630 postoffices, and last year the postoffice handled in the neighborhood of 10,000,000 letters and about 26,000,000 newspapers and packages.

But let us go through the city and look at the people. We start at the wharf and walk over the cobblestones up the hills in the shadow of three-story buildings. We stop to get our boots blacked on the corner and are charged 5 cents a shine. Newsboys accost us with the daily papers just as they do in New York, and well-dressed women and men pass this way and that.

There are many odd sights. Men go by us with loads on their heads or their backs. Here comes a milk peddler. He is of the same style as those you see in the smaller cities of the Argentine Republic. He sits on his horse with his legs over the neck and almost on the top of the five leather buckets which contain his milk cans. Each can is stopped with a round piece of wood wrapped in a dirty rag as a cork, and I doubt whether he changes the rag from one year's end to the other. There, he has stopped and has gone into a house. His horse stands still, although there is no hitching post or iron ring in sight. He has tied it by hobbling its front feet with the whip.

Such men supply this city of more than a quarter of a million with milk. They used to supply the butter, which they made by galloping their horses so that the jolting did the churning. Then, I am told, when you wanted butter the man dipped his hands into one of the cans and pulled out a chunk. Now it is not much different outside of the cities, although Montevideo is supplied with butter from dairies. There is really no butter used by the common people, and there are farmers with thousands of cows who eat their bread dry.

Listen to the horns. You hear them every few moments as you pass along the street and you wonder whether it is the Uruguayan Fourth of July or Christmas or New Year, and whether the boys are out for a holiday. You soon see that each horn is held by a street car driver, who thus notifies all to keep out of his way. He blows his horn at the corner of every street and now and then gives a toot between times. The cars are all drawn by horses, and so far electricity as a car motor has not appeared. There are electric lights, however, and at public celebrations the whole city is ablaze with incandescent globes of all colors.

There are few cabs. The numerous hills and the cobblestone roads retard their use, and the people rely upon the cars as their chief mode of transit. The draying and heavy hauling of Montevideo is done in carts, to which two or three mules are harnessed, one on the inside and the others outside the shafts. The driver usually rides one of the outside mules. These carts have wheels from six to eight feet high, with hubs as big around as a scrubbing bucket and shafts the size of telegraph poles. As we go further we see that nearly all vehicles are two-wheeled. We wonder why, and learn that taxes on such things are paid by the wheel, and that a two-wheeled vehicle pays just half as much as one with four wheels.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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AFTER THE RAIN.

Back to the golden sunshine
The flowers smile,
Breathing perfumed gladness
All of the while;
Full of new freshness
Roots are astr,
Earth's heart with thanksgiving
Throbbing in her;
Buds with baby voices
Echo the praise
Which lips of the flowers
To the sky raise,
And grasses feel the thrill
Of a fresh life.
And the wide fields of grain,
Paint with the strife
To lie, fainting with thirst,
Burst into song
As new strength is born
Out of the gracious rain,
Now descending again.

O clouds, your heart was tender as a maiden's
When love's first vows are trembling on her lips,
And for the rain which from your heart she sips,
The earth sends back from all her aisles and arches,
From full-voiced choir of every budding thing,
From baptised grasses and from grain-crowded plains,
From opening flowers, which perfumed centers swing,
Thanksgivings wrought in rich leaf-voiced strains,
And every flower hangs from its stem,
A raindrop jeweled diadem.

ELIZA A. OTIS.

Senator Gorman says Senator Mason reminds him of Stephen A. Douglas, "who," adds the Marylander, "made me a Senate page twenty-five years ago."

CHIEFLY CONCERNING A CENTIPEDE AND A GREAT TOE.

By a Special Contributor.

OLD man Johnson often asserted that there is but one place so far known that comes anything near to being as hot as the Mojave Desert. He also named the place and was very emphatic about it; but as my principles will not allow me to make use of the expletives that are necessary in describing the Mojave I will merely suggest that old man Johnson was quite right. In fact, any one who has ever crossed the desert in August will remember that he rather longed to try the other place for a change.

We were prospecting—which accounts for our presence there. A prospector is not responsible for anything he may do and, in fact, may be expected to do anything. Old man Johnson, Jack Burke, Long Bill and myself were fairly reeking with gold-fever microbes.

We had camped for the night at the foot of Soledad Butte. Supper was over and we lay about in the sand smoking and talking while Old Bluey licked the frying pan clean. As a dishwasher Bluey was a decided success. He fairly worshiped his job also; and, as water was fearfully scarce, his efforts in that line were much appreciated.

Strange to relate, there was no wind; and in the bluish tinge of the fast darkening twilight the level desert spread away into infinity like the expanse of the ocean. Here and there rose the sharply outlined desert buttes like mammoth haystacks set at random. Far to the east the majestic Sierras loomed grandly in their snow-crowned bulk, over the shining top of which the full moon was just rising. Away out in the desert a lone coyote, grown discontented with his lot of desert Ishmael, sent up a long, pitiful wail, which lengthened, broke, splintered, medleyed, and before he had near reached his finale you could easily swear there were dozens of him.

Though the days are so hot, the nights are chilly upon the desert. Long Bill arose and threw a number of "petrified" yucca chunks upon the fire beneath our bean pot. The flames rose merrily, lighting up our unshaven faces and reflecting from the scanty clumps of "grease-wood" and cactus, which grew about us. Burke was busily engaged wrapping an old greasy rag around his great toe, which during the day had been badly lacerated by a yucca thorn. Old Bluey, having finished his labor of love, sat down in the sand, wagged his tail and smiled pleasantly at the company.

We were so peaceful and happy and our beans were boiling so beautifully, that it was really shabby of the long, thousand-legged nightmare of an exaggerated earwig to fall from one of the smoking chunks and wriggle his eight inches of copper-colored malevolence within the circle of our cheerful firelight, causing us to stampede and spill the fire from our pipes down our shirt fronts. Old Bluey, saw him too, and with a short, scared yelp he sprang away into the darkness and went to keep company with the burro.

Old man Johnson performed the office of executioner and dropped the centipede into the fire, where we watched him writhe and twist into more positions than he probably ever considered himself capable of assuming. The sight of the diabolical thing gave us all the shivers; and it was with a deep feeling of apprehension that we perceived that the incident had moved old man Johnson to tell a story.

"Dad-blast their onery gizzards!" remarked the old man, as he watched our unwelcome visitor sizzle away beneath the bean pot. "Ever tell ye how ole George Gleason got mixed up with a centerpede?" he inquired, turning to Burke, who was again pouring the balm of bacon grease upon his wounded toe.

"No!" answered Burke, shortly. Evidently he disliked the subject. I attempted to turn the drift of the conversation and Long Bill tried to whistle.

"Ole George ranges around on the Piru," observed old man Johnson, "but once he started across the Antelope Valley intendin' to prospect the west side of the Tehachepi. He traveled hard, but the dad-busted burro played out on him an' he just naturally had to stop in the middle of that ocean of sand an' go into camp. Of course he didn't mind it much. He had two big canteens of water; so he staked out the burro where he could chaw greasewood, made some coffee, fried some bacon an' turned in for the night."

Long Bill snored. I swallowed a yawn. Burke swore under his breath. Old man Johnson regarded us suspiciously and went on:

"Ole George Gleason could sleep anywhere, an' he hadn't any more than flopped down on his blanket when he started in ter snore. 'Twas long about daylight or p'rhaps a little after, when he woke up with a jerk an' felt something wrong with his bare foot which was stickin' out from under the blanket. He didn't get excited. He just riz up slow an' cautious an' looked down an' by grief! there was one of them dod-blistered centerpedes wrapped round his big toe, waitin' fer ole George to move so he could sock his pizen grappin'-hooks inter him!"

"George didn't faint, ner he didn't yell. He just laid there fer five minutes an' sweated an' hoped to gravy he'd wake up after awhile and find out 'twas all a bad dream; but 'twasn't nary dream, an' purty soon old George got his nerve back. He reached out an' yanked his six-shooter from its holster, drew a bead on his big toe just below the first j'nt, pulled the trigger and when the smoke cleared away there wasn't nary centerpede there! So ole George Gleason's livin' yet."

"What about his toe?" faltered Burke.

"Went 'long with the gol-darned centerpede!" responded old man Johnson, grimly, as he expectorated into the fire, and sought his blankets. Burke finished his bandaging in visible discomfort and turned in with many furtive glances at suspicious-looking shadows. Long Bill followed suit and I placed the cover over the bean pot, shook my blankets thoroughly and lay down with many misgivings. Old Bluey sneaked back and curled up by my side—which was a source of much comfort to us both.

I awoke suddenly in the gray of the early morning by hearing Burke make some inarticulate sound. I had my head beneath the blanket to keep the sand out of my ears, so I was unable to see Burke's face; but I could

A DESERT INCIDENT.

hear his teeth clattering like an end man's bones and I began to get scared:

"Ed!" whispered Burke in the hoarse rasp that I can imagine a corpse using. I felt by his tone that something awful was happening; but I was completely paralyzed. I knew it must be Indians; or maybe Long Bill had stabbed old man Johnson and the horror of it caused my blankets to weigh like lead.

"Ed!" moaned Burke again, "there's a great long centipede wrapped around my big toe! O, my God!"

I was still conscious of the horror of the situation; but since the danger was confined to Burke alone, I was able to push aside a corner of my blanket and peer out. The sight I saw froze me again. Burke had raised his head from the ground, and, with a heavy revolver in either shaking hand, was taking aim at his foot, which I could see gleaming pale and ghastly in the half light of the early morning.

"Don't shoot, Jack!" I quavered, but even as I spoke a bright flash and sharp report leaped from one of the wavering guns and Burke sprang up with a delirious yell. "I've missed him, boys!" he screeched. "He's stinging me, Ed, and I'm a dead man!" and he fired again. Old man Johnson, who was directly in the line of fire sprang up with a wild whoop and started to run, but before he had taken three jumps he tripped in a saddle-cinch, spun round and sat down in a patch of cactus, adding his cries to those of the frenzied Burke, who was now performing a horrifying ghost dance and working his revolvers like a fiend. "Get the ax!" shrieked Burke. "Slick 'em Bluey!" he bawled; but old Bluey, imagining himself to be the object of all this hostile demonstration, groveled in the sand, and, with all four feet in the air, howled most piteously for mercy. I also remember that about this time I heard Long Bill disappear over an adjacent sand ridge yelling "fire" in a voice strained and broken by the exertion of running. All this time I was beneath my blankets.

It was harrowing, but fortunately it could not last forever. Having exhausted all his cartridges and thrown both guns at his poor old toe, Burke collapsed and fell limply upon my blanket. I supported his head and called upon old man Johnson to disengage the deadly centipede from the dying man's toe.

Old man Johnson rose painfully and came up bristling all over with cactus thorns and swearing frightfully. "Served him right!" bawled the old man. "Centerpede!" he raved, pulling away an old greasy string of a rag which dangled from Burke's unfortunate toe. "That look lik' a centerpede?" he inquired with withering sarcasm as he dangled the frayed rag before Burke's staring eyes. "Wish it had a—been—I do by greens!" roared the tortured old prospector, flinging down the innocent cause of all the trouble and disappearing in a whirlwind of profanity toward the town of Mojave, where he and Long Bill got drunk and stayed so for two days. Left to ourselves, Burke and I took an inventory. We both looked just, recovering from a long illness. Our beans had been overturned and old Bluey skulked about camp with an air that told plainly that he had lost all interest in life. The sand all about was torn up as though a sham battle had been in progress, and our burro was found in a high state of excitement with a neat hole bored through one ear; but as this in no wise impaired his usefulness, we were resigned.

We did no prospecting that day. We were all used up. Old man Johnson had fared the worst of any in the crowd; but Burke and I both decided that it served him just right. A man who will tell centipede stories deserves to have his anatomy turned into a pin-cushion.

LOWELL OTUS REESE.

THE HYMNS AS MOTHER USE' TER SING.

I don't believe I'll play, boys, if yer'll let me off ter night. No, it ain't becos I'm busted, for I've got the dust alright; Mebbe yer'll think I'm crazy when I give yer my excuse, But I ain't no hand at bluffin' ter my pardners—what's the use? Yer know the new young tenderfoot—Magruder, that's the name—Well, as I was by his shack teright a-comin' ter the game, There was a woman singin'—I couldn't see her face— My God! an angel's voice like that in this 'ell of a place; It sounded just like mother's, that same low, soothin' swing, An' it were one o' them plain old hymns as mother use' ter sing.

I hope yer'll understand, boys, fer I don't know 's I can tell How it sort o' turned me all around, an' queered me fer a spell I seen ter see a little room, all shaderry i' dim, With mother at the organ fer the reg'lar goodnight hymn, Her with her dear head lifted like the plete as yer've seen— They calls 'em Saint Cecey, but that's w'ong—her name were Jean.

'Twas the way she us' ter look before the change came over dad,

Then her face got sort o' wistful, an' her eyes was scart an' sad;

It's queer how after forty year a woman's voice can bring

Thoughts of a fellow's mother back, an' the hymns she use' ter sing.

I wonder can I name 'em. There was "Abide with Me—Fast—falls—the evenin'"—how is it? They're crowded out, yer see.

I've learned a different kind o' song since th'm get stowed away,

A little kid o' six, an' here's my head a-gitt'n gray.

"When I survey the wondrous cross"—that one were mighty sweet,

An' "Jesus, Lover o' My Soul" 's another lard ter beat.

"For His mercy shall endore, ever faithful, ever sure."

An' a half a hundred others, ev'ry one real simon pure,

Why, of all yer new-style music ther ain't a bloomin' thing

Can tech the good old-fashioned hymns as mother use' ter sing.

An' when I gets ter heaven, boys—hold on, yer needn't grin.

The good book says the Savior's blood can wash away all sin;

I've been a hardened sinner, but His judgment's square, yer know,

An' won't be hard on chaps like us, as hav'n't had no show.

I'm just as sure of heaven as I know I'm here ter night,

An' when I stands inside the gates—all pearly-like, an' white—

I wants no swellin' anthems, nor chants an' all that stuff;

Fer them as likes those sort o' things I s'pose they're goo' enough,

But I'll be happy if the saints, a-standin' round the King,

"Li sing the dear old-fashioned hymns as mother use' ter sing.

But go on with yer deal, boys—don't let me interfere;

I'll sit an' sort o' memorize back in the corner here.

What's that yer say, Joe? "Not tonight?" An' you, Bill, says the same?

Well, who'd a thought as talking so 'ould spile yer fer the game!

We've had it ev'ry night, pard's, fer a year, or jest about.

Suppose we strike another trail, an' spend the evenin' out;

They're holdin' meetin' in the schoolhouse right across the way,

Let's sneak around the door an' hear what preacher's got ter say,

They're singin' now—d' yer hear 'em? "Simply ter Thy cross I cling."

Boys—it's one o' them very hymns—as mother-use'-ter sing!

ELIZABETH A. HYDE.

Washington, D. C.

THE DELIRIUM OF FRANCE.

THE DRUNKEN HELOT OF THE MILITARISM OF TODAY.

By a Special Contributor.

THE shrinkage of the world has suddenly brought the nations face to face in the old colonies, and on the high seas the Old World is beginning to realize that perhaps there may no longer be enough to go round, that somebody is going to get left, and that somebody is not going to be the New World. The conviction is coming home more slowly to the Frenchmen than to the Belgians, but they are learning it all the same.

The result is an immediate increase of the deference paid to the United States by the French. Nothing succeeds like success; and the difference in the attitude of the French to the Americans since Manila and Santiago is more marvelous than edifying. Frenchmen of all classes who twelve months ago sneered at the "dollar-hunting Yankee" as their forefathers scoffed at "the nation of shopkeepers" across the channel, are running over each other as to which can first fall on Uncle Sam's neck and embrace him. The way the Fourth of July was celebrated in Paris last year, as compared with its predecessors, was an object lesson in the worship of the rising sun. If by any possibility any space could be discovered any way in the exposition of 1900, it was, of course, to be made over to the sister republic, rather than to the German or to the Briton. Was not the Commissioner-General ready to erect a statue of Lafayette in the grounds—if only he could get the space on which to set it up? The Minister of Commerce and the Minister of Foreign Affairs view with each other in paying exceptional compliments to the commissioners of the United States. Nay, it was even hinted that in 1899 American goods would be admitted to France under the minimum tariff, reciprocal concession being, of course, anticipated on the other side.

The war was a revelation to the average Frenchman. When Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet at Manila the scales began to fall from their eyes, and they "saw

eradicable yearning for the lost provinces has become in Europe today.

A shrewd and experienced observer in Paris, on the other hand, told me that the popular feeling in favor of war was stronger now than it had ever been since 1870. The lessons of that terrible year have been forgotten. Paris is now in the hands of young men, to whom the bombardment of Paris is only a matter of history and of tradition. Bismarck is gone. All the great generals who conquered France are dead. The French army was never stronger or better equipped than now. If the French saw their chance, they would not hesitate for a moment. If, for instance, the Russian Emperor but held up his little finger!

But the Russian Emperor is holding his little finger down. There is another side to this alleged eagerness of France for war. It is the French of the Parisian boulevards that talk so lightly of so dire a catastrophe. France of the provinces—laborious, thrifty, cautious France—is of another opinion. A brilliant and distinguished Frenchman—diplomatist, journalist and patriot—assured me that the French peasant was very far from sharing the views of the boulevards. "If you were to go today," he said, "to the average French peasant, and tell him that the circumstances were so propitious that he could certainly reconquer Alsace-Lorraine by an expenditure of only 10,000 men and £10,000,000, he would reply unhesitatingly, 'No; I will not spend either the men or the money.'" It may be so. But the worst of it is that the war is made before the peasant has any opportunity of having his say. It is not his to decide. It is only his to pay, to suffer and to die.

The question of the peace conference I found excited little attention in Paris, excepting on account of the bearing which it might have on the Franco-Russian alliance. When that alliance was formed those who did not know the Czar imagined that it was a menace to the peace of Europe. Those who knew the Czar knew otherwise. The object of Alexander III in thus restoring the equilibrium of Europe and in satisfying the wounded amour propre of France was the natural culmination of the policy which won for him the title of the peace-keeper of the continent. In his eyes France isolated, France nervous, France desperate, was a constant menace to the peace of the world. At any moment she might make a plunge, by which she would hurl not only herself, but all other nations, into the hell of a general war. To prevent this it was necessary to offer her inducements sufficient to lead her to acquiesce in the status quo. There were two perils of war before Europe, both threatened by France. She

had never accepted either the German possession of Alsace-Lorraine or the British occupation of Egypt. To attempt to reestablish her position either in Metz or in Cairo meant war. To minimize the risk of any such peace-shattering policy, Alexander III, without asking for any express disclaimer by his ally of hostile designs, directed either against Germany or Britain, virtually secured the practical acceptance of the status quo by offering France an alliance which was guaranteed to fall to pieces if she undertook an aggressive war. Russia flung over the French republic the immense aegis of her alliance, delivering France from all dread of attack from without, and restoring her at once to the position in Europe which she had lost in 1870. But all these advantages were forfeited if France drew the sword against the existing order, the status quo de facto on the Rhine and the Nile. Hence the Franco-Russian alliance became, as it was intended, it should become, a solid security for European peace, and therefore, little as the French like it, a virtual consecration of the treaty of Frankfurt. It was acclaimed, no doubt, by the Chauvinists of the boulevards as if it were the first step to the Revanche. It was exactly the opposite. But Baron Mohrenheim appears to have fooled the self-deluded Frenchmen to the top of their bent, while the Czar, conscious that he had made the limitation of the alliance absolutely clear to the rulers of the republic, felt under no obligation to make public declarations which might have annulled the whole object of his policy of peace. The Czar knew also that although the boulevards of Paris might revel in the delirium of anticipated war, the French nation, pacific and industrious, hailed with immense relief an alliance which delivered it at once from all risk of foreign attack, or from the still greater peril of such a headlong rush to ruin as that which culminated on the battlefield of Sedan.

France is preoccupied with the Dreyfus case. And the Dreyfus case is militarism come to judgment, militarism made manifest before the world. The tree is known by its fruits, and the impeachment of militarism on economic grounds contained in the Muravieff circular is supplemented and made complete by the revelation of the outcome of militarism in the moral field. "Militarism," says the Czar, "empties the pockets of the nations." And France responding across the continent, as deep answers unto deep, answers, "and destroy their souls!"

France preoccupied, absorbed, possessed by the Dreyfus case, is the drunken helot of militarism today. She is as one bewitched, the prey of some foul, obsessing demon, which takes a perverse delight in compelling her to wallow in all manner of delusions, from which ideal France, the deathless, the divine, would have recoiled with angry scorn. It is the nemesis of the system against which the Czar has taken the field. France never had a more numerous or better equipped army than she possesses at present. But France never was weaker, more timorous, more under the terror of those nightmares which disturb the sleep of nations. It is not an exaggeration to say that the net result up to date of all the sacrifices which France has made over her armaments is to make her a prey to panic to an extent almost inconceivable to any one outside Paris. You ask in amazement: "Why all this tremendous hubbub over the revision of a sentence admittedly illegal, defended by evidence admittedly forged?" and the opponents of revision whisper with white lips that revision would inevitably bring about war! To avoid the risk of so terrible an alternative, better let a thousand innocent men perish in the Devil's Isle! Thus it appears that France, despite all her armaments—nay, is it not because of them?—has become so coward of heart and craven of spirit that she dare not even do justice to one of her own officers for fear of the foreigner! Such abject poltroonery would disgrace the pettiest of States without a gun in its arsenal or a fort on its frontiers. But to this pass has come today this distraught republic.

The delirium will pass. Revision is already virtually secured, and the light is already beginning to break through the dense darkness in which France has lain so long. But for the present the country is still in the throes of a fever, which springs as directly from the

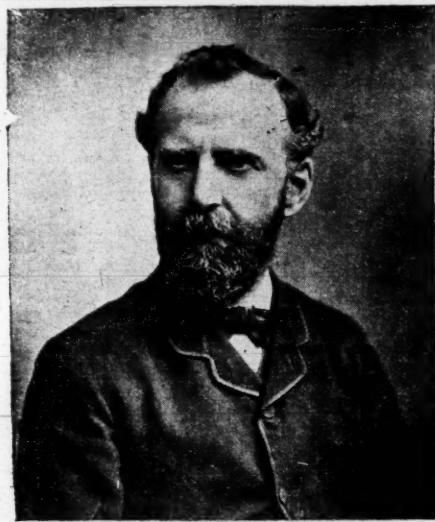
atmosphere of the barrack-room asague results from the malarias of the marsh. Nations create armies that they may be strong and independent, able to do justice within their own frontier, none daring to make them afraid. But France, having sacrificed everything to the creation of her army, the army no longer a means to an end, having become an end in itself, thus tends to defeat the very aim and object of its being. The nation, or at least such portions of the nation as find articulate expression in the press, has been in a very ague of fear. It cowered before its own shadow. It trembled at the thought of the wrath of the foreigner. It shrieked in panic dread at the mere suggestions that even officers of the general staff should be compelled to obey the laws. There is no crime which its more demented spokesmen do not commit, either in imagination or in fact. They glorify forgery, applaud suicide, and openly exult in the prospective massacre of thousands of their fellow-countrymen. Everything that is base, everything that is dishonorable, everything that is cowardly, everything that is false, abject and criminal forms the constant meditation of Frenchmen today. Whichever side they belong to, these are things they impute to each other; and if the things they employ without hesitation in their panic-stricken warfare against a nightmare. To such a pass has militarism dominant brought our once noble France—France of the revolution, France of the Jeanne d'Arc.

It is easy to see the direct bearing of this upon the proposal of the Czar. In the Middle Ages the knights progressively increased the thickness of their armor until the fighting-man became a mere iron-cased mummy. He had not sufficient strength to move beneath his defenses. In France we see the same phenomenon in the moral field. Her moral vitality is no longer sufficient to move under the superincumbent mass of her armaments. The old ideas, so distinctively French, of chivalry, liberty, justice, law—all the sublime ideals which made France for centuries the knight-errant of humanity—appear to have perished beneath the weight of her immense military system. The amour propre of the army, the prestige of a staff, have superseded the nobler ideals of national life. Matters are much worse now than in the Middle Ages. For the iron and steel cuirasses of the overloaded knights were at least inert matter. But the armature beneath which the nation is perishing today has a horrible vitality of its own. It is, as it were, alive, and believes that the body exists for it, and that brain, heart, conscience and the ideal, which are collectively the soul of the nation, is a minus quantity compared and the convenience of the army. They, if not the ultimate, stage in the self-militarism. Nowhere in Europe could the Czar find so terrible an object-lesson of the results of the baneful system upon which he is making war. France is a puissant ally, indeed, in the great argument for disarmament.

The danger spot in Europe is, no doubt, Alsace-Lorraine. The people of Alsace see with amazement and indignation the denial of justice to Alsations. Albert Dreyfus in the Ile du Diable is an Alsation. So is Col. Picquart. It is enough to bear an Alsation name to be hounded as a German. To be a Protestant is almost as heinous a crime as to be a Jew. The honest Alsations do not understand all this. Their patrie, to whose fortunes they have clung with a touching fidelity, was a different France from this. So they are ruthlessly being driven from their allegiance, and every day they are more and more strongly tempted to become reconciled to the German.

There is, of course, a possibility that the very madness of the hour may lead to some sudden outbreak. As Count Arnim wrote in 1871: "The French cannot be judged by the same standard as other nations. They have no sense of proportion, and attach importance to matters that in reality have no significance. In a madhouse the merest trifles may lead to revolt, and even if it be suppressed, it may first cost the lives of many honest people." There is a danger here, no doubt. But, as Bismarck wrote about the same time: "Two peoples dwell in France—the French and the Parisians. The former loves peace. The latter writes the newspapers, and seeks to pick a quarrel with the other, then has to fight it out. Both, however, should clearly remember how near the German army is at Chateau Thierry." The German army is no longer at Chateau Thierry. But the solid argument of force is quite as irresistible today as it was in 1871, perhaps even more so. And now there is added to that ultima ratio regum the fact that the Czar, the ally and the friend of France, has summoned all nations to a parliament of peace.

[From advance sheets of W. T. Stead's "The United States of Europe," just received by the Doubleday & McClure Co. Copyright, 1899, by the Doubleday & McClure Co.]



W. T. STEAD.

men as trees walking." When Cervera's fleet shared the same fate off Santiago, they realized that a new naval power had been born into the world, inheriting from the destinies, as one of them put it, the "good fortune that has always attended the English on the seas. Early in the war a report that the American fleet had been destroyed and Admiral Sampson killed threw the Parisian populace into a paroxysm of delight. In those days no one disguised their sympathies with Spain. But nowadays they all agree to forget all that, and they are already convinced that there were never such friends of the Americans as the French, and never had been since the world began.

The proposed Czar's Peace Conference may postpone the immediate outbreak of a war of revenge for the revindication of the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, but it certainly does not do so more decisively than the French had done already by their great exhibition of 1900. That exhibition is itself a kind of peace conference. When France invited Germany to exhibit her goods in the great show of the new country, she acquiesced in the status quo. Of course she did not guarantee Germany the uninterrupted possession forever of her lost provinces. Neither will she do so by accepting the Czar's invitation. But she did give Germany the very best and most substantial security against a sudden French attack that any one could desire. These and other considerations have had their weight, and the momentary irritation against their Russian ally has already abated.

The question as to whether the French people are longing for revenge and the revindication of their lost provinces is one on which the most widely diverse opinions are expressed. There is, however, substantial agreement among men of all shades of opinion that while France vigilantly maintains all her reserves and is resolved to take advantage of all the opportunities which fortune may send her to regain her old provinces, she will never of her own motion or on her own initiative make war on Germany. A leading French statesman with whom I was discussing this question expressed in the very strongest terms his conviction that no French ministry will ever take the initiative in attacking Germany. "The risk would be too great, the sacrifices too immense. If Germany were involved in war elsewhere—ah, then, that would be another matter. But as long as Germany is at peace we shall not lift a finger to dispossess her." This helps to enable us to understand what a powerful security for peace the in-

USES FOR THE WHEEL.

A TANDEM BICYCLE USED TO GENERATE ELECTRIC POWER.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

A writer on the subject of bicycles says that he had often wondered where all the old machines went to, and whether they could possibly be turned to any other use than that for which they were built. One day, while traveling through an out-of-the-way western district, he came to a farmhouse in the yard of which was a deep well. Instead of drawing up the bucket by hand, the farm hand would step into the saddle of a dilapidated bicycle of ancient make and enormous weight, and pedal away gravely. Geared to the wheel was the shaft of a drum which carried the rope; and a few revolutions of the pedals brought the bucket up. Ever since then, the traveler has been prepared for a movement toward the utilization of the bicycle for light power production purposes.

Such a use has been made of the wheel under somewhat extraordinary conditions, in the Soudan campaign. After the battle of Omdurman, 121 British wounded were conveyed to the military hospital at Abadieh. Of that number there were twenty-one cases in which the bullet could not be found, or its absence proved, by ordinary methods. In twenty out of these twenty-one cases an accurate diagnosis was arrived at with the help of the Roentgen rays, the odd case being too ill for examination. The greatest difficulty the military surgeon had was in obtaining current to work his coil. There was apparently nothing within sight in the way of a power producer. In one of the rooms of the hospital, however, was a tandem bicycle, and the surgeon had it firmly bedded down, and then coupled up with a dynamo. The scheme worked splendidly, the current from the dynamo being used either for charging accumulators, or for supplying the coil direct. The bicycle-dynamo installation, possibly in an improved form, will surely be heard of again.

THIRTY THOUSAND AMERICAN CANNIBALS.

THEY LIVE IN THE UNEXPLORED WILDS OF
MINDANAO, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

By a Special Contributor.

AMONG many presumable benefits transferred to the people of the United States by the ratification of the Treaty of Paris, there is certainly the questionable one of numbering among several millions of new citizens some thirty thousand cannibals residing principally in the northeastern provinces of Sunigas and Bisby, in the island of Mindanao.

This fact, however, need not seriously deter prospective settlers starting out to "grow up with the new country," for humiliating though it may be to our pride as a race, yet it is reassuring to learn, that the Philippine cannibal, like his savage cousins of the north coast of Australia and New Guinea, does not fully appreciate the white man as a dish. Indeed, it is asserted, that he infinitely prefers a nice, young, rice-fed Chinaman, only partaking of white man when nothing better in the way of big game is to be bagged—the white man's flesh being too tough and too salty for his fastidious taste.

In the island of Mindanao the cannibals belong chiefly to the two tribes of the Monolos and Mandayas, inhabiting the valleys of the Agusan and Salny rivers, respectively—a country which is reported to be rich in gold, quicksilver and other metals, and especially suitable for the raising of coffee and cocoa plantations.

These cannibal tribes of the Monolos and Mandayas are of Biscayan origin, a race of moderate height, with olive

unconscious guest, and at last applying a torch, bake him to their own taste without giving him a chance to utter a protest.

These Mandayas have a quaint and interesting custom of selecting a bride. When a young man has made his choice of a helpmate, she is dispatched one morning about sunrise into the jungle to hide. About an hour later the lover sets forth in her quest, when if successful in finding her before sundown they are considered betrothed; but if she returns alone at that hour, the match is declared off, and the young man must make another selection. This would seem to leave the final decision in great part to the Mandaya girl, for if she approves of the young man she can doubtless easily find a way of informing him of the tree behind which she intends to hide; or otherwise, the jungle would surely be a good place to escape him.

Cannibalism is, or has been, practiced in nearly all the islands contiguous to the Philippines. In Sumatra, Borneo, New Guinea, and further off in Australia, New Zealand and the Fiji Islands it has flourished at one period or another. Its origin in the South Seas appears to have been due to three principal causes—semi-religious as in the case of the Maoris of New Zealand, semi-judicial among the Malays, with whom the Zulus are closely allied, and purely gastronomic as in that of the savages of Mindanao, New Guinea, and the north coast of Australia.

From its semi-religious or semi-superstitious side, cannibalism had its inception in the belief that human sacrifice was the most efficacious manner of appeasing the wrath and hunger of the gods; and that in the devotees themselves partaking of the flesh or the blood of a fallen warrior his virtues were transmitted to the person of the victor. The question which might naturally have presented itself as to whether the devourer did not also inherit the vices of the slain was apparently settled in the

LAY SERMONS.

OD'S ways are not like our ways. We are impatient over long-delayed results, and when we pray we are apt to desire an immediate answer, and are inclined to feel that God has not heard our prayer if that answer is not received at once. But God reads the centuries, and His finger is upon them every page, and we, everyone of us, are a part of His great plan. His infinite purpose is woven into the texture of all our lives, and every day shapes that purpose and brings it out into grander relief before the eye of faith. There is nothing useless with which God has to do; nothing which is meaningless in any life. As an eminent minister, Rev. E. S. Atwood, once said:

"As a general rule, rich and rare fruits are ripened slowly. Some of the most eminent forth-puttings of pious growth have been long in maturing. Men have spent years in pushing on silent, but patient processes; and because there was no speedy result adequate to the labor, the world said: 'Lo, these are barren trees; they bear nothing but leaves.' Yet just as the unsightly cactus bequeathed from father to son, wearing away the lifetime of three generations without hint of beauty or use, at last, when the full century is rounded, flowers out into one full consummate blossom, filled with the juice of an hundred years, so at length the fruit of these earnest workers appears. For thirty years Jesus was as a root out of a dry ground, without form or comeliness, till the royal hour of His ripeness struck; and then what age was ever so magnificently blossomed as the brief years of his ministry? What other era of time has borne such fruits as Gethsemane and Calvary? It matters not though men call our lives barren, if with faithful and unwavering culture we are carrying out the plans of the great Husbandman. When God pleases, the harvest long ripening will appear all the more impressive from the unsuspected quiet out of which it has grown."

This very fact should lead us to have larger faith and holier trust in Our Father. What a blessed life even this earth life would be if our trust in God was so strong and unwavering that we never questioned His dealings with us, but forever rested in the promises of His love.

We must bear in mind at all times that this Christian life of ours is not a life where God is bound to do everything if we do nothing. We may rest in His love as in a cradle, but still the Christian life is a life of warfare, of constant battling with self, and with wrong, and we need to be enveloped by divine love if we would not come off scarred and beaten. But if the love of God is ours, even while we fight the good fight of faith, the light of His love will illuminate the darkness, and we shall feel its strength and sweetness stealing into our souls, bringing us peace.

Nearer to Christ! That should be the desire of every child of God. Abide with Him and how will life broaden and brighten for everyone of us. We may draw nearer to Him through little things. As the poet sings:

"Speak a shade more kindly than the year before,
Pray a little oftener, love a little more,
Cling a little closer to the Father's love,
Life below shall liker grow to the life above."

The great secret of large Christian influence is sympathy. We must have sympathy with our fellow-men, and sympathy with God's purposes and love. It was through His sympathy that Christ, while upon earth, reached the multitude. "His great work was heart work." And can we suppose that His infinite heart has grown cold, or that He has less compassion for the world's needs today than He had then? Surely not, for He is "the same yesterday, today and forever." His ear ever ready to hear, His eye to pity, and His hand to save.

Then let us trust Him and put from us all doubts and fears and struggle ever to be like the Master. If the world could only see the clear shining of the Master's example in our lives, how long would it be before it would come to Christ? There would be a beauty and joy in our lives that the world would long to share. And we should grow glad in doing good. The greatest joy in this life springs from self-forgetting. When we put out selfishness from our hearts we find the most direct highway to peace. And God stands in that path to bless us, and to shed upon us the light of His face.

Let us not be disheartened then when trouble comes. But let us be cheerful Christians, feeling that God is leading us even while we walk the paths of sorrow, and let us be comforted by His assurances: "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my power is made perfect in weakness." "Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world." "For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." "In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

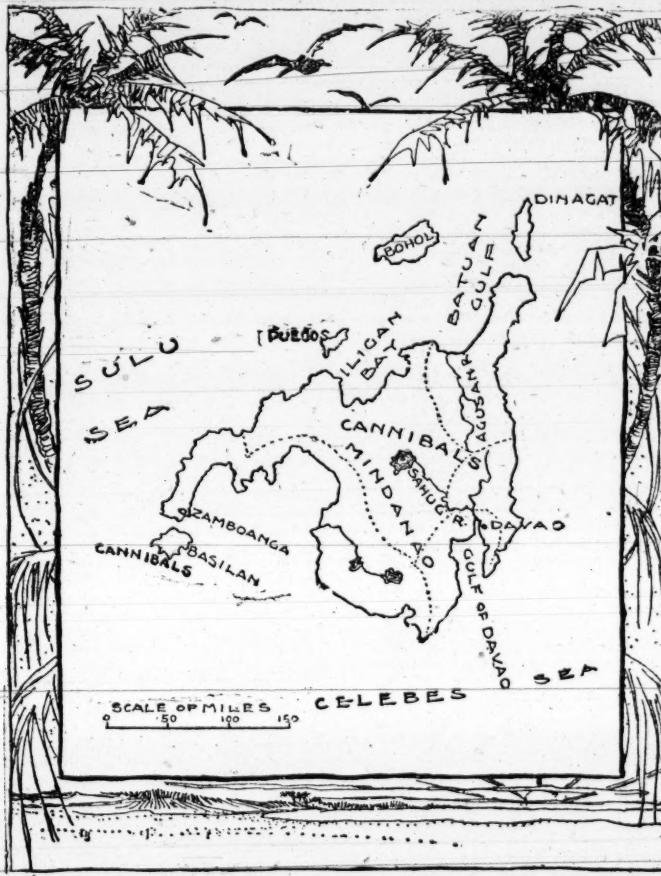
Oh, blessed trust in Christ! may it be ours; may it be the ark of our hope and the haven of our peace.

HE HAD THAT DATE.

[Unidentified:] The newsboy who drew himself to his full height and peering up into the sirdar's face, calmly offered for sale a copy of a book on the Khartoum campaign is not the first of his class who has been "very smart" on an Edinburgh station platform. The caustic wit, Alexander Russel, the famous editor of the Scotsman, was entering a train one day when a boy pressed him to buy that day's issue of his own paper. "No" said the great man, "but I'll give you a shilling for a copy of tomorrow's Scotsman." Whereupon—it being a Friday—the boy at once whipped out of his basket a copy of the Weekly Scotsman, dated, of course, Saturday. Russel was hugely pleased.

Miss Katherine Clark, daughter of Senator-elect Clark of Montana, and sister of Mrs. Everett M. Culver, sailed for Southampton, England, on March 7, to remain abroad until the last week in May. Mr. Clark, who is to follow in about a fortnight, will join his daughter in London, and later they will go to Paris for several weeks' stay. Miss Clark will spend the coming summer season at Southampton, L. I.

Mrs. Helen S. Grenfell, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction for Colorado, has jurisdiction over 1500 school districts and fifty-six counties, which she is expected to visit at least once a year. Her journeys to different schools are not always made by rail, but often on horseback, by stage coach or by ranch wagon.



MAP SHOWING THE CANNIBAL REGIONS OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

complexions, broad noses, full lips, and coarse, straight, nearly black hair. They speak a dialect of a language called Tagalog, which seems to be itself a dialect of some other language not as yet taught in the public schools of the United States.

In disposition the Monolos, in particular, are a fierce, warlike people, ever on the lookout for a pretext to stir up trouble with their neighbors, making slaves of their numerous captives, and occasionally, when pig is scarce, a dinner off their slaves. As evidence of their martial spirit there is a custom extant among them of conferring titles of distinction upon those warriors who have killed sixty of their enemies—a custom which, strange as it may seem to the Monolos, will probably be regarded by Uncle Sam as too much of an anomaly to be permitted to exist in any part of his dominions.

To those who contemplate visiting the Agusan country in the course of the next two or three years, it may be interesting as well as instructive, to be made aware of the fact that the stranger can tell by the manner of his reception whether or no he is likely to become the chief dish of a feast.

If his welcome is cold, and he is harshly urged to go on his way, by the flight of an arrow, let him not complain of the Monolos' inhospitality, for that is the worst that may come to him; but if on the other hand he is effusively greeted, let him beware, as he is surely destined for an improvised oven.

And in the latter event the procedure is unmistakable. The stranger is cordially invited to sit on the same mat with the chief, and paid the greatest deference. He is then served with a dinner composed of such seasonable delicacies as the Monolo cooks can produce—not a hint being given, not a word being said about anything unpleasant taking place subsequently; after which, with many expressions of gratification at his unexpected visit, he is conducted by the chief in person to a new hut in which to pass the night.

Then, as the Irishman would say, begins the "divilment." Once securely inside and asleep, the Monolo hosts quietly pile heaps of faggots round the hut of their

negative as far as the New Zealanders were concerned, for there is an old proverb in the Maori language which runs:

"The bad quality in the human food a man eats will not affect his good qualities, or lower him, but the good qualities will raise and ennable him."

Of its judicial character there is an example afforded among certain of the Malay tribes, near akin to the Sulus, by which breakers of the seventh commandment, burglars, and such offenders against society, upon conviction before a raja, are promptly sentenced to the pot. Women, however, are not permitted to attend these feasts—a seeming deprivation of female rights which may require looking into by the "advanced women" societies which will doubtless shortly be established in Sulu. Of its purely gastronomical features, the Mindanao cannibals, like those of New Guinea and elsewhere, adopted the practice, first of all, from lack of other animal food. When obtainable, however, pig is usually preferred; and is invariably offered as a more savory burnt sacrifice to the gods. Next to pig comes Chinamen, then people of their own race, and last, white man—a marking down of our tissue in the market scale that while not flattering to our self-esteem, must remain of some comfort to travelers falling into their hands.

That the United States will permit cannibalism to become a factor in Philippine state politics, that we may shortly read of a native gentleman running in the interest of a cannibal party for the office of Mayor of Zamboanga, the capital of Mindanao, is hardly probable; but that so considerable a body of Americans will finally relinquish the practice without the mysterious disappearance of a few pioneers, is a matter for prospective pioneers in that country to ponder over.

MICHAEL GIFFORD WHITE.

When President Eliot was put at the head of Harvard University he at once donned for the first time in his life a high silk hat. In all the years since that time he has never been seen out of doors in any other style of head-gear.

THE WOMAN OF THE TIMES.

"HE IS the most delightful man in the world when he has been drinking," said a New York woman in the course of her testimony in the trial of her suit for divorce. She said it neither in sadness nor in anger, nor even yet in spite. She said it enthusiastically, in his favor, and in order to bring out more darkly the darkness of his deeds when he was cold-sober. She could certainly sympathize with the wife of a certain newspaper man in San Francisco who never allowed her husband to be entirely sober a minute out of the twenty-four hours. She declared that life with him was not possible unless he was at least half-seas over, because his natural temper was sour, churlish, uncomfortable. But as soon as the drink went to his brain he became sunny, cheerful, and companionable. So she decided that it would be best for him to stay tipsy, and stay tipsy he did, day in and day out, until his mortal illness came upon him. Of course, it was a very lazy, shirky and reprehensible way of gaining peace in the family, but it ought to be suggestive to the wise men of medical science of the necessity of finding some physiological means of making man's heart beat faster, in order to make him a creature of better clay. There used to be another newspaper man in San Francisco, famous among his thousand friends as a wit and a conversationalist of the first order, who declared that he occasionally got drunk because then only could he feel within him the possibilities that ought to have been his by natural right. When he was drunk, he said, he felt within his breast the sensitiveness of the poet, the daring of the explorer, the forcefulness of a great commander, the vigor of a man of action, all combined in his own brain, and if he could get all that for the price of a few drinks of whisky, he proposed to buy them whenever his wings felt the need of expanding themselves. He has since taken the gold cure, and his friends all declare that it has kept him sober, but has ruined his temper, and that he is no longer the delightful man he used to be. Of course, that is all exactly as it ought not to be, but it makes one wonder if some day this heart stimulus which makes so much more intense the consciousness of life, though it paralyzes, or renders ridiculous, its muscular expression, may not some day be attained by scientific means in some way that will elevate man and make him stronger and greater, instead of degrading him. Like the effects of love, of anger, of great excitement, under which man can do things that at another time he would not think of attempting, it is a matter of heart beat, of blood sent flying more rapidly and more forcefully through brain and muscle, of physical life raised to a higher level and kept at a greater tension. And what are wise men for, if they cannot tell us how to do that without injury of the body or degradation of the soul?

A very small boy in this town started in the other day to be just as naughty as he could. His mother took him on her lap and tried the remedy of honey-sweet persuasion. It merely soured his temper the more. Then she tried moral suasion. It resulted in louder screams and more vigorous kicks. The next station along the road of now-will-you-be-good was to spank his hands. Still, no result, but vociferous insubordination. Then she turned him over her knee and prepared to administer corporal suasion where and how beneficent and far-seeing nature had provided place and means. There was a sudden lull in the rebellious howls, and from the muffling folds of her apron came a protesting squeak, "I'll be good! I'll be good!" She set him upright on her knee again, and said to him: "Are you sure you will be a good boy now?" Frowning and half-defiant still, the little rebel replied: "I'll be good if you're going to spank me there, but I won't if you just do it on my hands!" This story is respectfully referred to President McKinley and his small boy, Aguinaldo, over in the Philippines.

The eldest daughter of the poet, Austin Dobson, a Girton girl, who was the second woman in London to take the degree of Bachelor of Music, which, by the way, is a very difficult degree to obtain, is working with four other Girton girls in a university settlement in Bombay, India. This fable teaches that even a finicking poet like Austin Dobson may be of some use in the world.

And in passing, it may be noted how often these girls smash to pieces the influences of heredity and example which they might be supposed to receive from their fathers. They do that sort of thing oftener than do the sons. A daughter of Joe Howard, Jr., the newspaper correspondent, who, through long years of brilliant work, was the type and exemplar in New York newspaperdom of the itching palm and the self-indulgent soul, had a daughter who was a handsome, intelligent and accomplished girl. Instead of traveling any one of the thousand interesting and self-indulgent roads that were open to her, she bought some short, plain gowns and went to an Indian reservation in blizzard-swept Dakota, and set up an Indian school. There she toiled for nearly ten years, happy and contented, until her health gave way and she was obliged to give up the work. According to the woman's way of looking at things, the two prime forms of martyrdom which this world offers in the present day are, to run a university settlement in the slums of a big city and to teach in an Indian reservation school. That women of education and refinement, to whom is possible the best that civilization can offer, are willing to throw all this aside and choose the work of washing the dirty hands and combing the matted hair, mental and physical, of grimy savages, shows that the saints are not all dead yet. That it should be deliberately chosen by the daughters of men who would be staggered and stunned by the mere thought of having to do such work, is something for those to explain who believe that we are the mere creatures of Heredity and Circumstance.

It is no wonder that American women the country over have no end of trouble with the servant question. They are too busy settling the affairs of the universe to think about such prosaic and inconsequential things as

how to improve their household service. Here is the latest story, fresh from Paris, about the universal, numerous and forever irrepressible American Woman. This particular representative of the land of Yankees and Yankaines lives much on the continent, but long absence from home has not dulled the conviction that was her birthright, that she has in her own blessed brain a million man-power for good or for evil, if she cared to throw open the brakes and let things whiz. Last summer she found the opportunity. From the soles of her feet to the top of the wheels in her head she disapproved of our war with Spain. It must be stopped at once. She couldn't have it, and she wouldn't have it. She would throw off the brakes and let things whiz. She would use Pope Leo XIII. as the medium through which to act, and when the thing should be all over, she could smile sweetly and say, "Yes, I did it." But express trains were too slow for her American impatience and nothing but the hot breath of the telegraph could convey her wishes fast enough. So off went this telegram: "Pope, Vatican, Rome: Stop war. Smith."

California is not the only State with a Senatorial toga to be wrapped up with moth balls and laid away in the clothes press. Delaware also has one, and Pennsylvania and Utah are both likely to have to call in the old-clo' man. If this sort of thing keeps up, there will have to be another amendment to the Constitution which will provide for the open and honorable sale of Senatorial togas to the highest bidder. There is much to be said in favor of such a method. It would be sure; it would not consume so much time; it would not be as expensive as the present method, and would provide a revenue for the State, while down at the very bottom of things it would not be so very different from the method now in vogue.

An Indignant Protest is abroad in the land. It has come out from its lair and setting up a portentous growl. And, was ever anything so traitorous? Its growl is about that tap-root of our institutions, and that crowning glory of our nation, our school system. The growl is wide-mouthed and deep. It begins with the kindergarten and takes in everything to the end of the college course. It is to the effect that there is too much study, too much work, too much anxiety, too much of everything that is not good for children, in our system of education, from beginning to end. And so the tearing-down process is preparing to begin just when everybody interested in educational matters had begun to think what a beautiful, beautiful structure they had built. The physicians are shaking their heads ominously and declaring that the children are kept at too high a pressure; that they will have to pay for it by and by. One of them, the city physician of Boston, has publicly declared that the children in that city who are worst overworked and are most in need of sympathy and help are not the children in the factories and the sweatshops, but those in the public schools. The Woman may be a traitor to her country, but she has not much admiration for our beloved and vaunted public-school system, and she always feels like saying, "bravo" to every one who picks flaws in it. It did very well when we didn't know any better, and while we were still in the depths of the middle ages of educational matters. But it is quite time we began to figure out something better. The Woman may be two centuries ahead of her time, or two centuries behind it, but she dreams of an education in which study, as study is understood now, would not begin before the child had reached at least 10 or 12 years; in which, led by mothers who had given up the direction of all affairs but their own, and fathers who had found this of more importance than the eternal chasing of the almighty dollar, children would spend many hours in the fields and woods, learning, as so much play, the plans and methods and secrets of nature, which nowadays they spend dull years in getting from books; in which they would hear as living tales from loving lips those accounts of the earth and its peoples, and their prowess which are now study, but would then be keen and harmless pleasure; in which they would learn to read as they learn to walk, by their own volition and their own inward spur, earlier or later, as their own wish might impel, but without any pushing or pulling of outside interference, and in which they would come to the study of books with little bodies made strong and sturdy by constant life in the open air, with powers of observation sharpened and trained as they never are now, with reasoning powers sufficiently developed to yield quick and thorough results from the studies they would then take up. Of course, it is only a dream, and very likely it is quite unattainable for many centuries to come; but it would be very delightful for the children.

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] "Death—Smit—On the 28th inst., Amy Jane Mary Smit, eldest daughter of John and William Smit, aged 1 day 1½ hours. The bereaved and heart-broken parents beg to tender their hearty thanks to Dr. Brown for his unremitting attention during the illness of the deceased and for the moderate brevity of his bill. Also to Mrs. Williams for the loan of clean sheets, to Mr. Wilson for running for the doctor, and to Mr. Robinson for recommending mustard plaster."

EACH IN HIS OWN NAME.

A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell;
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cavern men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the frowd—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky;
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod—
Some of us call it autumn,
And others call it God.

Like the tides on a crescent sea beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the road;
The million who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it consecration,
And others call it God.

—I.W. H. Carruth, in Christian Register.

AN ARMENIAN MEMORY.

THE AMIABLE KIND OF AN INTERPRETER THAT LIEUT. WARD WAS FOR ADMIRAL KIRKLAND.

[Unidentified.] "When the Armenian troubles were at their height a bit short of two years ago," said a naval paymaster, "my ship, the San Francisco, flagship of the Mediterranean squadron, carrying Admiral Kirkland's bit of bunting, dropped her mudhook in the harbor of the most important seaport town in one of the main provinces of Turkey, Asia. The idea in anchoring there was not alone to kill time, but to give the engineers a chance for some overhauling required by the machinery. After the ship had been swinging to her anchor for an hour or so, a 'gay caparisoned' shoreboat came off from the beach, bearing a messenger from the Vali, or Turkish Governor of the province. He was in full Turkish uniform, this messenger, and he jabbered at the gangway for some time before the officer of the deck thought of sending for Lieut. Ward, the champion linguist of the American navy, who was then attached to the San Francisco. Ward is really a sharp when it comes to the languages, and he has won wide renown at it. What Ward doesn't know about any old language, living or dead and buried, from ancient Carthaginian down to the coon French of Louisiana, isn't worth knowing. So the officer of the deck sent for Ward to see if he could pick any talk out of this violently gesticulating duck in the baggy gilt pants at the gangway. It was easy, easy for Ward, talking Arabic was, and in no time he had the Vali's messenger reduced to smiles with his Turkish jokes. The messenger's message was the simplest thing in life. He simply bore the respects of the Vali, who would be pleased to come off to the San Francisco himself on the following day, with the gracious admiral's invitation, and so forth. All of this was carried off to Admiral Kirkland, of course, and, also, of course, the bluff old gentleman replied that he'd be delighted to receive his Vali aboard the San Francisco on the following afternoon.

"Well, the Vali, gorgeous as the eastern star in his clothes and jewels, came off to the San Francisco, attended by his entourage, whatever that means, on the following afternoon. The Vali was a good-looking Turk, with a shrewd eye in his head, and he was the incarnation, quintessence and tintype of courtesy and grace. He spoke only in Turkish, and, of course, Lieut. Ward had to be summoned to interpret his talk to the admiral. At the gangway the Vali expressed his appreciation of the nobility of Admiral Kirkland, as exhibited by his gracious invitation, and got off a lot of other taffy like that, which Lieut. Ward faithfully translated. Then the Vali was conducted off to the admiral's cabin, where, with the assistance of the dragoman, Ward, the bluff old sea-dog and the Turkish Governor settled down on the following afternoon.

"Now, I ought to say that Admiral Kirkland didn't have a bit of use in the world for a Turk, and he was also pretty sore at this time over the Armenian massacres. He would like to have had permission from this government to waltz into the harbor of Constantinople and to blow that town out of the water, and, what's more, he often said so right out loud, so that he could be heard. So that he didn't feel particularly honored over the visit of this Vali man, big gun as the latter was in the eyes of the Sultan. The Vali, Admiral Kirkland and Lieut. Ward, the interpreter, sat down at one of the admiral's tables for a talk.

"'Ward,' said Admiral Kirkland to his interpreter, 'you can tell that beady-eyed devil, who looks as if he's got murder in his heart, across the table, that if I had my way about it I'd keelhaul every blithering mother's son of a Turk that wears hair. You tell him that, Ward,' and the admiral looked as graciously as you please at the pleased-looking Vali.

"The august admiral," translated Ward to the bowing Vali, "commands me to tender to Your Excellency his renewed assurances of his most devoted and solicitous consideration."

"Then the Vali bowed his thanks gracefully.

"'Did you tell the curmudgeon that, Ward?' inquired the bluff old admiral. 'All right. Now you just tell him that if these outrageous massacres continue, I'll be swizzled if I won't some day forget my orders, er, at any rate, get away from cable communication, and find some pretext to hammer a few Turkish towns, anyhow. Tell him that, Ward—tell the black-browed runt that, lieutenant, if you'll be so kind,' and Admiral Kirkland, with his face wreathed in gracious, mellow smiles, bowed respectfully in the direction of the Vali.

"The most august admiral," translated Lieut. Ward, "desires me to convey to Your Excellency the hope that your present station is one of unending happiness for you and your—family, and to express the earnest hope that your shadow may never, no, never, grow less."

"Which the Vali received with many murmured expressions of gratitude.

"Oh, it was pretty good, that talk of the admiral's and the Vali's. Ward said afterward that it was torture for him, he wanted so fiercely to yell, to roll on the ground and shout. With a countenance that was the very picture of amiability, the splendid old admiral said the most terrible things right to the Vali's face and pretended that he expected Ward to translate them just that way. Now, Admiral Kirkland wasn't just what you call a—er—profane man, but Ward says that he did permit himself to drift into a few harmless swear words as he pleasantly conversed with the Vali. The conversation went on in this way for almost an hour, and then the Vali rose, and, with many expressions of appreciation and gratitude for the good time that had been given him, he departed from the ship.

"The next day Lieut. Ward went ashore alone on some personal business. He ran smack into the Vali a short distance away from the latter's palace. The Vali beckoned to Ward to approach him.

"'My boy,' said the Vali, in perfect, liquid, burbling English speech—the most perfect English for a foreigner that Ward had ever heard, he said—'My boy, will you be good enough to say to the gracious Admiral Kirkland for me that I regard you not only as an interpreter of inestimable value, but as a gifted diplomatist, as well?'

LATEST IN BATH ROBES.

The latest use for paper, according to a German technical paper, is for the production of bath robes. The material used for this purpose is somewhat thick, and resembles common blotting paper. The bath robes made of this material cling to the body immediately after being put on, and, as the paper takes up the moisture very eagerly, the drying of the body takes place rapidly. Furthermore, the paper is a bad conductor of heat, and as such it acts as a protection against quick changes of the temperature, preventing the wearer from catching cold. Slippers and hoods are also made of the same material.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Rest Cured His Throat.

CHARLIE STROMBERG, a brother to Weber & Field's well-known musical director, enlisted as a private in the Seventh California Volunteers under his mother's name of —, well, never mind what, as it has nothing to do with the story. This young man was at one time a musician in a band in the regular army and one day reported to the regimental surgeon with a sore throat. The surgeon had been ordered by the commanding officer to treat all the men kindly, as desertions had been numerous; so he examined Charlie's throat and told him that nothing serious was the matter, but seeing he was a musician and thinking that playing in the band might irritate his throat, he would give him "sick leave" for a few days.

At the end of his furlough, Charlie reported to the surgeon.

"Ah!" said the doctor, "I see your throat is all right again and you will be able to play your instrument without any trouble. By the way, what instrument do you play?"

"The snare drum," replied Charlie, with a smile that was child-like and bland.

A Voltairean Shaft.

VOLTAIRE had once taken a box at the opera and was installed in it with some ladies when the Duke of Lauzun, one of the worst men in the time of Louis XV., arrived and asked for a box. He was respectfully informed that all of the boxes were taken. "That may be," he said, "but I see Voltaire in one; turn him out." In those times such things could happen, and Voltaire was turned out. He brought an action against the Duke to recover the price of the box.

"What!" exclaimed the advocate of the Duke, "is it M. de Voltaire who dares to plead against the Duke of Lauzun, whose great-grandfather was the first to get on the walls of La Rochelle against the Protestants; whose grandfather took twelve cannon from the Dutch at Utrecht, whose father captured two standards from the English at Fontenoy, who—" "Oh, but excuse me," interrupted Voltaire, "I am not pleading against the Duke of Lauzun who was first on the walls at La Rochelle, nor against the Duke who captured twelve cannon from the Dutch at Utrecht, nor against the Duke who captured two standards from the English at Fontenoy; I am pleading against the Duke of Lauzun, who never captured anything in his life but my box at the opera!" —[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Saved by a Dream.

THE following curious experience is told by Melton Prior, the distinguished war artist: "I was going out to the Zulu war in one of the Union Company's vessels, the German. On board this steamer I dreamt on two occasions—that is to say, I had two dreams precisely similar in their tenor—that I was shot dead and then buried. In my dreams I saw myself killed, and witnessed my own funeral in all its dreary detail. Shortly after my arrival at the Royal Hotel at Durban I had a letter from my mother in which she stated that she had had a dream, which I found to be precisely like my own, and begged me to be careful, and, if possible, not to go to the relief of Etchowé.

"This dream coincidence certainly had an effect on my mind, and in a weak moment I decided I would not go. 'I'll be hanged if I go up to Etchowé,' I said to myself, and I didn't. It so happened that I heard of a gentleman, then in Durban, who could sketch very well, and when I had put myself in communication with him, he offered to take my place and send his sketches down to me, so that I could touch them up and send them to England. I communicated with the proprietors of the Illustrated London News, informing them of the whole incident and what I had done. Well, William Ingram (now Sir William Ingram) sent me a cablegram: 'Regret, it ran, 'your not going into battle at Etchowé. Perhaps our special artist is preserved for better things to come.' It is a very curious thing that out of the sixty or more battles I've been present at, and witnessed and sketched, such an idea as 'keeping out of it' never occurred to me. The man who went up for me was one of the first killed in the fighting!" —[Mainly About People.]

Laconic Capt. Fife.

A NUMBER of naval officers were talking the other night at the club of the launching of the Wisconsin, and from that the talk drifted into recollections of incidents on warships just going into commission.

"This habit that some commanding officers have of making a rehearsed, wobbly little speech to all hands when the jack goes up on a ship and she is formally put in commission may be all right," said one of the tars of the quarterdeck, "but I don't believe any element of the crew, officers or men forward takes much stock in such speeches. The men forward don't like a garrulous commanding officer. They're likely to fasten the appellation 'man-o'-war chaw' on a skipper who makes a practice of haranguing them. Capt. Joseph Fife, one of the old school of man-o'-war skippers, and a man who had the respect, confidence and affection of all of the enlisted men that ever served on one of his ships, had a great contempt for talkativeness on the part of a skipper of a warship. He was a plain, blunt, just man, and every officer and man who was a shipmate with Capt. Fife knew that he was bound to get all that was coming to him. I was an ensign, attached to one of the ships that Capt. Fife put into commission. When all was ready, the executive officer passed the word to have all hands mustered aft. After the usual ceremonies, Capt. Fife stepped to the mast, cleared his throat, and, instead of wandering off into a speech, said he, in an ordinary conversational tone:

"I'm Joe Fife. You all know me. Pipe down."

"That's all there was to his speech, but, all the same, it was the most effective one of the sort I ever heard. It made a hit with the men. They were so much taken with

the straight, direct, on-the-level little speech that they proved themselves the finest crew of bluejackets I was ever shipmate with." —[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Pretty Poor Pickings.

THE following story must be true, since it was told by one of Cleveland's clever school principals, who claimed to have witnessed the incident. She was in the basement of a big department store when she observed a rural-looking party passing before some cheap prints of famous paintings. There was a middle-aged man, plain, but evidently with a thirst for information, who was "explaining" the pictures to three tired-looking children.

"Here's a picture called 'Millet,'" he was saying, as they gazed open mouthed at "L'Angelus," "that's what it says at the bottom. Millet's a kind of grain. See 'em lookin' at the ground? They ain't plantin', but I guess they're just picking up the seed. Mighty poor farmin' there. Come along."

After all, what does fame amount to? —[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

The General Advised.

MONG the recently returned Second Tennessee Regiment boys there are five on whom a good story is told. While in Camp Meade these soldier boys got a furlough and went to Harrisburg, Pa., and proceeded to take in the town. They were walking down one of the principal thoroughfares, after reducing a supply of mint juleps, and passed one of the commanding officers. They failed to salute, and the officer wheeled on his horse, and, after calling them to attention, inquired if they were soldiers. One of the boys replied, "Some people think we are."

"Well, I am Gen. So-and-So, commanding this corps." "The — you are," said the spokesman of the squad. "You've got a good job; you'd better hang on to it." That was too much for the officer, and he rode off. —[Memphis Scimitar.]

Two Mr. Springs.

THERE were two men of the same name in the Twentieth Infantry at Camp Wikoff. One, hailing from Massachusetts, is a sergeant of Co. I, while the other, a Pennsylvanian, is a private in Co. M.

Soon after the regiment arrived at Montauk Point, Sergt. Spring began to get very flattering letters from a young lady living in a small Pennsylvania town; also express packages, which were none the less welcome for being unexpected. At the same time Private Spring was deciding that he must be able to charm at a distance, because a Massachusetts girl was writing to him in a particularly affectionate strain, and wanting to know if there wasn't something she could send him.

Private Spring thought of a lot of things that he could use if he had them, but as the fair correspondent had omitted to sign her last name, it didn't seem feasible to write for them. Presently both Springs began to get letters complaining that no answers had been received to questions asked in the writer's previous letters.

At the height of the tangle, Sergt. Spring was walking along the road one day, when a comrade called his name. He had another man ahead of him both walked back, asking what was wanted.

"Is your name Spring, too?" asked the sergeant.

"That's what," replied the other man. "Francis Joseph Spring."

"Well, that's me, too," said the sergeant.

"Say," he added, as a thought struck him, "do you get letters from a girl named Mollie?"

"No, I don't," replied the other. "Not as many as I ought to."

"I do, more than I ought to," said the sergeant. "I guess they're yours."

"I've got some from Sarah that I'll trade for 'em," said the private, grinning.

"That's a go," answered the Massachusetts man, and all was satisfactorily arranged, except for the contents of sundry packages, which had been devoured.

After that the two Springs met every other day and held a mail exchange. —[New York Press.]

One on Reed.

SPEAKER REED is a frequenter of second-hand book dens, but he browses around and is very apt to make several calls to one purchase. There is one old dealer whose stand is near the Capitol, and Mr. Reed passes it daily on his walks to and from the House. He has had many a call from the big Speaker and, like all the rest, has had poor success in selling to him. The dealer is noted for having a sharp tongue, and he is no respecter of persons. The other day the Speaker dropped in there and began to browse in the old man's junk. After a while he picked up the novel, "Scrubles" and looked through its pages. Evidently he thought he would like to read it, for, after he had laid it down and looked at several books, he returned to it again and again began to look through it.

"What is this book worth?" he finally asked of the old man.

"That is just one-half of a dollar, sir," said the old fellow very politely.

"That's too much," replied the man from Maine with his characteristic drawl.

"Well, sir, do you know of any law that compels you to buy it if you don't want it?" retorted the old dealer.

Mr. Reed laughed and turned to go. As he stepped out of the door the old man picked up the novel and looked sharply at the title on the back.

"Furthermore, sir," he added, "now that I look at the title I can't see what on earth you want of a book with that title, anyway."

The remark fell harmlessly on the expansive back of the Speaker, but the old book store man shrugged his shoulders every little while all the rest of the day and chuckled softly to himself. —[New York Sun.]

Voorhees's Mistaken Theology.

THE lawmakers of the United States took no official note of last Ash Wednesday, although the Senate has frequently adjourned on that day out of respect for the religious opinions of certain of its members. While Mr. Edmunds was one of its number he always moved for adjournment on religious anniversaries, and Mr. Bayard usually followed the same custom. Mr. Voorhees once attempted to. It's an old story, but I think you'll

agree that it is worth repeating. The gentleman from Indiana was not a churchman, and his little blunder caused him for long afterward no small annoyance at the hands of his friends, the late Atty.-Gen. Garland and Senator Vest. Letters came to him because of it from all over the country. And this just because one Ash Wednesday he arose at the opening of the session and with great solemnity remarked: "Mr. President, I move that the Senate do now adjourn out of respect to this, the anniversary of the crucifixion of our Lord." But the stenographer set him right on the record. —[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Senator Lodge's English.

WASHINGTON correspondent writes: Senator A. Lodge, who for some reason prides himself on the purity of his English, was addressing the Senate on the Naval Personnel Bill. He had reached a lofty oratorical plane and was telling grandly why he favored the measure. He gave many reasons, but the one upon which he laid special stress was "because it will stop the stagnation in promotions."

"Stop the what?" inquired a sharp-voiced Senator sitting near by.

The polished Lodge started to repeat the phrase, paused, flushed, and slowly said: "Relieve the stagnation, if it suits the gentleman better."

"It does."

This little passage was carefully omitted from the record. —[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

MEN OF NOTE.

Henry Watterson is a bicyclist, and rides at least once every day.

Senator Turner of Washington was one of the famous "Grant 306" in the National Convention of 1880.

Speaking of Mr. Choate, the London Daily News says: "Really, our luck in American Ambassadors seems inexhaustible."

Archbishop Ireland has a collection of rare old ecclesiastical manuscripts, to which he will probably add during his sojourn abroad.

Secretary Hay is the proud possessor of a quatrain of Fitzgerald's version of Omar Khayyam written by the translator's own hand.

A band of zealous young English High Churchmen are keeping Lent by praying daily for the conversion of Sir William Vernon Harcourt.

The late E. C. R. Walker of Roxbury, Mass., who left \$220,000 to various charities, was seldom seen at public gatherings, and had but one hobby, that of flower culture.

Vice-President Hobart has had the resolution of thanks for the portrait of Pocahontas handsomely engraved on parchment and forwarded to Henry S. Wellcome of London.

W. F. Kettenbach of Lewiston, Idaho, is the youngest bank president in the United States. He is only 24 years old, and is at the head of the largest financial institution in Idaho, the National Bank of Lewiston.

Rudolph Falb, the Austrian astronomer, names November 14, 1899, as the date on which the world will come to an end by violent contact with Biela's comet, the same body which, according to prediction, was to have annihilated us in 1832.

Nebraska's Populist Senator, William V. Allen, who now retires from Congress, will be chiefly remembered for his famous fifteen-hour continuous speech in the Senate, and for the innovation of making a valedictory address to his colleagues.

The request made to Mr. Ruskin that Holman Hunt should paint his portrait has received a negative. His present state of health, say those who know him best, would not permit him to face the fatigue of sitting to so laborious and conscientious a painter as Holman Hunt.

Burris A. Jenkins, a professor in Butler College, Indianapolis, has been chosen as the first president of the University of Indianapolis, which has been constituted by a union of Butler College, the Medical College of Indiana, the Indiana Law School and the Indiana Dental College.

In the last Congress the University of Michigan was represented by one Senator (Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota) and thirteen Representatives. The Fifty-sixth Congress will add to this number Senators Quarle of Wisconsin and McCumber of North Dakota, and two new members of the House.

After a service of nearly twenty years on the bench of the United States Court of Kentucky, Judge John H. Barr has tendered his resignation to President McKinley on account of ill health and advancing age. He was appointed by President Hayes in 1880. He will retire on full pay at \$5000 a year, having passed the required period.

"Sam" Small, the evangelist, who is chaplain of a regiment of engineers, has been put in general charge of public instruction of Santa Clara province. He will be responsible for the direction of the reorganization of the entire public school system of this province, which has a population of 300,000 people, and is one of the richest provinces on the island.

W. S. Gilbert, who wrote so many opera librettos to Sullivan's music, was once at a social gathering in the house of a rich, but ignorant, woman, who posed as a patron of music. The hostess asked the cynical Scot: "And what is Bach doing now? Is he composing anything?" "No, madam," was the grave reply, "he is just now decomposing."

THRIFTY WILLIE.

[From a London Letter:] In England, as well as in Austria, Russia, Italy and Scandinavia, all the game shot by royalty is either consumed by the various royal households, of one kind and another, or else is distributed among friends, employés, dignitaries and charitable institutions. This, too, has been the rule in Prussia. But Emperor William, who has of late developed an altogether new and marked tendency to economy, has given orders that henceforth all game shot either by himself or by his guests on the imperial preserves, and which is not needed for palace consumption, is to be sold. And thus it happens that in the Berlin Central Market large quantities of game are exhibited for sale adorned with wreaths and bearing cards with an inscription to the effect that the game in question has been "shot by His Majesty, Emperor William II."

THE NEW BOOKS.
MATTERS OF INTEREST IN THE WORLD
OF LITERATURE.

"Aylwin."

NO NOVEL of recent years has been received with such immediate and eager welcome as that which has been accorded to "Aylwin," by Theodore Watts-Dunton. It has everywhere had the warmest praise of the critics and the English reviews have been discussing it almost as if it were the announcement of some new philosophy of life. The book is already among the best selling books of the season, although its author was previously unknown to the great majority of the book-buying public. In England, where he is much better known than here, there is an even greater demand for the novel than there is in this country. Even there he has been known only as a critic and an essayist. And the essay-reading public is not, on the whole, coextensive with the novel-reading public. This story has come as much of a surprise, indeed, to those who knew his previous work as to those who knew only the general character of the novels of the present time. Mr. Swinburne has said of the author of "Aylwin" that he is "the first critic of our time, perhaps the largest-minded and surest-sighted of any time." His critical essays in *The Athenaeum* and other English reviews have long been much considered by literary folk in England and on the continent. He is the author of the article on "Poetry" in the "Encyclopedia Britannica," which has been pronounced the most authoritative statement on the principles of criticism to be found in the English language. The novel, "Aylwin," was written twenty years ago, although it has since had additions and some reconstruction.

Primarily, "Aylwin" is a love story, although that account of the book describes it no more than *Mont Blanc* is described by saying that it is a heap of rocks covered with snow. Mr. Watts-Dunton once wrote an essay on "The Poetic Interpretation of Nature," and in its outer dress, in the body of the book, if one may so speak, that is what "Aylwin" is—not mere description of nature as inadequate as the spoken or the written word always is to convey the beauty and the charm of nature's face—but the interpretation of nature, the feeling about it, of one who loves and understands it and has lived so close in such companionship with it that he no longer feels himself a thing apart and superior. And as for its inner meaning, the soul of the book, that was well put into words by Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, when he said of it in the *Contemporary Review*: "I take the significance of 'Aylwin' to be this—it teaches a profound moral lesson, not by dictation, but by dramatic and pictorial expression—the lesson that the heart through suffering sees where the intellect is blinded. What makes me think that this novel will be read when many fine novels of our time are forgotten is that next century the question here grappled with will be felt so vital as to swallow up all other questions. It is the question of man's soul, the question between materialists and spiritualists; and it is answered in 'Aylwin' with the logic of the heart."

It must not be supposed from this that the novel preaches or moralizes or does much philosophizing. It is occupied for the most part with the telling of a powerful and impassioned love story as any that the world has read about for many a long year—a love story whose course is crossed and criss-crossed by Fate and Curses and Mysticism and Materialism and modern Art and modern Science. It is this love story which gives to the book its greatest power, for it deals with that which in all literature has had most influence over the imagination of the human race—the story of a love that is triumphant over life and fate and even over death itself. The book lacks convincingness, the characters, with the exception of Sinfy Lovell, and the artist Wilderspin, do not seize hold of the imagination and force the reader to see them as living beings. But serious as that fault would be in most novels, it does not affect the power with which this book takes hold of the reader's mind. For its spell does not lie in its interest as a reflection of life so much as in the way in which it lays a sure finger upon the inmost heart, not only of the individual reader, as all great work must, and shows him the nobleness he would like to attain, but upon the inmost heart of the age as well—the age that jeers and jokes and is absorbed in its materialism, but in its inmost heart longs for a message from some new heaven.

Mr. Watts-Dunton has told his story well, almost as well as if he had had long apprenticeship at the work of constructing plots for novels. There are very few loose ends of incidents hanging out from the story. Almost every event that is related has its place in the structure of the tale and, however insignificant it may seem at the time, its thread is afterward taken up and it is seen to be part of the pattern. And to do that kind of work in story-telling requires either much native talent or a very great deal of patient practice. Like many of the English novel writers, Mr. Watts-Dunton is rather too verbose for American readers. He frequently writes three sentences where one would have expressed just as much. And yet this is not because he cannot write in that vivid style which gives in a dozen words what another might take a page to describe, because he sometimes does it. The leisurely manner seems a part of the English traditions of novel writing, come down from the days of the "three-deckers," when everybody had more time, and fewer books, to read. For the most part, the interplay of motives and deeds, characters and events, is admirable—the things that happen are the inevitable. But there is one important exception in the character of the artist, D'Arcy, who is too much like a *deus ex machina*. His motives for certain of his actions that are most important in the progress of the story are not made evident and natural. He seems to do the things because he must. It is very odd that the author's art failed him in these important places when it had been so successful in almost all parts of the story. It reads as if he had made changes in the plot, and then, the publishers being in a hurry for copy, had not sufficiently smoothed over the rough places.

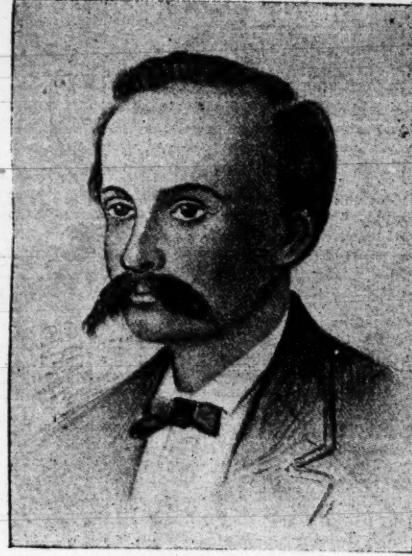
The book is one that will interest many classes of readers—those who like a good story, those who love nature, those to whom the significance of life is the question of most moment, and those who are drawn to the philosophy of mysticism. And without doubt it will have

many readers for whom a single reading will not be sufficient.

[*Aylwin.* By Theodore Watts-Dunton. Dods, Mead & Co.: New York.]

AMERICAN INFLUENCE IN HAWAII.

In an unpretentious volume of 250 pages, Edmund Janes Carpenter has traced the history of American influence in Hawaii from the first visit of an American vessel to the island shores in 1789 to the raising of the American flag and the proclamation of the sovereignty of the United States on August 12, 1898. It is an interesting story and one which ought now to become a part of the general information of all those people of the United States who wish to know even the most important facts of their country's history. Mr. Carpenter has told it with clearness and simplicity without any overloading of unimportant detail, without ever forgetting that he was writing a history of the relations between the United States and Hawaii, and yet giving due importance to the relations between Hawaii and other nations. He touches briefly upon the origin and early history of the Hawaiians, of both which very little is known, and shows enough of the pathetic eagerness with which this gentle but warlike race, longing for civilization, to make the reader wish more might be discovered of whence and whether these brown people came. The story of how this island nation rotted and withered under the touch of the civilization it had welcomed so eagerly is one of the most pitiful incidents in human history. Mr. Carpenter shows why this was so with tolerable clearness, and with frequent regard for the dramatic value of facts and events. He sometimes annoys by his determined efforts to point the finger of shame at those who erred. Surely the abominations and the inhumanities of the early traders toward the Hawaiian natives, to say nothing of the actions of traders and adventurers and soldiers of fortune of a later date, are sufficiently evident in island history. One does not need to be told what a "sad commentary" this or that shameless deed is upon human nature. The author makes no secret of his sympathy with the movement that ended in the annexation of Hawaii, but his narrative is an impartial one, and the facts upon which he has based it are drawn.



THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON,
Author of "Aylwin."

[From a reproduction in *The Bookman* of a crayon portrait drawn by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.]

from official records. The reader may therefore be sure that in this book he is getting at the truth of things. The frontispiece of the volume is a portrait of Kamehameha I, the first King of the Hawaiian Islands, the man who by his native force of character united the islands into one kingdom and broke the backbone of the superstitions which had held the people captive. There are also a number of portraits of other men who have been prominent in the history of the islands.

[*America in Hawaii. A History of United States Influence in the Hawaiian Islands.* By Edmund Janes Carpenter. Small, Maynard & Co.: Boston.]

A ROMANCE OF OLD ANTWERP.

Whoever likes a stirring story of brave men and true women, of "dangers manifold and hairbreadth 'scapes," of mysteries and adventures, will do well to read "The Key of the Holy House," by Albert Lee, published by the Appletons. The story has for its theme the dangers and sufferings of the Netherlanders when they were under Spanish domination and were kept in a state of terror by the Familiars of the Inquisition and their terrible deeds. The story is told in the first person by one Caspar Ursueus, whose adventures and brave deeds, modestly related, in the effort to keep his lady love out of the grasp of the Inquisition and to help drive the Spaniards out of his native land, form the main thread of the tale. He wastes no time in useless talk. Things begin to happen on the very first page, and perils and escapes and hazardous undertakings and dangers braved without flinching by men and women alike tread upon one another's heels and keep the reader breathless until the last page is reached, the Familiars hounded from the city, their habitation razed, and the key of the holy house thrown into the sea. It is purely a tale of romance and adventure, and the author concerns himself with nothing but the telling of the story. This he does well, in a healthy, robust sort of way, and, be it said to his credit, in good, clean-cut, concise English.

[*The Key of the Holy House. A Romance of Old Antwerp.* By Albert Lee, Town and Country Library, D. Appleton & Co.: New York. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

BOOKS OF TOMORROW.

The Dominion Publishing Company, Chicago, announce for early publication a book entitled, "Full Official History of the War With Spain," by Murat Halstead. It will give the origin, plans, progress, and all important details of the struggle. The author will base the work on official dispatches, to which he has had free access. He has further qualified himself for this task by the time he has spent in Cuba, in Honolulu, and in Manila, where he had much personal communication with Admiral Dewey. He has been steadily at work on the history for the last seven months.

A book about Rudyard Kipling, entitled "A Ken of

Kipling," by Will M. Clemens, a nephew of Mark Twain, will soon be issued by the New Amsterdam Book Company. It will contain a biography of Kipling, an appreciation of his works, a chapter on his religion, as shown in his writings, some anecdotes and illustrations, including a photogravure portrait.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press "Two Women in the Klondike," by Mary E. Hitchcock, which will tell the story of a journey undertaken in the summer of 1898 by Mrs. Hitchcock and Miss Van Buren, the latter a niece of President Van Buren.

"The Downfall of the Dervishes," by E. N. Bennet, who was special correspondent for the Westminster Gazette during the late campaign in the Soudan, is about to be published in this country by the New Amsterdam Book Company, New York. It has created a good deal of excitement in England because the author charges the British officers and army of unnecessary cruelty and even with killing wounded Dervishes at the battle of Omdurman. The London papers have been devoting a good deal of attention to the charges. The first and second editions of the book have been sold in advance of publication.

The New Amsterdam Book Company will soon issue a little book full of hints and advice on the question of health, by Dr. Victor Nesson, of New York. It is dedicated "To that vast army of male and female bicyclists who have arrayed themselves against our common enemy, 'Ill Health.'"

A new novel by Charles Dudley Warner will soon be published by the Harpers. It is entitled "That Fortune," and is the third in a trilogy, being a sequel to "A Little Journey in the World" and "The Golden House." The three novels taken together will constitute a study of contemporary New York through what is equivalent to three generations of social and money evolution.

An illustrated book on "Animals of Today," by A. J. Cornish, who has arranged in this form a number of articles contributed by him to the London Spectator, is announced for early publication by the New Amsterdam Book Company.

Tolstoy's new novel is to be published simultaneously in the United States and in all the chief countries of Europe. The synopsis was written five years ago and then laid aside, as the great Russian novelist had determined to write no more fiction. But his desire to assist the Doukhobors, the persecuted non-combatant sect, in their exodus from Russia to Canada, overcame his determination and this novel was taken up and completed. Its proceeds are to be devoted entirely to the assistance of the Doukhobors in settling in their new home. The title of the novel is "Resurrection." The serial rights have been secured by the Cosmopolitan Magazine and the first chapters will appear in the April number. It will afterward be published in book form.

MINOR MENTION.

The seventh large edition of A. W. Marchmont's military novel, "By Right of Sword," has just been printed by the New Amsterdam Book Company.

Sir Charles Dilke, one of the great authorities on colonial questions, has written a book on "The British Empire," which has been published in this country by the New Amsterdam Book Company.

Harper's Weekly has secured the services of Julian Ralph to make an extended tour of India for the purpose of describing in a series of letters the state of Lord and Lady Curzon. The letters will appear under the title, "An American Sovereign."

The Critic, which is now published by the Putnams, has a particularly interesting number for March. The frontispiece is a new portrait of Washington, now published for the first time, a reproduction of a photograph of Thackeray, taken in New York in 1855, never before published. There are many pictures of men and women now prominent in the literary world. Among the critical articles the one of most interest is, perhaps, the biographical and critical study of the famous German playwright, Gerhardt Hauptmann.

"Somnambulism" is the title of a small pamphlet put forth by Charles H. Kerr & Co., publishers, of Chicago, written by Arthur L. Webb, and containing a critical review by Sydney Flower, editor of the Journal of Suggestive Therapeutics. The book is intended to give plain directions how to produce hypnotism and to remove some erroneous ideas concerning the power of the hypnotist.

Frank Leslie's for March contains a short story by Bret Harte, "Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation," an article on the Nicaragua Canal, illustrated from photographs and plans, and other articles of timely interest.

Babyhood for March well sustains its reputation as the best nursery guide, philosopher and friend a young mother can have. It is full of short articles which treat of all manner of problems that are constantly disturbing those who have the care of infants.

The Ebell for the current month comes out looking as dainty and springlike as the first blossom of Baby Blue-Eyes. It has a number of illustrations and among the several poems and articles, Sara E. Hickman leads with a discussion of the question, "Will Music Become Our National Art?"

Elbert Hubbard makes his "Little Journey" for March to the home of Peter Paul Rubens. As always, Mr. Hubbard's style is light of touch as a fairy's foot, his manner interesting, and his little asides delightful in their whimsical philosophy. People who want a guide book account of the life and works of the great painters will need to read something other than these "Little Journeys." But those who want the essence of the lives and greatness of these men put into a few entertaining pages will find their desire exactly met in these little pamphlets. They are published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

SMALL BEET AND SKITTLES.

It is announced from London that "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War" has met with an immediate and wonderful reception there. Everybody is talking about it and the author is spoken of as another Mark Twain—which does not speak well for the literary discrimination of "everybody" in London, for Mr. Dunne, the author of "Mr. Dooley," no more writes like Mark Twain than he does like Solomon. The London Spectator, in a long review of the book, compares Mr. Dunne with Artemus Ward, which is only a trifle more perspicacious than the comparison with Mark Twain. Between Artemus Ward and Peter Dunne there is some slight similarity of method, in their way of looking at things, but Ward wrote only about the small things of life, while Dunne lays hold of large matters and is a philosopher about life quite as much as he is humorist.

The sale of Bismarck's Memoirs in Germany has reached more than 100,000 copies, and this only begins to satisfy the demand. Three months ago 318,000 copies had already been ordered. In Russia the book has been suppressed by the government. But it is said that thousands of copies have been hidden throughout the empire, in the hope that the decree may be withdrawn, or waiting to be disposed of secretly.

Hall Caine lately told at a banquet how he happened

to become a novelist. He was living in the same house with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who suffered much from sleeplessness. To relieve for him the tedium of long, wakeful nights, Caine told him many stories of the Isle of Man. Rossetti was charmed with the picture of a little nation standing apart, with its own race and its own law and customs, and suggested that it would make a picturesque background for stories. Mr. Caine has certainly found it a profitable one.

John Ruskin lately passed his eightieth birthday. A recent visitor says that he is in a condition of peace and serenity beautiful to see. He takes little interest in the affairs of the world and spends much of his time gazing out of his favorite window.

The publishers of Scribner's Magazine have hit upon a new and unique scheme of advance advertising. By permission of the publishers the author of a story which will appear in the April number, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, has read the tale to a woman's club. And all the members and guests were duly impressed by the honor which had been shown to them and greatly elated over the distinction which their club had gained, and convinced that the story was the most delightful and interesting piece of literature they had ever read. And they have all been talking about it ever since.

Maurice Thompson says in the current number of the Independent, on the subject of American influence on the literary tendencies of the time: "All the world writes for the American audience. Our taste, whether good or bad, has a tremendous money value; hence a great part of our influence. The greatest living French critic comes here to lecture before he sends over his 'History of French Literature' in translation. Nansen does likewise, and so do the novelists and poets of other lands."

Miss Beatrice Harraden has decided to change the title of her new novel to "The Fowler." The title had its suggestion from that verse in the Psalms, "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the Fowler." The book will appear soon.

A serial by Paul Leicester Ford entitled, "Janice Meredith," opens in the March Bookman. It is a story of the revolution.

According to the lists of book sales published in the Bookman, reports received from thirty of the largest cities in all parts of the country show that the six books for which there was most call during last month were, in order: Kipling's "The Day's Work," Parker's "The Battle of the Strong," Page's "Red Rock," Westcott's "David Harum," Watts-Dunton's "Alywin," and Dunne's "Mr. Dooley."

An indication of the tremendous sales of "Quo Vadis" is given by the fact that Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of the book, has received \$25,000 as his share of the proceeds.

THE "FAD" MAGAZINE,

EPHEMERAL PERIODICALS THAT ARE CREATED ONLY TO AMUSE.

BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

"Momentary as a sound, swift as a shadow, short as any dream, brief as the lightning," thus would it seem are the lives of the "fad" magazines, considering the number that have died during the past summer months, but they certainly furnish a very amusing, as well as interesting, study while they last.

"The Chap Book," of Chicago, was the first "fad" magazine published in this country, and it met with such a success that in a short time many others followed. New York seems to be a leading headquarter of the "fad," from whence came "Clips," a comic weekly; "The Black Book," now gone to fill a place in the journalistic graveyard; "Chips from Literary Workshops," recently deceased; "The Yellow Kid Magazine," devoted to short sketches and humorous jokes; "John a Dreams," a magazine for the conservative iconoclast and practical dreamer, which, by the way, is very pleasing, not only in a literary way, but in typographic art. A 5-cent magazine meeting with much public approval is the "Owl," which is on the order of the "Black Cat," and devoted entirely to short stories. "Poker Chips," also from New York, contains half a dozen short stories in each number, dealing wholly with the game of poker. "The Poster," formerly of New York, has recently consolidated with the "Red Letter" of Boston.

"Mile. New York," as its name indicates, also hails from the metropolis, and last, but far from least, is the handsome "Art Student." Then published in the State of New York are "Best in Press" of Albany, "The Little Chop" of Syracuse, and "The Philistine," a periodical of protest, published at East Aurora, which seems to take great delight in poking fun at the literary world.

To literary Boston we are indebted for the "Fly Leaf," which states on its title page that it is a "Pamphlet Periodical of the New—the New Man—the New Woman—New Ideas, Whimsies and Things." "Miss Blue Stockings," one of the most startling of the Boston Brownie magazines, published but a few numbers, and finding that it was apparently (by the numerous subscribers?) not filling a "long-feet want," suspended. Then there are "Paragraphs," "Truth in Boston," "The Red Letter," "Time and the Hour," and the latest addition, "The Wet Dog," which states on its title page that it is printed for those "who have money to burn."

"The Babule" of Philadelphia is confessedly "edited by A. Fool," and is of little importance. "The Gray Goose" of Cincinnati, O., is devoted to short articles, stories and poems. "What to Eat," published at Minneapolis, Minn., is a dainty "fad," telling, as its name suggests, just "what and what not to eat." "The Bibelot" of Portland, Me., contains reprints of prose and poetry from rare volumes now out of print.

From Chicago comes "The Chap Book," "Echo," and "The Pocket Magazine," intended "to amuse and not to instruct." It is composed of short novelettes by the best fiction writers, such as Sara Orne Jewett, Ida Marvel, and others. "Four O'Clock," also of Chicago, is one of the best "fads" devoted to short stories.

From the sunny South come "Alkhost" of Atlanta, Ga. "The Autocrat" of the same place, and from Kansas City, Mo., "Pierron" and "Foster Lore," the latter invaluable to the poster collector.

"The Lark" of San Francisco is one of the most unique of western magazines—printed on ordinary brown wrapping paper, it prints prose as though it were verse, and vice versa, in ridicule of the art of typography. For illustrations, it employs the old-fashioned woodcuts of long ago. "Le Petit Journal des Refusées" is another San Francisco publication issued quarterly. Its editor is a young man associated with "The Lark," who states that he has been refused three times, and will publish nothing that has not been three times rejected by other magazines. "Des Refusées," as it is generally called, is three-cornered in shape, and contains numerous fan-

tastic illustrations, and some readable matter. "The Kicker" of Willows, Cal., announces it "will kick every week for \$2, or 10 cents a kick."

Then a host of less important "fads" from all quarters of the United States are "The Shadow," "Knots," "Book Talk," "Fad," "The Dreamer," "Clack Book" (very artistic,) "The Magpie," "Whims," "The Purple Cow," "The Idiot," "The Milkmaid," "Moods," "The Lotus" and "The White Rabbit."

Probably the most artistic of the "fad" magazines is "Bradley, His Book," edited by Will Bradley, who ranks first among the poster artists of the United States. Its pages are filled throughout with clever examples of the poster art, colored plates, etc. The literary material is from the pen of such writers as Tudor Jenks, Richard Harding Davis and Percival Pollard.

The latest addition in the magazine world has arrived in New York City in the form of a weekly. It is edited by Gelett Burgess of the "Lark" fame. He and a company of jolly friends meet once a week at some restaurant, and after dining, write and illustrate the entire issue at a sitting. It is most appropriately called "L'Enfant Terrible."

There are only four "fads" of any importance published abroad, among which "The Yellow Book" of London ranks foremost. It is issued in handsome dark-brown-board covers, and was the first "fad" magazine ever published. "The Savoy," also of London, contains very good literary material. "The Evergreens" of Edinburgh, Scotland, is a handsomely illustrated quarterly, bound in leather.

"Quartier Latin," from Paris, is the only magazine published in France.

campaign. "There can be no compromise with wrong." And her influence prevailed.

It is a singular fact that while Phillips attained wonderful success as an anti-slavery orator, he failed in other humanitarian undertakings. That mission upon which he embarked with the fiery ardor of youth, under the powerful stimulus of love, in favor of the slaves, was the one great and successful campaign of his life. After that his energy seems to have spent its force, and he was incapable of wielding his old-time powers. Although he championed various causes, such as temperance, woman's rights, labor reform—with a slight tendency to Socialism, and others, he was like Samson shorn of his locks. His only advent in the political arena, when he ran for Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts on a mongrel, grab-net ticket, with Ben Butler as leader, was a roaring farce, and provoked many an irreverent "skit," of which the following is a fair sample, taken from the Harvard Lampoon:

Benny and Wen.
Are two pretty men;
They stand on a platform.
Which shakes now and then.
A hard-money platform,
Which nobody quotes.
While Wen makes the speeches,
Ben gets the votes."

What has become of the institutions founded by the anti-slavery propaganda for the overthrow of the slave oligarchy, nobody seems to know. There is a pretentious wooden structure, of a semi-classic exterior, standing in the little village of McGrawville, Cortland county, N.Y., which was formerly the seat of what was known, in the anti-slavery days, as the "New York Central College." This institution was devoted to the education of negroes, and was supported by anti-slavery societies, of which Gerrit Smith, some time a prominent member of Congress from an interior district of New York, and a noted abolitionist, was a leading spirit. The college subsequently became an academy, and had among its pupils Daniel Lamont, formerly Secretary of War. The head of this college, when it was in active session, was a clergyman of liberal views, who became a stout advocate of intermarriage between whites and negroes—a development, by the way, which is regarded in the South to this day, with holy horror, and militated against by severe penalties. But there were no statutes against miscegenation in New York in those days, so that a burly, ambitious negro, heartily in accord with the matrimonial views of the august parent, proceeded to elope one day with his daughter. This unexpected denouement quickly illustrated in a very prosaic way the disparity between theory and practice. Seizing his gun, and taking immediate transportation in the most available vehicle, the irate parent pursued the bi-colored couple with all the impetuosity of Pharaoh chasing the flying Israelites down into the Red Sea. And then the "New York Central College" for the education of negro youths experienced the sad fate of Pharaoh at the hiatus of the purple waters.

GEORGE A. BENHAM.

THE BOSTON TRANSLATION.

[Boston Evening Transcript:] It is the undeniable privilege of Grimalkin to gaze at royalty.

When an air current is of so malign a nature that it wafts benefaction to none, it can only be characterized in terms of dispraise.

It is obviously impossible to construct a silken purse from the auricular appendage of a female swine.

A lane without deviation from a direct line is notable for its extreme flatness.

A hog of the softer sex who maintains a solid reticence may be counted upon to extract the most sustenance from the contents of the receptacle for swinish aliment.

The representative of the canine race who has a predilection for employing denticular organs upon human flesh is not given to barking.

The rodent endowed with a caudal appendage of superior length is thereby enabled to disappear in the cavity more rapidly than its less gifted fellows.

The feathered songsters of the wood, with vocal organs in normal condition, who willfully abstain from warbling, must be treated with compulsory measures.

A member of the canine family in a sentient state is of greater consequence than the king of a forest who has given up the ghost.

The domestic bosom is not capable of its best achievements after it has been long in active service.

It is absurd to suppose that one may still have a meringue before him after it has been masticated and deglutitioned.

It is politic to retain one's breath to reduce the temperature of one's consommé.

The ewer that frequently visits the water supply finally meets with disaster.

It is more auspicious to enter the world in possession of a ready intellect than to be born with a pleasing countenance.

It is not a difficult undertaking to drive a horse to the river side, but it is impossible to compel him to partake of its waters if he is averse to doing it.

The person possessed of the pole of greatest length is most successful in detaching fruit from the persimmon tree.

A blow from the pedal extremity is quite as effective as nictation to a member of the equidae family of impaired vision.

A GOOD REASON WHY.

[Judge:] Little Sallie's socks were very short and left exposed a goodly portion of her infantile, mosquito-bitten legs. She sat demurely on a chair with her feet hanging dangling down, airing her best company manners when the big collie pup came in. Seeing in her knees a delectable morsel, he began to caress them playfully with his young white teeth. Sallie shrank from him, struggled to draw up her brief socks, and explained:

"I don't like your dog very much, because, you see, I've got my low-necked stockings on!"

Miss Edith Skerrett, daughter of the late Rear-Admiral J. A. Skerrett, and prominently known in Washington social circles, has been forced to abandon her hope of a stage career. After a short experience in the company presenting "Because She Loved Him So," in New York, Miss Skerrett has broken down completely and is suffering from nervous prostration.

[Detroit Free Press:] "Have you an agreeable boarding-house?"

"Yes, we have; every morning we have a cake walk."

"Cake walk? What's that?"

"Why, the first man at the table gets the hot ones."

THE PATH TO PERDITION.

A CASE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE THAT STAGGERED THE DEACON.

By a Special Contributor.

FROM the window of Deacon Birdsell's house the bright rays of a lamp marked the forks of the country road which led to the right, past the old Quaker meeting-house, and, to the left, through the worldly and iniquitous village called into existence only a year before by the coming of the new railroad.

This little cluster of houses, a mushroom growth of unpainted boards, included, besides a blacksmith shop and general store, both welcome enough in their way, a tavern conducted on wide-open principles, under the name of Lowden's Half-Way House, which had speedily brought the locality into general disrepute. No one had discovered toward what goal it marked the half-way point, unless it was that goal of torment which is the ending of every career of intemperate profligacy.

In the dining-room which served likewise as a sitting-room, the deacon was carefully gleaned stray scraps of wisdom from the columns of the Michigan Agriculturist, the silence of the house disturbed only by the loud ticking of the farm clock on the shelf in the corner and the busy click of knitting needles in the deft fingers of Mrs. Birdsell. It was characteristic of the deacon that he always postponed his study of the Agriculturist until after the harvest, when the information he might gain was sure to be of least value to him.

Presently the clock tolled the hour of 8, lingering long, it seemed, upon the final stroke. Deacon Birdsell started suddenly.

"Mother," he said, "don't you know it's gettin' pretty late?"

Mrs. Birdsell paused in surprise and dropped the half-finished sock in her lap.

"Eight and after, an' it's high time folks was abed," said the deacon. "Did you shut down the back window an' bolt the kitchen door? An' Joel—of course Joel's in."

As if in answer to the deacon's question, the quavering, uncertain notes of a song sifted through the ceiling from the chamber above.

"Sh!" Mrs. Birdsell said, holding up her finger in warning.

The song from the chamber above gradually became more distinct until a word could be understood here and there in its uncertain rhythm. It bore a distant resemblance to one of the popular songs of the day heard with great frequency in the neighboring town, but justly abhorred for its worldly insinuations in the peaceful Quaker church neighborhood.

"William," exclaimed Mrs. Birdsell in a trembling voice, "somethin' must be done right away. It's gettin' just awful! It's been weighin' on my mind until sometimes I get that nervous."

The deacon gathered his shaggy gray brows and stroked his angular unshaven chin in silence for a moment. "I hate to think of Joel," he observed thoughtfully, "but I guess it must be true. Have you been noticin' anything else lately, Martha?" The deacon seldom addressed his wife by her given name except on occasions of great solemnity.

"Anythin'! Good land alive!" Mrs. Birdsell swept her hands around her head as if she was warding off a swarm of impending evil. "It's gettin' worser and worser every day," she exclaimed with great earnestness.

"An' the worst part of it all is he's gettin' that brazen about it—to think, too, William, that he's your own brother!" The song began again in the chamber above, this time accompanied by the unmistakable sound of shuffling feet.

"Just listen to that now," she went on, with mournful emphasis. "I guess you can hear it for yourself!"

"Yes, mother, you're right," pronounced the deacon reflectively, slowly nodding his head in the affirmative. "Poor Joel is certainly goin' straight to the—I was almost goin' to say devil, an' here we are, you an' me, sittin' with our hands folded, not doin' a blessed thing to put him right."

"It didn't get real bad 'till the middle of June—leastwise Joel didn't take to goin' out nights 'till then." Mrs. Birdsell squinted thoughtfully through her glasses as if to look into the past. "I first suspicioned him circus day over in the town, when he spent all that money for a box of collars an' them red and green neckties. He seemed right ashamed of 'em, too—that is to say at first he did."

"When was it he spoke to you about creasin' his pants?"

"Why, dear me, you ain't forgotten that, have you? It was the very same day he come out from town bringin' his tall coat. I'll never forget that! He was precious careful to keep that ridiculous thing out of my sight an' when he spoke about the pants he blushed like a boy. He says to me, 'Martha, sometime when you've got a flat-iron on I wish you'd press out my gray pants an' leave 'em creased before and behind. Folks say, nowadays, it keeps 'em from wearin' out so quick.' I almost gave him a piece of my mind right then an' there. I says, 'Joel Birdsell! An' at your time in life, too.' He didn't say another word but went off upstairs that ashamed—an' that very night was the first time in the twenty years he stayed out till after midnight!"

Deacon Birdsell clasped his long fingers around his bony knee and bowed his head.

"If I do say it, I watched him from the window when he went out," Mrs. Birdsell earnestly continued. "an' I seen him tramp straight off toward the tavern. 'Twasn't the last time I've seen him, either."

The deacon suddenly started up and thumped his fist hard upon the table. "Then Lowdens will get to prison yet!" he burst out with indignation. "Would be a true religious act to set their cussed dram shop on fire! I'd do it, too, if—"

Mrs. Birdsell reached across the table to place a restraining hand upon her husband's arm, but the tips of her fingers barely touched his shirt sleeve. "William," she said in a more composed tone, "we mustn't get excited. What we must do is to tend to Joel's case. The Lord that judges between the righteous an' the unrighteous will 'tend to the Lowdens himself!"

Before such an undeniable exposition of truth the farmer's anger slowly subsided.

"You know the time Joel washed the buggy an' went to town?" Mrs. Birdsell went on. "He didn't get back

that night 'till a quarter past 12, an' he took his boots off before he come into the house. I know all about it because he clean forgot 'em an' left 'em on the porch."

"You wouldn't call them things boots, would you?" The deacon threw his whole available fund of sarcasm into the words.

"Gaiters, I mean," corrected Mrs. Birdsell, quickly. "An' that's another thing. Just to think of a man takin' to gaiters after boots has been good enough for him for fifty years! It's a sure sign, William."

"Yes, mother, that's the long and the short of it. Gaiters may be a small thing in themselves, but in Joel's case they help powerful to show what fast livin' and strong drink will do, once a man gets goin' in the wrong way."

The deacon started suddenly at the meaning of his own words. A spade had finally been called a spade. Mrs. Birdsell straightway began to sob audibly, while her husband searched abstractedly for his handkerchief, which he finally produced from the armhole of his vest.

Joel Birdsell filled the place of a son not only in the hearts, but in the home of the deacon and his wife. Back in the 50's, when heavy timber still covered what is now the rich, rolling farmland of lower Michigan, William Birdsell had gone forth from the circumscribed acres of the homestead in Vermont to win a place for himself in the world, with only a young wife and his own grit to aid him. Then Michigan was not the farmer's Eldorado it afterward came to be. But the house in which he still lived was built, and then Joel, the next younger by three years, was sent for to share the increasing fortunes—incidentally to lend a helping hand in the running of the farm.

And Joel—he was a shining example of New England stagnation. Never inclined to marry, always content with a kind of helpless dependence upon his brother and sister, whose home had not been brightened by the advent of children, he grew more and more to be the object of parental solicitude to the farmer and his wife as the years passed by. He was satisfied with his unique position, and gradually the horizon of his life came to be bounded by the views and wishes of his foster parents.

Mrs. Birdsell was the first to break the oppressive silence. "William," she said, "there's no use puttin' it off any longer. Suppose we call Joel down now—this very night—an' point out to him like—tell him—that is to say, ask him—" She hesitated. The task seemed greater when framed in words.

"Sh!" The exclamation escaped the pair at the same instant.

In the chamber above the song began again. This time the words were loud and distinct, although the tune was still doubtful. Silently the couple followed the lines:

"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls—"

Not a word was uttered until the verse ended. Mrs. Birdsell was busy making a mental analysis of the meaning of the words—their import seemed beyond a doubt.

"It's a real gamblin' house tune," she pronounced, with assurance born of conviction, although there was a trembling in her voice. "I've heard all about the infernal places. All marble an' glass an' electric lights an' polished woodwork."

The squeaking, heavy footsteps grew louder. The culprit was certainly coming down the stairs. Next the door opened and he walked into the dining-room. Mrs. Birdsell looked straight in front of her. The deacon hastily snatched the Agriculturist from the table.

Joel appeared surprised to find the rest of the family keeping late hours. "Still settin' up?" he asked, innocently enough, but in the ears of the others the words had a guilty ring.

From the corner of her eyes Mrs. Birdsell was taking a quiet inventory of incriminating evidence. There was the red necktie encircling the stand-up collar that sagged out in tired fashion at the front. The long-tailed coat was also conspicuous. She wished she had had the forethought to put on her spectacles, for she knew that proper scrutiny would detect faint creases in front of the bagging gray pants. As for the shoes—the noise on the stairs had already told its own story.

"Well, I guess I'll walk out for a little bit," he went on, taking no notice of the unusual restraint. "The sky's as clear as a bell, an' it seems just shameful to stay in. Won't have many more nights like this."

"It's time honest folks was abed an' asleep." The deacon's voice grated harshly, although he tried his best to be natural.

"That's just one of your notions, William," Joel answered with a faint laugh. "Come now, night's just as good as day, ain't it? Don't fret about me. Just leave the key to the dining-room door under the stone by the steps, an' I'll get in all right."

There was no reply.

"An' that reminds me," the culprit went on, "the next time I go to town I'm goin' to take that key along with me an' have one made like it. No use talkin', a man ought to have a latch key."

This last worldly whim, more significant than anything else—worse even than the reckless get-up of the costume—fell with astounding weight on the farmer and his wife. It was nothing less than the limit of moral depravity. In the suddenness of the shock there was no chance for reply. Joel hesitated a moment, then picked up his hat and went out.

The deacon and his wife remained seated, rigid with consternation, until they heard him step off the porch. Then with one accord they arose and tip-toed to the parlor window. Peering out into the darkness they watched him walk through the yard and then turn his steps in the direction of the tavern, the lights of which twinkled dimly half a mile away down the left fork of the road.

"The time's come, Martha," the deacon burst out. "Joel will hear from me the first thing tomorrow mornin'! He's got to shut off his scand'lous, drunken ways instanter, or by the Lord! he'll never stay another day under my roof!"

Mrs. Birdsell was fairly struck dumb before her husband's awful denunciation. It was the first time in her married life that he had so ruthlessly broken the third commandment, and she laid herself down to broken sleep and troubled dreams.

The first gleam of the rising sun was already painting gold and purple hues in the eastern sky when the deacon slowly roused to the troubles of a new day. Quickly throwing on his working clothes he hastened to the foot of the stairs.

"Joel!" he called to the upper chamber, "Joel, be

stirrin'! The sun's more'n an hour high! We've overslept scand'lous!"

No answer came from above.

"Joel!" This time there was an angry ring in the word.

And still no answer.

The deacon did not call again, but started briskly for the stables, his heavy boot heels making dark half-circles in the light frost that covered the ground. He was surprised again to find the heavy doors thrown wide open to the morning breezes. Sounds were issuing from within, and, as he paused, he heard his brother Joel's voice lifted in song, the rhythm punctuated by the steady "swish" of milk against the bottom and sides of the tin milk can.

The absolute unexpectedness of the situation caused the deacon to hesitate in doubt a moment on the threshold. Bending slightly forward and listening attentively he managed to catch the words:

"Bet my money on the old bay mare,

Somebody bet on the gray—"

The doggerel had only one meaning to the deacon. It was a shameless defense of horse-racing, an unholy pastime into which he had gained some insight through the innocent medium of country fairs.

"Mornin', William!" The greeting was fresh and cheery—surely not spoken with the languor that is supposed to follow a night of debauchery. "Guess you kind of overslept. Must be you and mother kept late hours!"

"There's one way you might o' known how late hours mother an' me kept." The deacon's answer bristled with harsh insinuation, but it was all lost on the erring one. Whistling softly to himself, he picked up the milk pails again and started for the house, while the deacon, mystified and angered, clambered up the perpendicular ladder to the hay loft. He threw down a generous quantity of sweet smelling clover to the neighing, impatient horses below, and then leaned meditatively upon the fork handle to arrange in his mind the admonitory talk which he was more certain than ever alone intervened between his brother and irredeemable damnation.

The morning meal in the little farmhouse was not as comforting as usual, particularly for the farmer and his wife. It might have been noticed that the deacon lingered long and fervently over the thanks which he invariably offered up from his board. It might have been noticed also that appended to those fervent thanks was an earnest supplication that Divine Providence in its all-seeing wisdom might not judge harshly the weakness of his erring children, all of which was lost on Joel, inasmuch as it was well known to be a part of the deacon's religious philosophy to regard all earthly beings as weak and sinful in the eyes of the Lord. As for the deacon, he was surprised to note that Joel's appetite seemed even better than usual.

The meal finished, Mrs. Birdsell arose, and from force of habit began to clear away the dishes.

"Joel," the deacon said, trying to appear natural and at ease, although in spite of himself there was a threatening ring in his voice. "Supposin' you walk down to the barn with me for a moment. I've got somethin' I'd like to talk over with you this mornin'."

Joel had picked up his hat and had started toward the door. "Better put it off till dinner time, William," he replied, carelessly. "I'm an hour late now getting to the creamery, an—"

"Then the creamery can wait! I want you should do what I say! D' you hear?"

"All right, then; must be somethin' terrible pressin'. What's on your mind?" Joel detected a stern look on his brother's face, and sensibly concluded that argument was a waste of time.

The deacon did not wait to make further reply, but started out of the house, motioning for his brother to follow him. Silently leading the way, he sought the seclusion of the storeroom, where a nondescript collection of sleighs and bobsleds stood, covered and fastened with a summer's accumulation of dust and cobwebs. The silence of the place was impressive, and in its selection the good man prided himself on the exercise of a neat bit of strategy. Furthermore, it removed the most remote danger of interruption.

For some time the deacon sat in silence, his cold eyes sharply fixed upon his brother's face. Then, when the suspense had begun to grow painful, he cleared his throat with evident effort, and spoke, carefully weighing every word.

"Joel," he said, "I've come down here to talk to you, man to man, an' I'm in earnest. It's hard, but it's got to be done. It's been on my mind for a long time."

"I hope there ain't any trouble, William." The shadow of an impending calamity had gradually formed before Joel's eyes, and his face wore a pale and anxious look.

"Trouble? Yes, there is trouble, and plenty of it. The truth is, I've been—mother and I've been—watchin' you now this last six months, an' what you've been doin' is as clear to us as an open book."

Instantly a sheepish, self-conscious expression spread itself over Joel's face, and his eyes sought the floor in embarrassment. The deacon noted the quick change, and his last lingering doubt instantly vanished. His course was now clearly defined.

"Yes, Joel," he continued, with greater earnestness, "there's no use denyin' it now. Mother an' me—"

"I ain't denyin' nothin', William."

The deacon started suddenly, and bit his lips with anger. The last thing he had anticipated was a frank acknowledgment of guilt. It came so unexpectedly that he hardly knew how to go on, yet he realized that the best way to approach the crisis was by successive steps. The culprit exhibited no further willingness to speak in self-defense, so the deacon plunged in again.

"Yes," he repeated, "we've known all about you right along. We suspicioned you when you took to high-fangled notions about stand-up collars and gay neckties; we was surer of it when you got to spendin' your money on tall coats an' such, an' then," dropping his voice to an insinuating whisper, and punctuating each word with a pause, "we finally saw through the whole thing when you took to goin' out late nights."

Before such an accumulation of evidence Joel hung his head. His expression changed gradually from embarrassed confusion to guilty assurance, while with the heel of his boot he unconsciously drew parallel lines on the dusty barn floor.

"Well, what of it, William?" he asked, with a faint smile.

"What of it?" The deacon repeated the words with angry surprise.

"Yes, what of it? I don't see the good of makin' a fuss about it, anyway."

The deacon swallowed something that seemed to rise in his throat to choke his words. "What of it?" he repeated again angrily. "Why, man, you have gone clean mad! Can't you see that if you keep on it's goin' to make your life a regular hell on earth?"

Even the unpleasant prospect of immediate earthly perdition seemed to have no effect upon the culprit.

His confusion did not diminish, but his smile broadened to a faint laugh. Then he looked thoughtful and said: "I shouldn't hardly think you'd like to say that, William."

"Say it, man alive! Why don't I know it? Do you think I've been livin' all these years for nothin'? Ain't it always that way?"

The deacon spoke the words in an angry treble, accompanied by an impatient and deprecating gesture. "An' besides, Joel," he went on, his voice rising to a still higher key, "look at it this way, if it ain't too late. You've got a little money put by in the savin's bank. How long do you suppose it's goin' to last if you keep on?"

To a financial consideration of the question Joel made no immediate answer. He seemed to be actually reckoning up the costs. After meditating quietly for a little while, he composedly replied:

"Well, suppose it does cost a little more? I guess it's worth the difference."

The calm reduction of moral depravity to a matter of dollars and cents brought the deacon to his feet with an impatient start.

"An' your friends—your new friends!" he exclaimed, "what do you suppose they'll do when your money's gone? Are they goin' to stand by you then?"

"Come, William, you talk as if I was goin' to commit a crime instead of just followin' out a man's natural way. There ain't much danger of starvin', anyhow." Joel's impatience, too, was beginning to show itself. "If you're goin' to go back on me now, well, I suppose there's other places I can go to. I wasn't expectin' to stay in the old house much longer, anyhow. But I didn't think this of you, William. It ain't deserved for you to get mad."

"Tryin' to play reproachful, eh! Just look back over the last thirty years or more. Ain't I always been all a brother could be? Ain't Martha been more'n a flesh in' blood sister could be? An' how about your home? Ain't it been all a reasonable man could want?"

The deacon's voice trembled a little as he rapidly summed up the list of unappreciated kindnesses.

"Well, William, I ain't forgettin' all that—not a bit of it. But what if a man, after a while, gets tired of livin' day in an' day out in a rut? What if he wants to get out into a bigger, better life? I suppose I wouldn't thought of it if the railroad hadn't been put through. I got to goin' there first when they was layin' the tracks. Well, that was all right enough, an' then—"

"That'll do! Enough of that! I won't hear it from your lips."

"An' then—"

"Stop man! I say stop, in the name of what little regard for decency you've got left! I won't hear it from you! I didn't come out here to listen to your boastin' an' plumbin' yourself about your reckless, senseless goin' on!"

The deacon's bloodless lips trembled as he fairly thundered the command, and shook his clenched fist in unbridled wrath. "I won't have it made any worse by your goin' into all the details of what you did," he went on hotly. "I wanted you to listen to reason, an' I wanted to talk to you like a brother. But there ain't any reason left in you. It's gone too far, an' Martha an' I'm too late. You're proud of that broader life you talk about, are you? All right, then; now listen to what I've got to say. The way's still open for you to turn over a new leaf an' come back an' be one of us as you was before the Lowdens and their tavern came to Quaker Church. It's got to be one or the other, an' you've got to decide right now. Either you quit this new, broader life that you've been harpin' on or you must get along without Martha an' me from this day forward!"

The deacon pronounced the sentence in excited, impassioned tones. "The way's open, which do you take?" he repeated, wiping away the beads of cold sweat that stood out upon his brow.

Joel's flushed face turned pale at the deacon's words. They cut him like a sharp knife, and his brother knew it. But quickly the scornful look returned, and he met the issue squarely half way. Without a tremor, he stepped close to his brother, and, placing his hand gently on the other's shoulder, exclaimed: "William, William, if it was the last thing on earth, I didn't expect this of you! If it was anybody else, I'd a said I'd gone clean crazy. You an' mother never did circulate much around among the neighbors, but I never once had an idea either of you had anything against Miss Cook. I can't understand it. Her husband's been dead for three years now, an' durin' that whole time she's hardly been outside her dooryard. It's goin' to be hard to tell her that this is our weddin' present from you an' Martha, but I can do it, an' I will. One thing has got to be settled between you an' me, howsoever"—here Joel's words became deliberate and foreboding—"I ain't goin' to stand up an' listen to anybody throw miserable slurs on the woman that's goin' to be my wife—not even you, my own brother, an' deacon in the church, who ought to be above such a thing. I want you to understand that if the Lowden boys did build their tavern across from her house, she ain't responsible nor the worse for it! An' as far as that place is concerned, I hate it worse than you do. It's hurt her property scand'lous!"

Wedding bells often ring out in unexpected places. Their notes are the sweeter when they sound above the din of discord. In vain the deacon, perplexed and confused, his excited mind in a whirl, tried to interrupt Joel's words. Then he gave up the attempt and grasped weakly at the objects near him for support. He could only gasp. "Miss Cook—you marry Miss Cook—the widow Cook at the crossin'—I—you—"

"We've been thinkin' it over ever since the day the circus was in town. An' last night we fixed it all up an' decided to hitch."

"Lord save us all! Joel, I—" It was too much for the deacon, and his strength deserted him. His knees bent beneath his weight, and his voice dropped to an inaudible whisper. He leaned upon the sleigh and rubbed his eyes as if to bring back his scattered senses. Then he suddenly found his voice again. "Is that the meanin' of it all? Is that where you've been goin' evenin' after evenin', when mother an' me thought you was at the Lowdens? Say somethin', man! Are you struck clean dumb?"

The scornful look had left Joel's face, and the suggestion of a triumphant smile played around the corners of his mouth as he watched the successive stages of his brother's collapse. But malice was not a part of Joel Birdsell's makeup. He answered the deacon's question with a question: "You ain't forgot, William," he asked seriously, "the day you an' me signed the pledge back in Vermont? Well, I've kept my share of it to this day. But I never signed a pledge not to get married."

"But you didn't tell us."

"I didn't have nothin' for sure to tell till last night. You know how courtin' is, William. A man don't like to speak right out—"

Once again the deacon swallowed something that seemed to choke his words. "God bless you both," he said, and his voice trembled as he spoke. Then he added

quickly: "Perhaps you'll forget the hard things I said. You see—"

"It's just the same as if you hadn't ever spoke 'em," Joel interrupted. "An' now perhaps there's time yet to go over to the creamery. Supposin' you tell Martha about it while I'm gone."

The quavering notes of a song awakened the deacon from a deep brown study as he stood alone in the middle of the storeroom floor. Listening, he caught the words until they were lost in the rattle of the wagon wheels:

"Bet my money on the old bay mare,

Somebody bet on the gray."

The deacon did not stir until the sound had died away in the distance. Then he left the barn and slowly walked up the path to the farmhouse. As he reached the porch he hesitated a moment. "Darn my fool picture," he said to himself, "I might have known it! But it's a good joke on mother, anyhow!"

Then he entered the kitchen, closing the door behind him.

LOUIS VINCENT DEFOE.

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THE MORNING SERMON.

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

By Rev. D. J. Stafford, D.D.,

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"Why art thou sad, oh, my soul, and why dost thou trouble me?"—[Psalms, iii. 5.

THE life of man is a perplexity and a riddle. We cannot understand it; we cannot master it. It is high and it is low; it is great and it is small; it is the greatest thing in the world; it is the poorest thing in the world; it is of inestimable value, and it is of no value; it is a bundle of contradictions and a mass of contrarieties. No knowledge can understand it, no science can weigh it, no philosophy explain.

But the general judgment of the race upon this mysterious thing which we call life is that it is sad. And this is not the judgment of man smitten with sudden calamity, or overtaken by sudden misfortune. It is not the judgment of the poor and the ignorant, but of the wise, the rich, the prosperous, the gifted, and above all of the genius. Nay, the higher we mount in the scale of genius, the more pronounced does this sadness become. In the greatest it is greatest, and long since it passed into a proverb, "Non est magnum in genium sine melancholia"—there is no genius without melancholy. Homer felt it as well as Job; and Virgil spoke of it in the same language as Isaiah. Shakespeare immortalized it in words, and Michael Angelo imprisoned it forever in stone. It tinged with its somber hue the canvas of Raphael, and it looked from the blind eyes of Milton. All poetry exhales it; all literature perpetuates it; all history records it; all philosophy reckons with it; all human hearts feel it.

What is this sadness of the soul? Is it the sighing over something we have lost, as Plato thought, or is it the striving after something we have not yet attained? Is it that we have dreamed dreams and seen visions, and that the halcyon days of youth have passed away? Is it that we have not realized our hopes, have forsaken our ambitions, or given up the projects as dear to us as our hearts' blood? "Why art thou sad, oh, my soul, and why dost thou trouble me?"

The real cause of this sadness in man's life is the difference between the ideal and the real. Between them there is a great gulf, and the thing in the ideal world says to the thing in the real world, "Between you and me there is a great abyss, and where I am you cannot come." Nothing can surpass the power of conception of the human mind; nothing can be poorer than the power of realization. The mind roams through all the worlds. We dream the dreams of beauty, nay, we, by the power and scope and grasp of the human mind, transcend the visible immensity of things, and there where the brightness of the light dims the vision of the archangel, we, created little less than God's first-born spirits, look at infinite truth, infinite good and infinite beauty. The vision thrills us, the sight moves us. We resolve to do great things, to live nobly, to act manfully, to die spiritually after having filled the world with the renown of our deeds and blessed it with the benefactions of our virtue.

But, alas! nothing is poorer than our power of realization, and after having dreamed these dreams and seen these visions there comes into the soul the thought that we cannot realize these things here below; and that throws the soul back upon itself with a crushing sense of its own powerlessness. Strive as we may, we never do, never can, attain the ideal, and this fills the soul of man with that sense of sadness.

What is the ideal? It is that beauty which is above the beauty of the artist; that truth which is above the truth of the philosopher; that holiness which is above the sanctity of the saint; that supernal beauty which all artists have seen, but which none has adequately expressed; that divine harmony which all musicians have heard, but none has produced; that perfect truth, glimpses of which have visited the sad souls of philosophers in all ages, but which no philosopher has been able adequately to apprehend, or perfectly to body forth. Hence, again the sadness of the soul.

When Phidias carved the Olympian Jupiter he discarded, as Cicero tells us, all human models, however perfect, and looked to the ideal beauty within; and Raphael, writing to a friend, said: "I find no model of sufficient perfection, and I look to the image of man within my soul." And Michael Angelo, in poetry worthy of Dante, said: "The artist must not stop with creative and phenomenal beauty, which is poor and delusive, but in its sublime flight; the soul must attain to the principle of universal beauty."

Now, strive as he may, the artist can never approach with any satisfactory degree of nearness to the ideal; and the anguish of his spirit results from knowing at once that he can never realize the ideal, yet must be driven on by an imperious necessity to seek it. So his life is passed in an agony of effort, and in the consciousness of failure, however perfect his work may be. There is a beauty in the human heart never expressed, a word in the soul never spoken.

Nevertheless, we must seek the ideal; we cannot shut out the vision. We are drawn by an invisible attraction toward the perfect in every department. We cannot rest satisfied with imperfection. Behind the heaven the God of heaven dwells, and by all the wants and necessities of our nature we crave him and hunger after him.

"Malgre moi l'infine me tourmente." The ideal is the infinite, and the infinite we cannot elude. God everywhere; God in art; God in science; God in philosophy; God in music; God in poetry; God in civilization. The perfect is God, the ideal is God. And God pursues us, Malgre moi l'infine me tourmente. He is the unknowable of Mr. Huxley. He is, as Tyndall says, that transcendental ideal, which is supremely real. He is that absolute, that sustaining might of every creature, whose being, causal energy, omnipotence and eternity Mr. Spencer confesses. He is the Immense whom Mr. Littré reveres upon his awful throne. He is that secret power acknowledged by latter positivists from whom the unthinkable procession of created worlds proceeds. Thus do these prophets of atheism or antitheism, each in his own way, rear his altar to the infinite and eternal God. Thus do they in spite of themselves acknowledge and postulate a reality beyond the world from which the world proceeds. And they do this not only as a necessity and postulate of thought, but as a satisfaction for that heart which has been created for God and can find no peace outside him, evermore crying with the patriarch Job, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even to His seat!" Ever true are the psalmist's words: "Thou hast created us for thyself, O God, and our hearts are not at rest till they rest in thee."

As it is with art and philosophy and the works of man, so it is with our life. Above us, always a vision of our better, our ideal, our perfect self. That perfection which we ought to attain and which we do not attain; that something which we ought to be and are not. Sin, where there ought to be virtue; weakness, where there ought to be strength. And even when we have avoided these and lived the life of virtue, there are always before us heights and degrees which we have not yet attained.

Now, no one can know the perfect and be content with the imperfect, and no one who has known the morality and beauty of the Lord Jesus Christ can live a life of sensual gratification and be happy.

But since the ideal is by its very nature not attainable here below, shall we give it up? Should we desist from chasing this mirage across the desert of life? Would it conduce to our contentment and happiness to be satisfied with the real and the practical in art, in philosophy, in life? No, the loss of the ideal element would be the degeneration of art, mere realism. The mere attempt to portray and picture life as it is would be the death of art. The real must be transformed and illumined by the ideal. That philosophy which does not seek further truth is a system condemned, and that nation, however glorious its past, which does not hope for a greater future, has ceased to advance, and has already begun the movement of retrogression. Give up the ideal? No! The loss of it is death; not to attain it, only temporary defeat, where discouragement would be eternal disaster. And if, as the realist says idealism is only a dream, who would not rather be a dreamer, and dream his dream than a mere utilitarian, living only for sensual gratification? No! every art, every philosophy, every civilization, every nation, every individual, must have ideals. They are the source of life and the condition of progress.

And oh, my readers, whatever of beauty, whatever of good, whatever of truth, whatever of high and noble thoughts, and generous and even impossible ambitions, have come into your lives, cling to them; grapple them to your souls with hooks of steel. These are your real friends; these shed light and radiance on your youth, and when old age comes on, and all else has faded, they are still with you!

But the divorce between the ideal and the real is not an evil; it is a benefit. If man could attain perfection here, if the artist could adequately express beauty, and the philosopher thoroughly comprehend truth—if the work of man could express the whole power and force of man—then, indeed, the world would, in a sense, be a perfect world, but it would be a most miserable one. It is the imperfection of life that constitutes its perfection. If we were created for the finite, we could be satisfied with the finite. But God willed for us another destiny. He willed to lift us higher. This life is imperfect, but it is prophetic. It bears witness to the fact of another and a more perfect.

But shall we ever be what we want to be? Only when we possess God, for the Infinite is the ideal, and only the Infinite will satisfy man. "I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."

WELL-LIGHTED ROOMS.

BEST WAY TO PRODUCE THE MOST ARTISTIC EFFECTS.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

A lighting expert gives some good hints on the lighting treatment of the different rooms of a dwelling house. As vertical lines on the walls give the idea of height, and horizontal lines dwarf a room, so lights placed low as standards or brackets should be preferred in low rooms to pendants or electroliers hung from the ceiling. In the dining-room, the prominent feature is the table, which should be lit either by a shaded counterweight lamp with white inside and some art shade of pink or terra-cotta outside, so that the transmitted light may give a becoming color; or by the adaptation of candle fittings, in which the effect of wax candle light is almost exactly simulated. The rest of the dining-room should be in repose, with shaded lamps to meet practical requirements.

A very pretty effect if used judiciously, is to hide lamps in reflectors at the base of the pictures all around the room. This, besides lighting the pictures, illuminates the ceiling and gives a cheerful effect without the feeling of fatigue and strain which is frequently complained of in electrically-lighted, or over-lighted dining-rooms. The drawing-room should be the most brilliantly lighted apartment in the house. The light should come principally from the walls and from standards, as a top light is unbecoming to ladies, causing dark shadows under the eyes. There should therefore be plenty of wall attachments. If these are objected to on the score that they are unsuitable if the room is used for a dance, side lights can be suspended from the picture rail, current being conveyed to the lamps by a silk cord lying flat against the wall. In the bedroom, two lights should be placed near the dressing table. In lofty rooms, cords pendant from the ceiling are unsightly, although quite in place in low rooms. On each side of the bed should be provided a bed-standard with swiveling shade. The switch for these should be within easy reach. Switches for all lights throughout the house should be so placed as to entail the minimum amount of moving about in the dark.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

FTER considerable and conscientious, but successful effort, the management of the Los Angeles Theater announces the coming of the Ellis Opera Company to this city, for two performances only, Monday and Tuesday evenings, March 27 and 28, certainly a matter of congratulation, since it will bring the greatest organization now traveling, which will surpass anything in the musical or dramatic world Los Angeles has ever witnessed in the way of opera companies. San Francisco has just been enjoying a week of productions by this great organization, and a second week commences tomorrow. All accounts show a most brilliant and gratifying success in that city, both from a financial and artistic standpoint.

Unlike the engagement of the Melba Company last year, productions of grand opera are to be given this season in every sense of the word, including four great *prima donnas*, the peerless Melba, Mlle. Zelie de Lussan, Mme. Johanna Gadski and Mme. Rosalia Chalia, Mmes. Alitzka Van Cauteren, Mattfeld, Messrs. Bonnard, Pandolfini, Ceppi Bensande, Bondouresque, De Vries, Stehman, Van Hoose, Del Sol, Rosa, Viviana Cass—the great New York Symphony Orchestra of fifty musicians, led by Sig. Armando Seppelli, a fine chorus and corps de ballet of sixty people, and beautiful scenery and costumes, under the supervision of William Parry, so many years with Mapleson, Abbey and Gran, and at the Metropolitan Operahouse, New York. In no respect will these representations differ from those now being seen at the Grand Operahouse, San Francisco.

Naturally great interest centers in the selection of the repertoire, and Mr. Ellis has decided to give the operas which this season have met with the greatest degree of approval wherever the company has appeared, and which will give the principals the best individual chances. On Monday evening "Faust" will be presented with Mme. Melba as Marguerite. The wonderful Australian is supreme in this role, and has for years delighted opera-goers on both continents as the unfortunate heroine of Gounod's immortal work.

Tuesday evening will show another phase of operatic work, when Bizet's brilliant and fascinating "Carmen" will be given a superb production. Mlle. Zelie de Lussan, who will be seen as the Gypsy coquette, is a very great exponent of this role, and both this season and last has essayed the part with brilliant success in New York, London and Paris. In San Francisco and Chicago this season she has electrified her auditors, and has completely captivated the critics, who have given her most glowing praise, so that interest in her appearance here will be second only to that of the better-known Melba. One of the other great *prima donnas* of the party, either Mme. Johanna Gadski or Mme. Rosalia Chalia, both of whom received the highest praise from the San Francisco press, will also be seen, as Macaela, and a representation of unequalled brilliancy may be expected.

Notwithstanding the greater expense, and the fact that this is a "grand" opera company this year in every respect, the prices will be less than those of last season. Subscribers and guarantors who have, by their liberality, made possible the coming of this great attraction, will be entitled to first choice, and seats for them, for the two performances will be on sale at the theater box office Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. Those who have not yet subscribed can do so on Monday. Seats for one or two performances will be on sale to the public Wednesday morning, and it is to be hoped, for all reasons, that the citizens of Los Angeles and vicinity will respond in a manner that will convince Mr. Ellis and the management that such an attraction will always be sure of appreciation by the people here.

A precedent of exceptional significance and most commendable excellence was established at the benefit concert for the Orphans' Home last Wednesday night. Each programme bore, in black-faced type, the words "No Encores." The encore disease is one that has grown and spread all over the continent until it has assumed the proportions of an epidemic. It is both infectious and contagious. The bacillus has never been classified, and the antidote or best methods of protection from the plague, to those who are as yet uncorrupted by the malady, have so far never been set forth. Its characteristics have been discussed at length; its baleful results noted and acknowledged; its demoralizing effects deplored by all not infected. The performers in any department of art who have merited the rank and name of artists, and whose strength and good nature have been taxed by thoughtless, greedy victims of the encore habit have rebelled and suffered, but accepted the inevitable for one or more of various reasons. So have the sane few in the audience, simply because they were in the minority. Meanwhile the scourge has thrived, and prospered until no one could foresee the ultimate results. Arguments have fallen flat. The most strenuous efforts toward controlling or even ameliorating the complaint have acknowledged defeat. The solid wall, built by multifarious hands industriously patty-caking at every old concert, seemed well nigh impregnable, and forever reconstructed—when lo! with one blow and two little words, the management of the Orphans' Home concert solved the enigma, stamped out the disease, and literally restored order out of chaos. In the name of all that is merciful, in the name of art, and for the sake of both, let all, who in future order programmes built, insist that those two blessed words be incorporated therein—and then let them be obeyed. If such may only come to pass, the millennium is indeed in sight for the artists, the reasonable ones in the audiences, and last but not least, the downtrodden and lowly-minded critic, than whom no more long-suffering and unprotected biped exists.

Apropos of this very subject, the following, clipped from an exchange, will show that the Thomas Orchestra management has used the same tactics for the trouble in Chicago: An official announcement in the orchestra programme deserves special attention for the reason that it will promote a reform that should have been instituted long ago, not in these concerts alone, but in all musical entertainments. The trustees of the orchestra association have taken up the encore nuisance and handled it without gloves. They announce that the rule now operative permits of one encore only during each concert, and proceed to give certain extremely valid rea-

sons for this decision, reasons which will appeal to all who have on many occasions been annoyed by the clamor of those who seemed to fear that they would not get their money's worth. When a popular soloist appears with the orchestra it frequently happens, after a long and exacting concerto, that the unthinking portion of the audience, will demand two or three solos, thus imposing upon the artist and delaying those who are satisfied with a reasonable amount of high-class music. The trustees explain that these concerts are educational and are not intended to satisfy idle curiosity. The programme is thrown out of balance and loses its dignity when encores are allowed. Another objection is the length of the concert, which the trustees very properly believe should be kept within certain limits. This is all the essence of good, sound sense, and now that the chief musical authority of the city (Theodore Thomas) has spoken out, there may be some hope of a reform all along the line. Classical concerts and recitals are always long enough without introducing any variety hall tactics and forcing the soloists to perform over and over again.

For the third of their series of chamber music evenings, next Friday night at Ebell Hall, Miss Blanche Rogers and the Messrs. Jennison will play two trios, a sonata for piano and violin; and Miss Jennie Winston, soprano, will assist with a group of songs. These concerts are both valuable and interesting in that they present the most choice music in a masterly manner, and that they are always enjoyable with such factors in their make-up, goes without saying. The programme Friday night will be:

Trio, D minor (Reissiger).
Sonata, F major (Beethoven).
Songs, "Butterflies" (A. Goring Thomas); "Come Sweet Morning" (Old French); "Somebody" (Sauvage); "Embarquez vous" (Godard).
Trio (Schubert).

W. F. Skeele will give another of his delightful and always enjoyable organ recitals Tuesday evening, March 21, at the First Congregational Church, corner Sixth and Hill streets. Mr. Skeele will be assisted by L. E. Bassett, reader; and the University of Southern California Glee Club of sixteen voices, under direction of F. A. Bacon. The programme will be:

Organ, "Allegro Appassionato," from fifth organ sonata (Guilmant).
Organ, "The Shepherds in the Field" (Malling).
"Slumber Song" (Grieg).
Reading, "How the Gospel Came to Jim Oaks" (Anon).
Mr. Bassett.
Organ, grand fantasia in E minor, "The Storm" (Lemmens).
Waltz song, "Come, Let's Dance and Sing" (Wentworth)—Glee Club.

(a) "Romance Sans Paroles et Rondo Elegant" (Wieniawski); (b) mazurka, Op. 12, No. 2 (Wieniawski).
(a) "Ah! 'Tis a Dream" (Hawley); (b) "Cradle Song" (Shackley)—Miss Watkins.
"Caprice de Concert" (Musin).

MUSICAL MELANGE.

On the eve of the production of Siegfried Wagner's "Barenhauer," the young composer was interviewed in Vienna. He said that the suggestion for the use of the fairy tale as an opera subject came from his father, who had declared it adapted for operatic treatment. He added that he believed that if his father had lived longer, he would have composed a fairy opera, and that the ideal subject in his mind was "The Sleeping Beauty." Apropos, the New York *Staats Zeitung* stated last week that the performances of "Der Barenhauer" in Munich had come to an abrupt end because of disagreements between the composer and his singers.

Edward A. MacDowell's suite in A minor is a most fascinating work, rich in color, easily comprehensible in melodic content, and of superb workmanship. It seems to have been inspired by Raff's "Im Walde," but the American composer has borrowed neither method nor ideas from the versatile German symphonist. The second and fourth movements of the suite seemed to find particular favor with the audience, though all were applauded and made a palpable impression. It is a great pity that MacDowell's works do not form a permanent part of the repertoires of our great orchestras. If they could be heard more often, American audiences would very soon realize what they have been missing all this time, says *Musical America*.

[*Musical America*:] Clifford Hallé, son of the late



ZELIE DE LUSSAN.

famous pianist, Sir Charles Hallé, tells this amusing story about himself:

"I recollect a funny thing that occurred in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, when I was traveling through that country as a baritone singer. The night was warm, and the main entrance to the hall was left open for the passage of fresh air. I had already sung a few numbers, and was doing a ballad well known in that part of the world, entitled, 'Thou Art Passing Hence, My Brother.' As I reached the concluding words, 'brother, brother,' my voice died away appropriately, and everybody seemed spellbound, when a full-grown donkey stuck his head in at the door and brayed, 'Ye-haw—w-w! ye-haw—w-w!' seemingly in answer to my words. The orchestra went to pieces, the audience howled with mirth, and the effect of my touching song was spoiled entirely. The violinist came up to me later, and said: 'Hallé, I say, if you expect to make a success of this South African tour, you must keep your relatives away from the front door.'

A good story is being told, says *Tid-Bits*, about a popular operatic tenor, who was "approached" by certain gentlemen relative to a tour in Australia. The Colonials thought a bargain could better be struck at a time when the soul of the artist was joyful, and consequently a little dinner was arranged. It passed off in the pleasantest possible fashion, and after another bottle of Clos de Vougeot and a good cigar, business was resumed.

The artist suggested £100 a week for four representations weekly. The management, however, imagined they might do something better with another bottle, and Romanée Conti of 1870 was uncorked. This, however, served to widen the views of the tenor, who thought £200 and three appearances a week about the mark. Another bottle brought the figure up to £300 and two representations a week, until at last, as it is wickedly reported, the meeting broke up at 1 o'clock in the morning upon the proposition by the vocalist that he should receive £500 a week and not sing at all.

The Concorde Concert Control, No. 186 Wardour street, London, says the *Musical Age*, has issued a circular announcing that opera as it has been given in England within recent years has not been an artistic success, have decided to found a permanent opera in London upon the only system calculated to improve the condition of this art. The intention of the company is to give not only the fine existing operas, but to introduce to the public unknown works of originality and genuine merit, altogether independent of the nationality of the composer. While excluding entirely the present "star" system, their chief endeavor will be to establish the highest level of artistic expression.

The operas will be produced in English, and English

MME. GADSKI.

Organ, "Andante Cantabile," from string quartette (Tschaikowski).
"Scherzo" Canon (Jadassohn).
Reading, "The Old Band" (Riley)—Mr. Bassett.
Organ, introduction to third act, and "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" (Wagner).

The next symphony orchestra concert, the eighth of the series, will be given Tuesday, April 4, at the Los Angeles Theater. The symphony will be Beethoven's fifth, of which more will be said next week. Mrs. Elizabeth Kimball Wuerker will be the soloist, and the full programme will be:

Overture, "Don Juan" (Mozart).
Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2 (Liszt).
"Indian Bell Song," Lakme (Delibes).
Fifth symphony, op. 67 (Beethoven); allegro con brio in C minor; andante con moto in A flat; allegro in C minor; allegro in C major; presto finale.
Overture, "Anacreon" (Cherubini).

Herr Oscar Werner, the talented young violinist, will give a recital at Fitzgerald Music Hall Friday evening of this coming week, assisted by Miss Hope Watkins, contralto. Miss A. J. Eachus will accompany both violin and voice. This will be Herr Werner's first appearance here in public, and as he is a Los Angeles man, he has a large number of friends, who will doubtless take advantage of this opportunity to show their appreciation of and belief in his present accomplishment and future development. The very attractive programme is:

(a) "Adoration" (Felix Borowski); (b) "Larghetto" (Jeno Hubay).
"Souvenir de Haydn" (Leonard).
"Le Parlate d'Amor," "Faust" (Gounod)—Miss Hope Watkins.
"Legende" (Wieniawski).

artists, both vocal and instrumental, will receive every encouragement. The organization repudiates all idea of a mission. Its single object is to give pleasure to that section of the public which cares for what is refined, original and beautiful in art.

[Musical Courier:] A movement has been on foot in this country for some time, conducted obscurely and with great caution, to bring Hans Richter, the conductor, to America. It has now reached such a status as to influence seriously Richter's engagements at home, and he has positively refused to continue any orchestral work in Vienna, nor will he sign for a definite period for London or Manchester, in which latter city strenuous efforts have been made to retain him for the orchestral series. The Philadelphia orchestral project and the incipient New York Permanent Orchestra scheme have only an indirect bearing upon the Richter movement.

Mr. Gericke's contract with the Boston Symphony Orchestra covers next season. Mr. Paur will continue in this city, as there is great enthusiasm for him among the members of the Philharmonic Society, and if the temporary difference on the money question existing between Grau and Schalk cannot be bridged over, Mr. Paur may be an operatic conductor next season. Bimboni, who is now in Italy, is also looked upon by Grau as a possibility for Italian opera next season at the Metropolitan. But the Richter engagement is near a solution, provided a certain financial co-operation here can be reached between parties interested in orchestral affairs.

James G. Huneker says, in the Musical Courier, that E. G. Lind's brochure on "The Music of Color," is interesting, not only because it sums up what has been done by such investigators as Jameson, "Color Music;" Lady Campbell, "Rainbow Music," and the color organ which created so much discussion a few years ago, but also because of the beautifully and ingeniously hand-painted charts that accompany it, showing the correlation of the solar spectrum and the diatonic scale. Mr. Lind has compiled a table showing the difference in vibrations of sound and color. His tables contain examples of popular and national melodies in color. Oddly enough, as the writer points out, "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie" look as American as they sound. "God Save the Queen" throws off English colors; "Auld Lang Syne" is Scotch in its hues, while "St. Patrick's Day" and "The Wearing of the Green" are orange enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic celebrant of July 12. Nature has played a mean trick in this case. The Welsh airs are Welsh in tint, and the other illustrations are apt enough. It is all very curious. Mr. Lind believes in the close relation of the arts in their common subject matter, quoting Stendhal's "frozen music" as another and happier title for architecture. He believes some good may be evolved from researches into the relationship of the arts, and he must be, I suppose, an ardent Wagnerite, for Wagner attempted nothing else but a synthesis of the arts.

NOTES.

The fund for the Berlin Wagner monument has reached the sum of 100,000 marks, and hence a prize competition for the same is soon to be issued.

Sousa's annual income is estimated to be \$75,000. In Berlin, not long ago, a collection had to be taken up in order to keep Max Bruch and his family from starving. Such is life.

Teaching music by mail is one of the most recent novelties. A company, capitalized at \$60,000, has been started in Chicago to push the scheme.

Johann Strauss is to compose a ballet, and a prize was offered for the best book. The result was overwhelming, no less than 718 books entering for competition. Six came from America.

"Tristan and Isolde" in English has been added to the repertory of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. It was performed for the first time in London at the Lyceum Theater on February 3.

Miss Clara Clemens, the daughter of our humorist, Mark Twain, is devoting herself zealously to the study of singing. She possesses a beautiful and powerful voice, which she is training for the concert stage.

"The Boy Pianist," Josef Hofmann, celebrated his twenty-second birthday on January 20. He has recently written a concerto for piano and orchestra, which has aroused much interest in Berlin.

Leonora Jackson is the first American violinist to play at the famous Gewandhaus concerts at Leipzig, where she appeared on the 22d and 23d of February. Before then she played with the Bremen Philharmonic Society. On each occasion she performed the Brahms concerto, a composition in which she had already attained great success at Aix-la-Chapelle and Dusseldorf.

Halévy, whose opera, "La Juive," will soon be sung at the Metropolitan Operahouse, New York, was never fully appreciated in his native France. His operas, which number twenty-eight, are now hardly ever sung in Paris, says Musical America. In Germany, "La Juive" is often performed. Halévy's centenary occurs next May, and this opera is to be revived in celebration of the event.

"We have two sopranos," he moaned, "and but one principal role!" says the Boston Journal. "Listen!" cried the manager of the opera; "it is not for nothing that I am in the facial soap business on the side! Cast one of your sopranos for the leading role! The other may write me a testimonial! Thus both will gain equal notoriety!" In that moment, the musical director almost doubted if hair, after all, were the most precious gift of the gods; anyway, tact ran it a close second.

At the second concert of the Orpheus Club, Springfield, Mass., special interest centered in the new choral work by Edmund Severn, of New York. It is called "Bold Robin Hood," and is set to some verses from Thomas Love Peacock's "Maid Marian." The Springfield Republican says of Mr. Severn's latest effort: "The composer has written a lively and dashing chorus. An original effect is produced by the snuffing semi-chorus of gray friars, which recalls the wall of the Hebrews in Saint-Saëns' 'Samson and Dalila.' The chorus is quite difficult to sing. The accompaniment is arranged for piano, with a cornet obligato."

The "Walkure" was given for the first time in Madrid, January 18, says Musical America. It was coldly received, the only interest being awakened by the "Walkurenritt." The critics stated that the piece chosen was too profound for the Spanish public, and that the success would have been greater had "Lohengrin" or "The Dutchman" been given. The text had been well translated, and the singers were excellent. A lady in the audience, in explaining the plot, said: "Brunnhilde is condemned to sleep on a rock till a hero awakes her. Spain is Brunnhilde, which is still waiting for a hero to awake her from her slumber."

GLORIES OF GRAND OPERA.

ELLIS COMPANY'S BRILLIANT SEASON IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Richard Wagner held that the art of arts is opera. There the divine sisters, poetry and music, ply their skill together; for does not poetry furnish plot, situation and character, the essentials of tragedy, clothing its materials in beautiful words; and does not music interpret their significance in its universal language, no less capable of running the gamut of the human emotions than the arbitrary symbols of common speech? Does not painting supply the scenery, harmonize the colors and character of the costumes, and direct the composition of the stage pictures? Does not dancing teach gesture and movement to the actor, and in the ballet lend its peculiar charm? Does not architecture strive its utmost to rear a fitting temple for the lyric drama? So all the arts unite in opera to achieve the sole end of art, whose unique endeavor is to satisfy the sense of the beautiful and to appeal to the disinterested emotions.

Today San Francisco agrees with Wagner. Melba, the silver-throated, is singing for the city's delight the masterpieces of French and Italian opera. Never before has opera been produced in such fashion in San Francisco. When Patti was here a decade ago she carried everything on her own shoulders, for her support was wholly inadequate. But Melba is surrounded by a throng of artists, the background is supplied by a wonderful orchestra and fine chorus, the scenery is good, the costumes beautiful, and for the first time California has seen an adequate production of grand opera. Under the magic of Melba's voice, San Francisco is convinced that opera is in truth the art of arts.

The coming of the Ellis Grand Opera Company is an event to be marked with red letters in San Francisco's dramatic history. It was heralded with the as welcome news that the Grand Operahouse was to be resurrected. Built originally in the expectation that it would be the theater par excellence of San Francisco, the playhouse has fallen upon evil days. When it was new and prosperous, Patti sang there, and Bernhardt, Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, acted upon its mammoth stage, the largest in the United States. The theater's prosperity waned. Moroso took hold of it and transformed the Grand Operahouse into the lair of the sensational melodrama. When melodrama ceased to be profitable, Moroso determined to rededicate his playhouse to its original purposes. Arrangements were made for twelve performances by the Ellis Grand Opera Company, with Melba as prima donna. A small army was put to work, and the old theater furnished from top to bottom. New seats were put in, the walls, corridors, foyers, and proscenium arch redecorated, palco boxes built along the front of the first gallery, and all made ready for the invasion of south of Market by Nob Hill.

Before the sale of seats began—prices ranged from \$5 to \$2—the boxes had all been engaged for the season at prices ranging from \$250 to \$300. Two days before the opening night the sale of season tickets alone amounted to \$30,000. The Ellis Company will carry away from San Francisco not less than \$150,000. The enthusiasm with which San Francisco poured out its gold before the singers has already borne fruit. Ellis has promised that hereafter the visits of his company to California will be annual, and the Metropolitan Opera Company, attracted by the glitter of western money, is arranging for a season in San Francisco. The proof that Californians will patronize the best has been so convincing, thus early in the Melba season, that other eastern managers will undoubtedly be encouraged to send their best across the continent, instead of offering only second-rate farces and vaudeville concoctions, played by road companies with all the stars left out.

For weeks before the opening of the season, opera was in the air. Everyone was talking of Melba, everyone was planning gorgeous costumes or practicing small economies to make a visit to the opera possible, and the scene on Monday night, when Melba opened the season in "Faust," was one long to be remembered. Early in the afternoon impudent music-lovers began to form in line on the gallery stairs and as the hours went by the file stretched out longer and longer, until there were hundreds more in line than could by any chance gain entrance to the theater. As the first opera-goers began to pass into the great lobby, the crowds of sight-seers commenced to gather until Mission street for half a block on either side of the entrance was blocked with people and passersby had to take to the pavement. A force of policemen labored untiringly and desperately to keep the sidewalk directly in front of the theater clear.

Then began the rumble of carriage wheels over the asphalt. Carriage after carriage drove up, discharged its load of men in dress suits and women in marvelous opera cloaks, and hurried off to make room for another. Every particularly gorgeous vision of feminine frills and laces was received with a shout from the crowd, which commented audibly on the personal charms of the fair opera-goers and discussed the men's attire with charming frankness. Within the theater, the audience was a spectacle almost as interesting as anything on the stage. From orchestra rail to the back row of the third gallery, every seat was filled. In the boxes, the orchestra floor and the first gallery, evening dress was universal, and even in the second and third galleries shone dress shirts and bare shoulders. Inspection of the crowd was a liberal education in the dress-creator's art. Silks, satins, brocades, furs, plumage, and gems, serving to enhance natural charms, made the theater radiant. "Glistening gowns," bedecked with spangles, heightened the brilliancy of the spectacle. The display of diamond necklaces, aigrettes of brilliants, ropes of pearls and costly rings was superb.

The opera was Gounod's "Faust," with Melba as Marguerite. From the moment the orchestra sounded the first slow chords until the dying Marguerite sank on her pallet of straw, while the angel chorus sang the redemption song, the opera was wholly satisfying. In the Kermesse scene, Melba received her welcome from San Francisco. In peasant garb, simple and sweet and exquisitely graceful, she came slowly forth upon the stage and stood silent and unconscious while the house shook with applause. Faust addressed the girl, the orchestra played a few melodious bars, and then the wonder of Melba's voice enraptured the listeners.

"Pe suis ni demoiselle ni belle," she sang, and every syllable fell from her lips clear and sweet beyond compare, liquid and full as a bird's notes, and with a haunting charm impossible to forget. Only a few bars, and then Melba passed slowly from the stage, but already the house was at her feet and eternally grateful for a pleasure such as only music like hers can give. The idyllic charm of the ballad of the "King of Thule," the ecstatic gayety of the "Jewel Song," the ineffable poetry of the love scene with Faust, the remorseful hor-

ror of Marguerite's prayers in the cathedral, the pity and the terror of Marguerite's madness and love and death in the prison, all were interpreted with consummate insight and power. Melba's dramatic force and grace were a revelation to those who had heard accusations that she was lacking in this side of her art.

Pandolfini replaced Bonnard at two hour's notice as Faust, but nevertheless gave a fairly satisfactory rendition of the part. His tenor was rather light for the music given him to sing, but his love scenes with Marguerite were satisfying. Boudouresque reveled in the wickedness of Mephistopheles, and his rich bass voice and his dramatic ability made the part a delight. Oltizka, a good contralto, sang the part of Siebel; Ben-saude's fine baritone voice did the very most with the part of Valentine, and Van Cauteren and Viviani sang the parts of Martha and Wagner, respectively, each well. The chorus did most effective work, and the stage management showed Parry's artistic eye and trained skill. The orchestra, under Seppilli, was a delight long to be remembered.

Tuesday night saw Gadski's débüt as Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana," and Chalia's débüt as Nedda in "I Pagliacci." Wednesday, although the rain poured hard the glories of the first night were repeated, for the opera was Puccini's "La Bohème," with Melba as Mimi and De Lussan as Musette. Melba was the incarnation of the melancholy and tender love of Mimi, and the death scene in the study, when Mimi's swan song breathed forth its ethereal sweetness, will be remembered as one of her greatest triumphs. The wonderful orchestration of the opera afforded a great opportunity to Seppilli, the conductor, an opportunity of which he fully rose. There were eleven curtain calls after the great quartette at the end of the third act, and Seppilli's appearance with the singers, the eighth time the curtain rose, roused new applause which showed how greatly his readings had been appreciated. Thursday night's opera was Verdi's "Aida," with Gadski as Aida, and Ceppi as Radames. Friday's opera was Bizet's "Carmen," with Zelle de Lussan in the center of the stage, and Saturday afternoon ended the week's performances with Rossini's "Barbiere di Seville," in which Melba sang Rosina.

Next week will be no less brilliant than the opening one. Monday night, Melba, Gadski and De Lussan will all sing in "Les Huguenots;" Tuesday, Melba and De Lussan will give "La Bohème" again; Wednesday's opera is still to be selected; Thursday, Melba will sing "Romeo and Juliette;" Friday, De Lussan and Gadski will give the final performance of "Carmen," and Saturday afternoon there will be a great double bill: Melba in "Lucia," and Chalia in "I Pagliacci." And so the Melba season will pass into history.

VICTOR HENDERSON.

CHAT WITH MELBA.

Percy Cross Standing contributes to a recent magazine a most interesting article on Mme. Melba. Mr. Standing says: "As I chat with this queenly woman, whose greatest charm assuredly lies in her consideration for others, I wonder whether she ever recalls that little white-robed girl (herself) who, in far-off Melbourne, in the dead of night, startled her parents and brought them downstairs by her playing of Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata.' It is a pretty story, with a prettier sequel; for the parents of that little girl had not the heart to chide their offspring for her 'precocity' (that unmeaning word in which the beginnings of genius are so often concealed,) but rather did they coax her back to bed as they marveled over what they had heard. Surely, they must, even at that early day, have had some faint glimmering of the future in store for the coming prima donna. 'Perhaps they did—I do not know,' says Mme. Melba, dreamily; 'but one thing I know for certain—that their daughter did not cherish any such aspirations for a long time to come. I went quiet on with my education—no, not my musical education; that came later—until my marriage, which took place at the early age of 17. Stop, though. I was entirely forgetting to tell you the story of what I call "my first appearance on any stage." It took place at the town hall, Richmond, which is a suburb of Melbourne, and I was aged 6 at the time. What did I sing? Let me see, now; yes, I sang "Shells of the Ocean" first, followed by 'Comin' Thro' the Rye.' It was a great occasion, as you may imagine, and I am by no means certain that I am not prouder of it than of anything I have done since."

A UNIQUE BOOK.

Marcella Sembrich has a book in which every performance she ever sung is recorded, says the Musical Age. From her débüt at Athens down to her last appearance at the Metropolitan, not a day has been missed. Usually the name of the character she sang, the place and the date are all that is entered. But in one instance there is an emphatic and striking comment—the only one in the entire book. "It is the baleful, cosmopolitan fiasco," is printed in letters an inch long across the page. There is no mention of her triumphs in many cities—only the single comment that this word implies. The scene of this disaster was Barcelona, a town dreaded by most singers. There Mme. Sembrich sang at the beginning of her career in "Lucia." She had just met with triumphant success in Madrid, and naturally expected to meet with the same experience in Barcelona. Singing with her at that time was Sig. Pandolfini, who had previously been a popular singer in Spain and Italy. He was singing "Ashton." Mme. Sembrich made her customary success with her first aria. Then came the duet with Sig. Pandolfini. He was in bad voice, and sang off the key in a way that even greater patience than Barcelona's would never have tolerated. The hissing and catcalls were so strong that nothing could be heard but the uproar. The mad scene was again a triumph for Mme. Sembrich, but it was too late then. Any public which had behaved itself as that of Barcelona was not to be tolerated. So Mme. Sembrich broke her contract, left Barcelona the next morning, and then wrote the word "fiasco" in large letters in her little book.

Hugo Heinz, who has been winning so many successes in London and Germany of late years, has come for a brief visit to America, says the Musical Courier. For the past six years he has made London his home, where he has gained an enviable reputation as an interpreter of German Lieder and French songs, as well as of classical music generally. Mr. Heinz's voice is a pure baritone, with no bass or tenor qualities; it is gently used and the tone is never forced, while special attention is given to the poetry of the song. The first recital will take place at Mendelssohn Hall, New York, on the afternoon of March 1, and a treat is promised to all those who are interested in sympathetic, musical interpretations of the best music.



MANAGER SHAW'S new venture in establishing a thoroughly competent company at the Burbank for the production of standard lyric and comic operas is avowedly founded upon the successful and useful career of the Tivoli in San Francisco, and, given the requisite support from the public, it should prove as great and lasting a success.

That the Tivoli has accomplished an important mission among the people of San Francisco has long been a well-established belief in that city and elsewhere. By unflagging enterprise and judicious management it has not only been made a place of amusement unfailing in its popularity, but it has also been a large factor in the education of public taste. Well-staged productions of standard operas, new and old, sung by competent people, have been brought within reach of the many who are obliged to count their dollars so carefully that expensive amusements rank among the unattainable luxuries of life.

The clientele of the Burbank is formed largely of this great middle class of wage-earners and people of moderate means. Of late, the general standard of the attractions presented there has been such that people who find no necessity for economy in the matter of amusements or anything else have dropped into the habit of going to the Burbank, not because of the scale of prices, but because a "good show" was to be seen. With traveling companies, however, the quality of an attraction and its probable drawing powers are problems that usually keep local managers guessing. A piece that draws crowded houses from the south of Market population in San Francisco, and wins favorable press notices on the strength of this popularity, will, more often than not, play to empty benches and receive liberal "roasts" in Los Angeles on account of the widely different conditions that prevail here.

A good stock company for the production of either plays or operas of a quality that wins public confidence for a theater, has long been a crying need in Los Angeles, and Mr. Shaw has taken a long stride in the right direction. The company he has put into his theater is not great, nor is any such claim made for it, but it is an experienced and well-trained band of good singers, who can act as well, with sufficient versatility to render them adequate to meet all demands made upon them. It is no "scratch company" of novices or broken-down hacks, but an organization composed of people with good records behind them, who are well up in all the popular operas. If the present programme is carried out, the same judgment and discrimination will be used in presenting the standard and new operas that



A. RANDOLPH SEATON,
Baritone of Wakefield-Andrews Opera Company,
Burbank.

prevail in the management of a first-class stock company in a theater which aims to present high-class comedy, romantic drama, tragedy, farce comedy, or good melodrama in such well-adjusted variety that no one class of plays is kept on long enough to pall upon the popular taste. Each class of plays has its corresponding class of operas, and to the latter is given the additional charm of good music.

In Europe, the success of such popular-priced productions has been proven in the best and most lasting manner by the raising of the standard of public taste, especially in music. The capacity to enjoy and appreciate good music is developed in every intelligent mind by the frequent hearing of the best of any kind. It is simply a matter of cultivation. The operas of Balfe, Donizetti, Flotow, Bellini, Rossini, Auber and others of the Italian and French schools have endured for years and still have a firm hold upon popular favor because of the lyric quality which appeals to those who neither care for nor understand strictly classical music, and the love of the pure melody that is found in

them, is an excellent stepping-stone to the appreciation of the best in music.

Blanche Walsh, who has made such a marked success of Fanny Davenport's roles in the Sardou plays, made her debut on the professional stage at the age of 16, with Marie Wainwright, as Olivia, in "Twelfth Night." She was with Miss Wainwright three seasons, playing Zamora in "The Honeymoon," Florence Marygold in "My Uncle's Will," Madeline in "Frederic Lemaire," Grace Harkaway in "London Assurance," and Queen Elizabeth in "Amy Robsart." She then signed with Charles Frohman, and originated the part of Diana Stockton in Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy," produced in September, 1892. She played in this two seasons, and then appeared as Kate Kennion in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and on January 1, 1895, joined Nat. C. Goodwin, playing heroines in "A Gilded Fool," "In Mizoura," "David Garrick," "The Nominee," "The Gold Mine" and "Lend Me Five Shillings." After this came a season of summer stock in Washington, during which she had the leading parts in "Pink Dominoes," "My Awful Dad," "American Assurance," "My Wife's Mother," and Romeo in E. A. Lancaster's one-act piece, "Romeo's First Love." She was next heard of as the adventuress, Mrs. Bulford, in "The Great Diamond Robbery," produced in New York City in 1895. In November, she assumed the part of Trilby at the Garden Theater, New York City, and played it for the remainder of the season. She then rejoined Nat. Goodwin, and sailed with him for Australia, playing all the parts she had previously had with him in America, and also as Lydia Languish in "The Rivals," and Louise in "Gringoire." Returning to America in October, she originated the part of Margaret Neville in "Heartsease," with Palmer's stock company. In January, Miss Walsh played in "Straight from the Heart," in New York, appearing in the dual role of brother and sister, Harold and Clara Nugent. On her return to America, she played for two weeks in "Secret Service" at the Empire Theater, New York City; then with Sol Smith Russell in "Bachelor's Romance," at the Garden Theater, New York City. In January, 1898, she returned to the Empire Theater playing Jeanne Marie in "The Conquerors." On May 20, she joined the Herald Square stock company, her last engagement being at Denver, with the Manhattan Beach stock company.

The Orpheum is paying the penalty of giving the public almost too much for its money. The splendid bills of a month or two ago, when the house was packed nightly, have been followed by the most mediocre programmes offered since the theater's opening. The inevitable result of this "feast and then famine" policy has been to decrease materially the attendance at the Orpheum. For the first time since Manager Myers assumed charge have the bills fallen below par, and the discerning public, determined to have the best only at the lowest figures, has responded to the deterioration in the quality of vaudeville offered by carefully staying away. Smallpox is an indeterminable factor in the case.

A comparison of the current Orpheum bills with those at an average vaudeville theater in the eastern cities, however, discloses little to the discredit of the local house. Fully as good a series of "turns" are put on at the Orpheum as patrons of vaudeville in New York pay liberally to see. The trouble apparently arises from the superabundance of good things hitherto given by the Orpheum at "never changing prices," which spoiled the palates of Los Angeles epicures in things dramatic for aught inferior.

One factor responsible for this condition of things, is the constantly growing popularity of the vaudeville form of entertainment east of the Rockies, and the consequent tightening of the market where the novelties are obtained. Where one traveling vaudeville company existed a year ago, there are now a dozen, each taking from the "circuits" from eight to ten star acts, thus limiting seriously the field in which such circuits as the Orpheum may forage for acts. That this craze for vaudeville will eventually die out is probable, or at least a variation of its forms may be anticipated, such as has affected, in turn, similar yearnings of the public for melodrama, farce comedy, romantic, problem and other sorts of productions. Meanwhile the Orpheum is forced to hustle and bid high for material to maintain its reputation.

Lillian Burkhart, a keen observer of conditions in her world, which is for the present that of vaudeville, was recently interviewed in Omaha, and in response to a question as to vaudeville's future, expressed the opinion that it might not last longer than three or four years more, and gave as a reason for the belief, the difficulty experienced in booking star acts. The demand being greater than the supply, is what may prove to be the disintegrating factor in the business, making necessary some shift in methods and style of entertainment now in vogue.

Gilbert and Sullivan's popular comic opera, "Pinafore," which is to be revived at the Burbank Theater tonight, bears the unique distinction of having a foundation in fact, and is not, as perhaps supposed by the countless thousands who have seen it, simply a product of the fertile Gilbertian brain. As the story runs, Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., who according to his own story in the famous song, "Polished up the handle so carefully that now I'm the ruler of the Queen's navy," had an original, who, from the lowly position of a scrivener's clerk, rose to the exalted rank of admiral, even though the blue blood of the nobility did not course through his veins. The opera, which combines the delicate and diverting satire of the witty Gilbert with the melodious solos and ensemble numbers of the gifted composer, Sir Arthur Sullivan, created a sensation in England and also became the rage in this country. It was first produced in the United States at the Boston Museum in 1878.

Vaudeville's insatiable maw is responsible for many strange twists in the doings of theatrical folk. It took Felix Morris and Edwin Milton Royle with other notable "legitimate" players from their accustomed field and set them doing "turns" in the variety. It has absorbed the best of the circus acts that of old were seen only under canvas, and the quantity of operatic, lyric, ballad and other brands of musical people it has taken in, can hardly be estimated. The latest acquisition is that of Mme. Clara Lardinois, a French opera star, whom it snatched from the ranks of Maurice Grau's great Metropolitan Opera Company.

Mme. Lardinois arrived in this city last Thursday, after a trip across the continent, made in the interests of the Orpheum circuit. She begins an engagement at the local Orpheum tomorrow evening. She found her way into vaudeville after this fashion:

Two weeks after her arrival in New York, and in the course of a rehearsal of an opera in the Metropolitan, a series of irritating occurrences roused her wrath, and dissension followed between the management

and herself. A resignation was next in order, and inside of twenty hours Mme. Lardinois, too expensive an attraction for any of the minor opera companies to engage, accepted a liberal offer made by the Orpheum circuit, and Koster and Bial, began a month's engagement at the hall of the latter company, and, that concluded, hurried across the continent to sing in the Los Angeles and San Francisco houses. She is as yet undecided whether to appear in any of the "straight" operatic roles with which she is thoroughly familiar, and for the presentation of which she has proper costumes, or to sing the music hall ditties, with the Parisian flavor, that were satisfactory to the patrons of Koster and Bial's.

Referring to the liberal scoring given Blanche Walsh two years ago by some of the San Francisco papers, Ashton Stevens makes the amende honorable in the Call, in this wise:

"Revenge is sweet. I can see Blanche Walsh reading the newspapers this morning and enjoying a well-earned gloat at our expense. Once upon a time this same young woman appeared here without signal suc-



MME. CLARA LARDINOIS, AT THE ORPHEUM.

cess, and—well, you remember the sort of town she called us. But now, at last, she is come into her own and the laugh is on the other side.

"In 'La Tosca,' at the Columbia Theater last night, she had a part to play, and she played it as no other woman has played it in English, and her triumph in the presence of an audience that was at first none too hopeful and sympathetic was overwhelmingly complete. After the premature disclosure of Janet Waldorf and the unskilled genius of Nance O'Neil, Miss Walsh's strenuous acting and disciplined temperament are doubly welcome. She is not a question of the morrow, but a good, glad fact of today. She is an actress to be reckoned with seriously. To say she has fallen into the mantle of the late Fanny Davenport would be cheap praise. She acted Tosca last night as Fanny Davenport never dared to act it. She is indebted to Miss Davenport for the play, the 'production,' Melbourne MacDowell, and the opportunity—that is all.

"The most notable quality in Miss Walsh's impersonation was in its ingenuousness. Throughout the various scenes of love, jealousy, terror, revulsion and despair, this ingenuousness was never wholly absent. Floria was always a girl whose heart was love and whose head was heart; she was unaffected, unheroic—even in the big moment when she stabbed Scarpia the keynote was simplicity, and I am glad to mention that she did not end this scene with the usual theatrical device of placing candles at the dead man's head.

"It must not be inferred that Miss Walsh's impersonation was in any sense anaemic or over-repressed. It was full of flesh and blood and gave practically unlimited vent to vocal and facial expression, but it was played from the inside, so to say, without apparent theatricalism and with the unerring spell of sincerity. Miss Walsh has not only the talent, the mimetic gift, the human voice and the magnetic personality, but she has the technique. She is an artist. Blanche Walsh has vindicated herself and the equine is happily on us.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] Tilly Slowboy is dead! Not the Tilly which Charles Dickens gave us, but another one, who will live in the same affectionate remembrance. The Tilly who is dead was well known to us in Joseph Jefferson's production of "The Cricket on the Hearth." For years she played the part, and so well that a more satisfactory portrayal could scarce be asked. She seemed the living embodiment of the quaint figure of whom Dickens wrote: "She was of a spare and straight shape, insomuch that her garments appeared to be in constant danger of sliding off her shoulders."

The stage Tilly Slowboy was the sister of Mr. Jefferson, known generally as Mrs. Cornelia, or "Connie" Jackson. In her younger days she was better known among stage folks. She was a beautiful and graceful girl, and old theater-goers still remember her appearance as Titania in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In middle life her handsome face was somewhat disfigured by a severe illness, and her appearances on the stage were rare after that. Between Mr. Jefferson and his sister, there existed the greatest affection, and she often accompanied him upon his excursions abroad.

William Winter contributes this splendid tribute to her memory in the New York Tribune: "Cornelia Jefferson was not at any time highly distinguished in the theater, but she was competent and faithful; she diffused a refining and cheering influence of humanity and of humor; she was always an ornament to the stage, and, as she lived with honor and with love, she will be remembered with kindness and deplored with sorrow."

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] Mrs. Sara Stevens, who appears as the motherly Mrs. Bartlett, in "Way Down East," was in the original cast that presented "Our

"American Cousin" along with the elder Sothern and Laura Keene, who was the first actress to play Florence Trenchard. Aneent Miss Keene and Sothern, Mrs. Stevens recalls the following story:

"While in New York and before she had made any hit, Sothern had a dispute with the rather wearing Laura concerning some trivial affair at a rehearsal, and Miss Keene went into one of her well-remembered tantrums. After the quarrel on the stage she retired to her dressing-room, and, still angry, sent for Sothern and began to rate him fiercely. The comedian said to her:

"Stop, Laura—stop just a minute!" And advancing to the light, deliberately turned it down.

"What do you mean by that, sir?" she demanded, in a rage.

"Oh, nothing," replied Sothern; "but you have always been so lovely to me that I can't bear to look upon your beautiful face when you are in a passion. Now, go on."

"During the remainder of her life Laura Keene never spoke unkindly to her clever and diplomatic friend, Sothern."

THE WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS.

Blanche Walsh and Melbourne MacDowell, in Fanny Davenport's production of Sardou's "La Tosca" and "Fedora" will be the attraction at the Los Angeles Theater for three nights and Saturday matinée, beginning next Thursday evening. Miss Walsh is well known on the American stage. She has successfully appeared in many pieces and has played a wide diversity of characters, but up to the present time has never occupied a high stellar position. But the very training and experience which she has been through have fitted her for the work she is now so ably performing. When it was decided that through ill health Miss Fanny Davenport would be unable to carry out the season, of all the leading women on the American stage, Miss Walsh was selected. It was no easy task to follow in the footsteps of so popular and distinguished an actress as the late Miss Davenport. For years she had been regarded as the leading actress in America and her productions stood far beyond those of any other manager in this country. But Miss Walsh has proved herself to be a worthy successor. She has given evidences of dramatic talent beyond the most optimistic hopes of her friends. In such characters as "Fedora," "La Tosca" and Cleopatra, she has, according to all reports, shown an artistic conception that is truly remarkable, and what is more singular still, it is in a line of work which she has never before attempted. On Thursday and Saturday nights and Saturday matinée, "La Tosca" will be presented. "Fedora" will receive a single performance on Friday night.

* * *

"Pinafore," Gilbert and Sullivan's immortal comic opera, is booked for an elaborate revival by the Wakefield-Andrews Opera Company at the Burbank Theater this evening. The world went mad over "Pinafore" when it was first produced. No comic opera, before or since, enjoyed such a vogue. Its clever satire on the Queen's navy, its charming melodies, and the pretty love story which forms its theme, all combined to endear it to theater-goers.

When the curtain goes up tonight, Her Majesty's ship "Pinafore" will appear as riding the waves in all her stately grandeur. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., the gentleman who became ruler of the "Queen's Navy" by polishing up doorknobs carefully, will wear a dazzling costume which is only one of an entire new set ordered for the production. He will be attended by his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts. Dick Deadeye will be there in all his profane ugliness, and "Sweet Little Buttercup," with all her pretty, coquettish ways. Everyone who ever saw "Pinafore" remembers Ralph Rackstraw, and Josephine, and Bill Bobstay, and Hebe. The chorus will be strikingly picturesque in fresh, new costumes, and in every respect the performance will be a notable one.

Old theater-goers who barely remember how they used to go about the streets whistling the airs from "Pinafore," will go to renew acquaintance that was more than pleasant, while the younger people will go to learn what it was that became a craze twenty or more years ago, and it is safe to stake a prediction that before the week is out "Little Buttercup" will be whistled all over town. "Sweet Marie," in her palmiest days, when she was "it," never began to be the popular favorite with whistlers that "Little Buttercup" was.

In all respects the production will be a memorable one. The managerial promise is that the opera will be staged on a more elaborate scale than any previous production in this city and such a promise from the Burbank means much in the way of perfect stage pictures.

The cast is announced as follows:

Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.	William H. West
Capt. Corcoran	A. Randolph Seaton
Ralph Rackstraw	Jay C. Taylor
Dick Deadeye	Hubert Sinclair
Bob Becket	Frank Burgess
Josephine	Ada Palmer Walker or Nellie Andrews
Hebe	Maude Leekley
Little Buttercup	Minnie Huff

* * *

Five new features, with several of the best acts from last week's bill, are included on the Orpheum's menu for the coming week. The combination of acts thus obtained should prove, unless appearances deceive, an exceptionally entertaining programme.

Mme. Clara Lardinois, singer from Paris, accredited as excellent in many roles, has the place of honor and the big black type on the bill. She is said to be capable of much better work than any of the French chanteuse folk the Orpheum has hitherto imported, she having held an important place in the ranks of the New York Metropolitan Opera Company, before becoming a recruit of vaudeville. The circumstances under which she transferred her talents from grand opera to variety are detailed elsewhere in these columns.

A fine acrobatic act, full of novel and sensational features, is promised in the performance of the four Eddys, an aggregation made up of men and women in equal numbers.

Comedy and acrobatic tricks intermingled is to be the offering of the Fortuni brothers, three funny fellows, who have the name of being uncommonly clever performers.

Niven's monkeys, seven in number, will constitute a novelty. The monkeys are trained in the doing of unique feats, one of these being the aerial pedaling of a bicycle by the star member of the lot.

Jack Symonds, a monologist, whose merit is an unknown quantity, completes the list of newcomers.

Cora Tanner and Louis Massen, in their pleasant comedy production, "My Husband's Model," are retained another week, as are also the Hulines, eccentric musicians.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

A new style of "Hamlet" is being given throughout England, with "magnificent scenery, dresses, ghost illu-

sions and up-to-date effects." The fate of the King's satellites on the voyage to England is shown in tableaux. Hamlet, "in order to show the youthfulness of the character," is played by a young woman.

Beerbohm Tree has decided definitely to put Henry A. Jones's new play on the stage of the London Haymarket at the conclusion of the run of "The Three Musketeers." The new piece is modern, and in four acts, and each act is said to be subdivided into several scenes. Lewis Waller and Mrs. James Brown Potter will have important parts.

There has been composed for the Grand Opera in Paris the next ballet to be given there, which is to be called "The Dance of the Jewels." In one of the scenes the dancing will be done, not by living beings, but by inanimate objects, representing various precious stones and illuminated by electricity. The mechanisms devised to manipulate these are said to be most ingenious.

"I had the pleasure," writes Thomas R. Beatty, of "Ole Olson," in the Dramatic Mirror, "of seeing a small repertory company in a small Nebraska town play 'Cyrano de Bergerac' with a cast of seven people. Had I not read the play or seen it produced at the Tivoli, in San Francisco, I never would have recognized it. At the conclusion of the performance they gave away a live pig."

James W. Evans of Deadwood, S. D., says the St. Paul Pioneer Press, sends a weird tale of an Uncle Tom manager who sought to escape personal disaster by skipping out, owing all salaries, writes "Biff" Hall in the Mirror. Members of the company put the bloodhounds on his

strange eyes, amber and opalescent by turn, burn very brightly as she talks when she is interested; her red, obstinate hair curls up at the edges and straightens at the roots until it is in a mussed halo around her sensitive face, and a pretty color comes and goes in her cheeks and lips, and she constantly gesticulates in a dictatorial, illuminative way all through her conversation. She has a habit of asking a question which has no earthly chance of being answered unless she responds to her own query, which she does frankly and decisively, and one day, when she gave me the warmest measure of her confidence, she disclosed an unconfessed belief that acting was, in the way of becoming an exact science.

"I sense the architectural precision of method," said Mrs. Fiske, half-closing her witchlike eyes, "and a certain algebraic requirement in balance and weight and equations which are deeply glossed over with the vagaries of temperament and inspiration, but which are nevertheless plainly mathematical."

"We submit to the exigencies of nice pretense and the clever ways of making a point and intuition is gravely allowed fine license, but when it is reduced to essence, to principle, it is by scientific rather than purely artistic methods that triumphs are achieved or perfection is accomplished. It is all entirely undeveloped, so far as I am concerned, and I cannot explain my certainty except in the most vaporous assurances without much more than a feeling which is little more than premonition, as sure as we fathom the secret of highest expression, so sure am I it will be decided—not today, but sometime—that acting has all the elements of an exact science. And it will not put dramatic art in harness, or ossify style, or in any way impede the liveliest mode of expression. It will add an inexhaustible vocabulary to gesture and to pose, will enrich the resources of talent and give genius a guiding star to intricacies now only vaguely guessed at in the dark."

Something of this influence shows in Mrs. Fiske's exquisite acting now. She is original and impressive in everything. Her comedy is captivating and prismatic, and her tragic force is like a torrent of passion bridled. She is as special as Duse and as intellectual as Modjeska, and is ceaseless in an endeavor, fortunately approved by the public in a general way, which must be pleasant enough to a lady who wants to reduce the privileges of the oratory and magic sway of audiences to theorems and tabulations. Nobody can follow the cool fountain heads of Mrs. Fiske's scientific aspirations, for she can meteoric in among the stereotyped, the devitalized processions of modern actresses. Her flash was like that of a phosphorescent exclamation point, vehement and unusual and streaming with impressions lasting as the memory of her Tess, her Giulia, and her Ibsen women. She is a learned elf, too brainy for her delicate health, too enveloped in dreams to be especially practical, though she entered into a prodigious fight with a monopoly which she regarded autocratic and injurious, and won her way out of her labyrinth of self-imposed difficulties with the tactics of a diplomat and a soldier. Cut off from the rightful advantages of a hearing in theaters of the class to which her exalted talents entitled her, she deliberately took her greatest success and her incomparable self into the cheap theaters all over the country, charged top prices and coined money in the face of a domineering syndicate which dictated terms all over America, except to Mrs. Fiske.

Her "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" was sensational, but such a vivid note in the century's achievement that it sounds a timbrel in the distance. The gravity of her portrayal, the ingenuity in her treatment of the robust, earthy, bedraggled heroine of Hardy's realistic story, her transversion of the author's picture and elevation of the theme to an intellectual plane without distortion of the morale of the romance or destruction of any of the author's tenets and pictures was a departure possible only to a classic actress of splendid intelligence and government of art.

Mrs. Fiske is a product of New Orleans, and a tinge of the creole lies upon her temperament, her varied witcheries. She has inchoate ambitions to essay Lady Macbeth, and what her subtle, insinuating graces of mind and person might lend to the dame of shadows and nightmares can be guessed, but hardly fathomed. Mrs. Fiske's genius is turbulent only in its depths; there is no surface to her brightest fires in which might be caught a flash of warning or hint of that which she may do, only we know her endeavor must be impressive, must be uplifting and in the nature of a surprise in its simplicity and completeness. She is one of the beautiful astounding belongings to the end-of-century school, full of charm and perfume and delicious spiritual influence.

A NEGLIGENT PRESS AGENT.

Verily, the way of the press agent is hard, says a writer in the Chicago Times-Herald. I happened to be in the public library a few days ago when De Wolf Hopper and another man—I think it was Charles Klein, his librettist, came in to admire. They were looking about the "marble halls" and were reading the famous names emblazoned there on high—"Shakespeare, Addison, Johnson, Milton," and the rest, and Hopper sighed bitterly and said: "Well, late as usual! But it's too bad my press agent couldn't have been on hand when this building was erected!"

"Why?" asked the other man.

"Why?" repeated the long comedian scornfully. "Man alive, can't you see that my name isn't up there?"

Carl Busch, the well-known Kansas City composer and conductor, has organized a Philharmonic orchestra, which has been doing some splendid work this season, says Musical America. The sixth concert of a series of twelve was given on January 23, with much artistic success, but unsatisfactory pecuniary results. Mr. Busch said: "Unless we take in more money at the door during the last half of the season than we did during the first, I shall come out several hundred dollars behind." Harley Hamilton must have a fellow-feeling for Carl Busch.

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NUTS AS FOOD. American Consuls in various parts of Europe recently contributed a number of interesting articles, which were published in the December consular reports, on the use of nuts as food.

In this country, the use of nuts as an ordinary part of the dietary is greatly ignored, they being regarded by the general public in the light of a luxury. There is a general impression that nuts are very indigestible. This is because in the first place, a large proportion of the nuts offered for sale on the market are old, and in some cases have become rancid. Then, again, nuts are generally eaten at the end of a meal, when the stomach contains as much food, or perhaps more than is needed. When eaten as a part of a meal, and properly masticated, nuts will be found to be readily digested by a stomach of ordinary capacity. The most indigestible part of them is the thin skin which covers the flesh. This may be removed by pouring boiling water over them, after they are shelled. Nuts are exceedingly nutritious, the nourishment they contain consisting mainly of nitrogenous matter. The oil in the nuts is also of much value from the standpoint of food. Pound for pound, they are far superior to meat. The fruitarians live almost entirely on fruits and nuts, the two together forming an almost perfect dietary, when eaten as above mentioned, and properly masticated.

Of late, some nut foods have been placed on the market, the nuts being ground into a sort of thick paste, while nut butter is also manufactured, to take the place of butter or lard. These nut foods are, however, mainly composed of peanut meal, which many people find somewhat difficult to digest. The peanut is not, strictly speaking, a nut at all, and certainly does not begin to compare with such noble horticultural products as the walnut, almond and filbert, or even the chestnut, which may sometimes be enjoyed raw after a fashion, while the peanut must be cooked to be edible.

In course of time, as nuts are more extensively planted in this country and become cheaper, they will, doubtless, be more generally consumed.

ECARCELY EVER DOES A STATE LEGISLATURE MEET IN THIS COUNTRY WITHOUT MAKING AN EFFORT TO REGULATE THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE. While it cannot be denied that there are great evils in the practice of medicine, yet many of the propositions for reform that are brought forward are really worse than the evils they seek to remedy. One bill of this kind was introduced at Sacramento a few weeks ago, and has been liberally criticised by the press. Under this law a person could not take a selditz powder or a cup of herb tea without a physician's prescription. Such a law is, of course, impracticable and absurd.

The traffic in diplomas has become such an evil throughout the country that several bills have been presented to the Illinois Legislature aiming to do away with the practice. One bill proposes, among other requirements, that no institution shall confer a degree unless the institution has a productive endowment of \$100,000. This proposition has met with strong opposition. An eastern exchange says:

"It should not pass. A monetary standard is wrong. The character and quality of the work should be the determining factor, merit and merit only should be the gauge by which all educational institutions should be measured. It is an axiom which can be easily demonstrated that a medical college which graduates ten students a year will turn out more competent and more practical physicians than the one which graduates a hundred, though the larger institution should have a million of endowment while the smaller has none."

Another bill before the Illinois Legislature proposes that every physician must take out a license every year:

"This requirement is so nonsensical, so unpractical and so odious to the rank and file of the profession that we have no idea that it will pass, notwithstanding the fact that the Illinois Board of Health supports it, and some of the medical societies unwittingly endorsed it. A still more ridiculous bill proposes that physicians shall leave a minute record in English language of the condition, symptoms and his treatment of the case with the patient, and in case the patient dies the record shall be filed in the office of the County Clerk. Another bill proposes to license any individual to practice among any five or more people who sign a petition to permit said individual to practice among them. No medical education would be required. For absurdity all of these bills are without a parallel."

WATER AS A MEDICINE. The value of an ample supply of pure water for drinking purposes is far less generally realized by the public than it should be. An American physician expresses the belief that the methodical use of cold water as a beverage, even when there is no thirst present, is the surest means of prolonging life. Solid and dry as the human body appears, water constitutes more than one-fourth of its bulk, and all the functions of life are really carried on in a water bath. Although the sense of thirst may be trusted to call for a draught of water when required, the fluid can be imbibed for many reasons besides merely satisfying thirst.

The physician above quoted, Dr. R. H. Dalton, says, in a hygienic publication:

"In the latter stage of digestion, when comminution

of the mass is incomplete, it is much facilitated by a moderate draught of water, which disintegrates and dissolves the contents of the stomach, fitting it for elusion and preparing it for assimilation. Hence the habit of drinking water in moderate quantities between meals contributes to health, and indicates the fact that those who visit health resorts for the purpose of imbibing the waters of mineral springs might profit by staying at home and drinking more water and less whisky. Water is the universal solvent of nature, and the chief agent in all transactions of matter. When taken into an empty stomach it soon begins to pass out through the tissues by an osmotic process into the circulation to liquefy effete solids whose excretion from the system is thus facilitated. Very few people think of the necessity of washing the inside as well as the outside of the body, and he who would be perfectly healthy should be as careful about the cleanliness of his stomach as that of his skin."

It has become recognized that the **THE DISEASES OF NATIONS.** nation has many of the characteristics of the individual. Nations, as well as persons, have diseases. A writer in the *Scientific American* classifies national diseases under four heads: First, imperfect nutrition; second, poisons; third, mental shock, and, fourth, sexual subversion. The writer referred to says:

"Some physicians trace all disease in the human body indirectly to insufficient or misdirected nutrition in one of the organs of the body. The historian, Buckle, said that 'The history of every nation could be traced by the food it was accustomed to eat.' The expression was too sweeping, yet it was based upon truth. Every nation must have, throughout all the nation, enough to eat, of good quality, and properly prepared; or that nation will degenerate."

"There is scarcely a nation in Europe which produces enough food for its own consumption. They all know that the foundation of disease—starvation—will be their most terrible enemy in a time of general welfare, and this consideration helps to bind them to an unwilling peace. Starvation or insufficient and improper supply of food brings about degeneration of tissue, inferiority of stature, and a general weakening of the body."

"Poisons is the name which Dr. Brinton specifies the second class of diseases. Among these he includes and gives first mention to alcohol and tobacco. While they may be harmless if used in moderation, the using of them, as it is now customary in most nations—and those nations often among the most civilized—brings with it the elements of national degeneration and decay. The lecturer, in making this statement, admitted that he himself used these commodities in moderation, and therefore was able to designate them as poisons without a suspicion of adverse prejudice on his part. These are poisons which we deliberately and intentionally take into ourselves, but there are other poisons, such as malaria, distinctly influencing national power, which up to the present time medical science has not been able to meet. There are vast areas of the earth afflicted with malaria, where as far as we can at present see, it will be impossible for any nation to survive and prosper. There are, moreover, certain infectious diseases, such as leprosy, which, while they are purely physical diseases, are national in their character. They influence the history of the nation, destroy its power, and shorten its life."

"The third form of disease is that peculiar physical effect which medical men call 'shock.' Surgical operations which, under ordinary conditions, should be successful, sometimes imperil, if they do not destroy life, because certain mental temperaments receive what is known as 'surgical shock.' Something answering very closely to this is discernible in the history of nations. Under its influence they appear to lose control of their faculties, yield to despair, and suffer a complete collapse. An instance of this is found in the conquest of Mexico by a handful of Spaniards under Cortez, another in the exploits of Pizarro in Peru, in both of which cases the powerful native races seem to have suddenly lost all sense of their own power and resources and suffered a mental collapse that corresponds very closely to the shock known in surgery."

"The fourth element of disease is sexual subversion, which Dr. Brinton regards as 'probably the most insidious, prolonged, and dangerous of all the causes of national disease.' Under this head he specifies the failure of population to increase, owing to the fact that marriage either does not take place or is, for various reasons, infertile. Statistics prove that, if the population is to grow, independently of immigration, there should be an average increase of four children to each family, even if all the members of the population should marry. This is necessary to compensate for the natural losses; for infant mortality carries off one-fourth of the population, while the early death of the parents of unfruitful marriages serves to prevent the increase of population and reduces the average number of births per family below the number necessary to merely keep the population at a constant number."

"In addition to these, the principal causes of national disease, are various diseases that affect the mind of the nation, such as imbecility, seen in many lower tribes like the native Australians. Incapable of following out a logical argument, they cannot understand civilization, and die out when they come in contact with it. Criminity, which is defined as a disposition in any man to destroy the social fabric around him for selfish aims, is a disease which has sapped the life of nations, and national delusions is another."

"The crusades were an exhibition of what might be called epidemic hysteria, and in what is called Jingolism, or by the French, Chauvinism, we see evidence of an inordinate mental exaltation which leads to a national disease of the emotions that may prove today, as it often has in the past, very fatal."

REST CURE FOR NERVOUS DISEASES. It is not surprising that nervous troubles are becoming more and more common in this country, where, in almost every department of human activity, work is carried on under high pressure. Nervous diseases are the most difficult, and perhaps the least understood of those with which the physician is called upon to deal. As a consequence, the sufferer from nervous diseases is too often made the victim of conscienceless quacks, who prey upon his fears, and exaggerate the

danger of his condition. Of late years the value of rest, combined with simple diet, as a means of curing diseases of the nervous system, has been strikingly shown in many instances, where a fair test has been made of the plan. A writer in the *Healthy Home* says:

"The advances which have been made in the last ten or fifteen years in unveiling the mysteries of the brain and the spinal cord, enable physicians to locate with certainty the seat of many nervous disorders and diseases, yet the medical treatment for the same is still very unsatisfactory. That rest has much to do with the growth and repair of the bodily tissue, especially of the nervous system, has been fully established."

"The application of the principle of rest to nervous disorders is known to be one of the most effective methods for their successful treatment. Mental troubles, such as acute insanity, melancholia, etc., recover more quickly when absolute rest is enforced than under any other treatment. In any severe case of nervous or mental disease, the rest should be absolute for a period of several weeks. With the ordinary nervous person, it is astonishing how much improvement will follow, if the patient prolongs the daily amount of rest in bed. If he gets to bed an hour earlier and stays there an hour later each morning, the overworked business man, student and housewife will be surprised at the amount of benefit obtained."

"When absolute rest is being enforced, it is essential that strict attention should be given to the diet and that the active movements of the body should be stimulated by massage. Milk should be the staple article of food. It should be taken often. Many cases require feeding every few hours. Raw oysters, soft boiled eggs, rare or raw beef, with toasted bread, may be added. Stimulants should be avoided."

An eastern correspondent writes to **ELECTRIC ARC LIGHT BATH.** *The Times* as follows: "It has long been claimed that the incandescent electric light has great virtue in the

cure of certain ailments, but it is questionable whether the methods employed in experimenting with this agent for curative purposes have been purely scientific, and it must still be looked upon rather as a fad than as a legitimate and standard means of electrotherapy. It is now stated that the electric arc light bath not only has a specific action upon various bacterial growths, but is comparable to sunlight in its influence on the patient under the simplest conditions of application, and has extraordinary powers when specially applied in certain ailments. Kozlovski, a Russian physician, states that he has successfully treated rheumatism and neuralgia by means of exposure to the electric arc. His attention was drawn to the subject by the medical officer of a large iron foundry who had noticed that with the introduction of electric welding there had been a notable diminution in the number of cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, and migraine, and other nervous diseases among the workmen. This he attributed to the beneficial effects of the electric light. Kozlovski at once, in order to bring the electric arc as a therapeutic agent within the reach of his ordinary patients, fitted up his consulting room with a suitable plant, and began making observations. He would place the patient a meter and a half from the light, protect the eyes with blue spectacles, and use a screen of cardboard through which an aperture was cut that allowed the light to fall upon the affected region of the body, for from three-fourths of a minute to two minutes. The patient felt only a slight sensation of heat. Six or eight hours after, itching and tingling were felt and the skin reddened. Forty-eight hours later desquamation set in, and lasted for two or three days. In most cases, it was stated, three or four sittings produced an amelioration of the pain in sciatica, rheumatism, lumbago, and various forms of neuralgia, and the proportion of patients cured was large. The treatment has found its way to this country. In the American form of the treatment a cabinet is used six feet long, two and a half feet wide, and seven feet high. It is entirely closed, save for an observation window, which admits fresh air when needed. The cabinet contains an ordinary wire mattress, cot upon which the patient reclines, as the light from two powerful arc lamps suspended within the cabinet falls upon his skin."

"It is very doubtful whether the reputed cures by this method of treatment involve any more benefit than could have been produced by the heat of the arc light alone, judiciously applied. The scientific objection to the extraordinary claims made for the treatment is that light rays do not penetrate the human skin. It has become the fashion to make such absurd pretensions for the electric current in the cure of diseases that even doctors are apt to be misled, and induced to waste their time in investigating unscientific and impracticable data. A reliable authority on this subject says: 'The treatment by electric light—arc or incandescent—unquestionably offers a fascinating field for the investigation of the enthusiastic electrotherapist, but physical laws are against the probability of its ever being practically more than a picturesque method of giving a patient a hot-air bath, with a minimal dash of ozone thrown in.'

DECAY OF TEETH. Decay of teeth is much more common now than it was among our fathers. The editor of *Good Health*, Dr. J. H. Kellogg, in an article entitled "Are We to Be a Toothless Race?" argues that the fact just mentioned is an indication of constitutional decay in the human race, and the greater part of his article is taken up with telling us how we may combat this tendency. Says the doctor:

"This decay of teeth is not a local accident or a matter of mere local interest; it is an indication of constitutional decay—of the decay of the human race. A horse dealer would not buy a horse that had decayed teeth; he would know that the horse was losing his vitality and growing weak; and yet people offer themselves to the world as being strong and vigorous when they have scarcely a sound tooth in their heads. We

find young people from 22 to 25 years old getting married—and without a sound tooth. Such people are not fit to be fathers and mothers. Their constitutions have already begun to decay, and their decayed teeth are an evidence of that constitutional deterioration.

"Teeth decay just as apples, potatoes and other fruits and vegetables decay—through the action of germs. Germs, when allowed to take up their abode in the mouth and develop in large numbers, form colonies upon the teeth. They accumulate in the mouth and grow there in the form of patches. In the morning the teeth will feel rough and will be covered with a yellow or whitish slime. This roughness is due to germs. They come from the food, the air and the water and feed upon the remnants of food which they find in the mouth and between the teeth."

These germs of decay are powerless against the defensive power of a perfectly healthy body, and so, Dr. Kellogg thinks, the fact that they do so much harm shows that too many of us are constitutionally defective—the result, in most cases, of improper diet. Of the actual method of decay he tells us:

"The decay of the teeth is accomplished in this way: Some of the germs that form colonies in the mouth and upon the teeth secrete a substance which is capable of dissolving the enamel and then the germs gradually work their way into the teeth. You have probably noticed old crags and rocks upon mountain tops, where mosses and lichens have grown, destroying a portion of the hard substance beneath them. These mosses are capable of forming substances which can dissolve the hardest rock, crumbling it and finally disintegrating it. So it is with the germs that grow in the mouth; they are capable of gradually dissolving the enamel and crumbling it off, after which they work their way down into the teeth."

Is candy bad for the teeth? That depends, Dr. Kellogg thinks. He says:

"It seems to me to be a question of digestion rather than of sweets. There are certain persons who eat candy with impunity because they have the ability to resist that particular cause of indigestion; but in other cases it produces indigestion, and indigestion diminishes vital resistance, thus favoring the attack of germs and dental decay."

Another cause of the premature decay of the teeth is amyloaceous or farinaceous dyspepsia, or starch indigestion. This is becoming an almost universal disease among the American people. It greatly lessens the vital resistance of the body in every part, including the teeth. Germs being more numerous in the mouth than in any other part of the body, their effects are produced in the mouth and upon the teeth to a greater degree than elsewhere, when the teeth are left covered with fragments of meat and other debris."

Among other causes of decay, Dr. Kellogg places uncleanliness, a coated tongue caused by biliousness and failure to feed the teeth properly. Of this he says:

"The popular idea is that there are not enough salts in our food, but the difficulty does not consist in a lack of those elements in our food, but rather to a lack of ability to absorb and digest them. Grains and nuts contain an abundant supply of salts. It is the acid of the stomach which prepares these salts for absorption; and when this is not present in proper quantity, we are unable to digest and absorb them, and thus become subject to softening of the teeth from lack of nutrition."

"It is supposed that phosphate of lime and carbonate of lime are necessary for the teeth, because when the teeth are burned, these elements are left. It is thought we do not get a sufficient quantity of these elements in our food, hence the doctors prescribe doses of them for the teeth. But anyone who wishes to take a dose of phosphate of lime for the nourishment of the teeth, only needs to eat an extra slice of Graham bread or a granose biscuit."

"Never lose a tooth if you can avoid it. I have known

some people who have had sound teeth taken out in order to have some new and handsome 'store teeth' put in. That is the greatest possible mistake. Keep your teeth as long as you can, even if they are not handsome. Get them filled as soon as there is the slightest decay perceptible."

Visitor. I am grieved to learn of your mistress's illness. Nothing serious—no great cause for alarm, I trust?

New French maid. No, monsieur, nozzing beeg, nozzing grande. Somezing—what you call leetle, petite. What zey call ze leetle—small—smallpox.—[Tit-Bits.]

Mr. J. What would you suggest, doctor, for insomnia?

Dr. Pillsbury. I would suggest that you attempt to sit up with a sick man and give him his medicine every hour a few nights.—[Harper's Weekly.]

ATHLETICS FOR WOMEN.

A NUMBER OF IMPORTANT RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN THE GYMNASIUM.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

ANY ordinary room in which there is good air and sunlight will answer for a gymnasium. The larger the better. The beginner need have nothing more than a pair of dumb-bells or a pair of clubs, either of which she may buy for \$1. A bathing suit or a bicycle suit, if loose, and comfortable, makes a very good costume. A pair of bloomers and blouse well cut is also very practical. A pair of full-woven black stockings and heelless slippers are indispensable.

A long mirror in which the gymnast can watch her own motions is a great advantage to a home gymnasium. But not essential. From a book on exercise by almost any good author a woman can get any number of motions and exercises, and she must decide what is best and most necessary for her.

Excessive exercise is injurious and should be avoided. Excessive exercise and no exercise at all produce similar results. Stop exercising just before nature calls out strongly against further bodily activity. Just reach the tired point and stop before exhaustion. No law can be laid down as to how much exercise should be taken at one time. Every individual must be a guide to herself. A woman should exercise chiefly with light weights and make quick movements, and never, when out of training, try the limit of her strength.

The most important gymnasium for women in this country is under the management of Watson L. Savage, M.D., medical director of Columbia University. Classes begin with the kindergarten and progress to the post graduate teachers' course. The women have the use of the gymnasium and every privilege and advantage which is accorded the men.

Every woman who enters is carefully examined in order to discover just what form of exercise will be most advantageous to her. In cases where women or children are very delicate, or have some decided physical defect that needs rectifying, they exercise in the medical room of the gymnasium under the personal supervision of Miss Marion Foye Carter. This is called corrective

work and is intended to correct all physical imperfections such as curvature of the spine, cramped chests or weak necks or backs. The gymnasium proper is occupied during the day and evening by girls and women training to improve their physical condition generally. Some come to reduce flesh, others to reduce or develop various parts of the body.

Nothing could be more applicable or practical to the home gymnast than the hints on physical health and training that Dr. Savage advances to his normal classes, of which the following are a few:

"The best time to exercise is between 10 and 12 o'clock in the forenoon and between 4 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon. If exercising before breakfast makes you feel faint or weak, then the early morning is not the time for you to work. Sometimes a glass of milk, a little oatmeal, or toast will make early morning exercise possible without injurious effects. If you exercise at night, let your exercise be at least one-half hour before bedtime. It is best to go to bed with the blood in its normal circulation; sleep is easiest under such conditions."

"The minimum time for brain workers to exercise is two hours per week, divided into four days in the week. Their exercise should be before the perspiration is reabsorbed by the body. Do not lounge around until the suit and the skin become dry again."

"For nervous temperaments slow exercise is the best, while the rapid exercise is recommended for the phlegmatic. For women with a disposition toward melancholia, light competitions and out-door games are the most beneficial form of exercise."

Addressing his normal girls on the subject of food, Dr. Savage said:

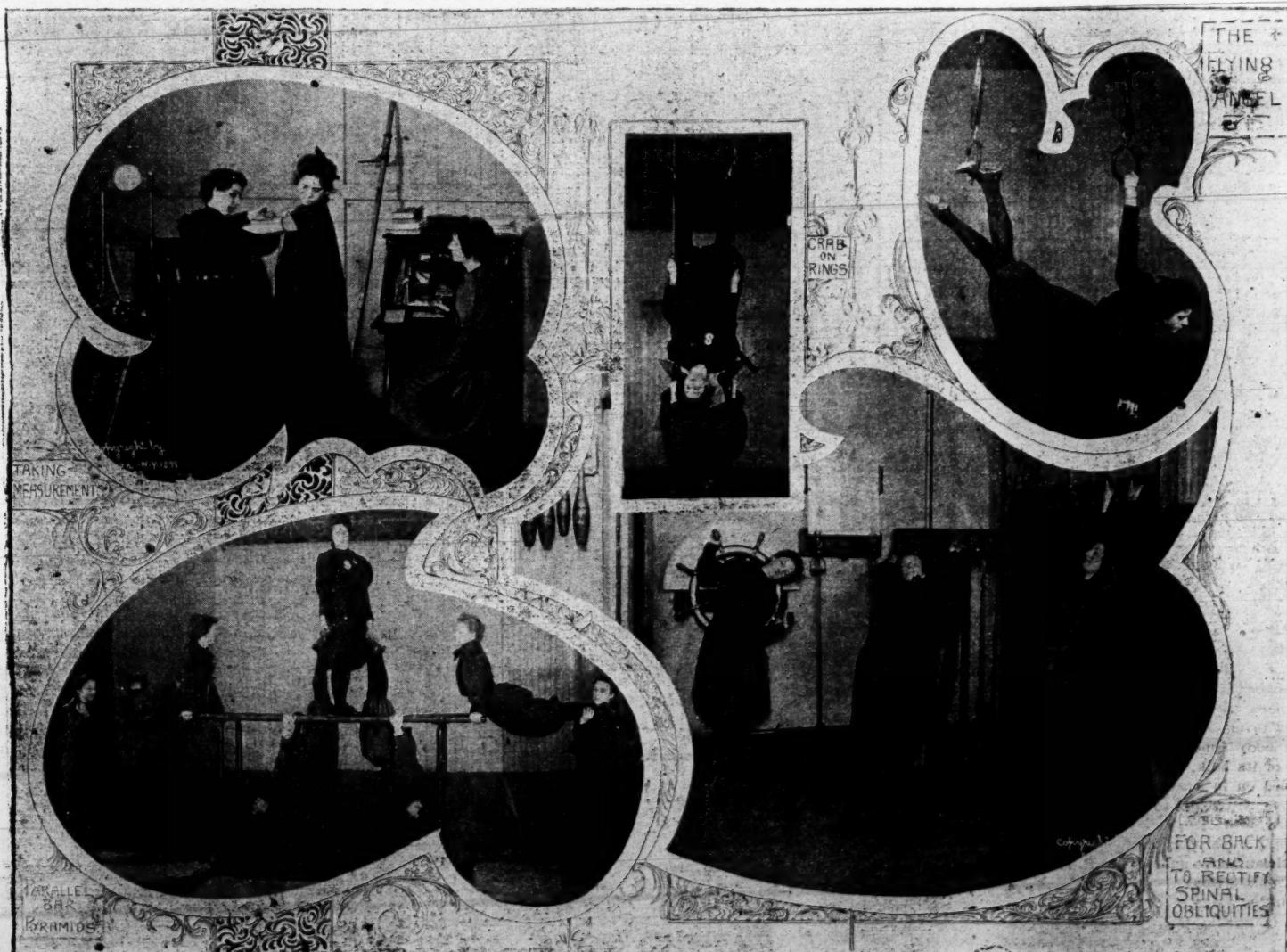
"Never exercise just before or after a meal. At least one-half hour should be allowed before, and two hours and a half after eating. Masticate the food thoroughly, do not hurry through your meals and eat rich foods with great discretion. Drink plenty of water between meals, but avoid excessive drinking at meals. One glass of water should be sufficient. It is better to use hot drinks at meal times, and do not drink ice water at any time. A refreshing drink to take during the intervals when exercising, is made by putting cooked oatmeal in water; let it soak and settle."

In one of his talks on breathing, Dr. Savage strongly advised his girls to breathe through the nose while walking or doing ordinary work, and only to breathe through the mouth when extreme physical effort makes it necessary. "Do not take short, quick gasps for normal breathing," he said, "breathe so as to fill every cell with pure air. The largest and strongest animals in the world breathe from six to ten breaths per minute, while the smallest and weakest breathe from two hundred to three hundred per minute. The manner in which we breathe is one of the most important factors in developing human strength. It is a good practice to take a long, deep breath and hold it in the lungs a few seconds; each day increase the time of holding the breath until one minute or one minute and a half is reached. Breathing exercises increase the exterior chest and develop the interior."

Chapters could be written on sleeping. Dr. Savage suggests the following rules: Sleep on a mattress laid over a spring, sleep mostly on one side, breathe through the nose and keep the mouth shut. Have a certain hour for rising and a certain hour for retiring. Get up immediately upon waking.

LILLIAN BAYNES.

Senator Gray of Delaware is regarded by his colleagues as an encyclopedia of general information, especially in Supreme Court decisions and parliamentary and criminal law. He is known as the prompter of the Senate because of the frequency with which he comes to the aid of his colleagues, who, while speaking, find themselves on uncertain ground as to a date, figures or a legal point. He and Frye are great cronies.



WOMAN AND HOME.

THE LADY ALGY NECKTIE.

PRETTY NECK FINISHINGS FOR THIS SEASON'S SHIRT WAISTS.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

NEW YORK, March 14.—Is it possible to ever grow prosy over the shirt waist, is a question that any reader of fashion notes would stoutly deny, at least so long as there is anything new to tell of these useful garments.

Many of them are being made in the form of sailor blouses. The wide, square collar falling over the shoulder may be of white embroidery, on an otherwise sober, solid blue, or red gingham shirt, else the body and collar may be of gingham and the sailor vest in front will be a V of fine needlework. The sailor type of shirt does not preclude the wearing of a stiff linen collar, and one of the new shoestring ties, literally no wider than a silk lacer, drawn in a long, narrow bow in front, and the tie made fast to the collar by very small pearl-headed pins such as the men affect.

Now it is an indisputable fact that some sensible women are not going to wear ties at all with their summer shirt waists, provided the shirt's collar is a high band with a deep rolling outer flap. Just under the chin the points of the rolling collars have buttonholes worked and through these slips a gold or silver linked affair, or a stiff gold loop made on the exact pattern of our cuff buttons, the heads ornamented with deeply sunk cabochon jewels. A neater, sweeter finish for a collar would be hard to find, and this will appeal to women who have no knack for putting a perfect bow in a refractory necktie. Sometimes two handsome pearls ornament the knobs of this new collar stud, but the stud is oftentimes worn as an exact match for the cuff buttons.

Women are going to take kindly to the crisp taffeta ties called the Lady Algy, that have been recently introduced as a companion to the new shirt waist. It takes just seven-eighths of a yard of taffeta to make a tie, or you can purchase this detail ready-made in the shops. Strict adherence to the rule of fashion demands that one's ties be made not of ribbon, but of piece taffeta, and all edges narrowly hemmed by machine. A Lady Algy consists of a buckram stock covered smoothly with silk and having ever-widening sash-like ends drawn forward from the back of the neck, joined in an ample knot under the chin and letting fall to the waist line two ends cut in dart points. In the matter of neck finishings the mood now seems to get away from anything like imitation of the masculine mode, such as we have known and followed slavishly for the past two seasons.

If you happen to own a big, beautiful old embroidered Chinese crepe shawl, with rich silk fringe, a heritage from an ancestress who wore the shawl tenderly as a wrap, if it has turned the shade of old ivory and is fragrant with the spicy sachets amid which it has lain for years, have it forth and turn it into a gown. A white silk gown with an overskirt made of such a shawl is the most modish and sumptuous dinner toilet possible at present, and if you wish to realize what a treasure you possess in your shawl, just go to a dressmaker and price a costume with such a drapery. She will ask you from \$300 to \$600 for the toilet, the price dependent upon the size and ripe beauty of the shawl drapery.

About a skirt of pale cloth or silk the shawl is invariably hung in a series of points and the fringe and beautiful embroidery suffice for decoration. The most perfectly gowned brides of the Easter and spring season are going to the altar in dresses made from their mother's or grandmother's shawls and the bodices are skillfully worked up from small fringed shoulder shawls.

A goodly number of dresses simulate the genuine shawl effect by the deft use of new crepe de chine, edged with fringe and overlaid with ribbon flowers, applied on the surface. Of course, beneath the fringed points of the

overdress swirl out, about the feet, waves of soft chiffon flounces.

Having touched on the question of bridal chiffons, it is only right to add, when the wedding season comes in, all bridesmaids will appear in gowns of transparent white stuff over slips of gay silk, and the flower for the weddings of '99 is white lilac for the bride and the palish mauve lilac blooms for the maids. The groom must wear a tuft of white lilac in his buttonhole, and the best man and every usher will accept his buttonhole favor from the faintly tinted, rarely perfumed bouquets of the maids-in-waiting. The slip beneath the silk veil, net, chiffon, or Liberty gauze draperies of the bridesmaid's dress is most apt to be wrought of that soft, brilliant and most popular fabric called taffeta mouseline. It is used, by the way, a deal for trimming and for the points of chiefest honor in the structure of many smart and special toilets.

Spring parasols are just beginning to stretch their gilded ribs and prim their gay plumage for covetous woman, whose heart is sure to be set on a dome of duck's egg blue taffeta, picked out in embroidered black silk dots, or a striped black and white taffeta with a wide flowered border and fluffy silk fringe edging top and bottom. These at least are the two most distinct and pleasing styles in market, though there is no reason to predict an absence later on of flounced chiffon, lace and open-worked sun-protectors. The first flock of arrivals show without variation slender staffs of pale yellow polished wood, the handles crooked and ornamented with a flat rosette of silk to match the covering. A representative number of pretty parasols are edged with heavy deep silk fringe and a forecast of future elegancies is the parasol of pale tinted crepe de chine, embossed in roses, stretched over a chiffon lining and bordered with a fringe that shows alternating tassels of silk and strings of fine crystal beads.

That all fashions move in a circle is attested by the fact that we are destined to wear as the smart slipper of the season a shape and material seen oft before. The slipper is either black patent leather or dull finished French kid, with a red heel and lining of red silk. There is nothing surprisingly new about all this save the three pretty points that run upon the instep and the oval buckle of imitation diamonds and rubies that are fastened at the base of these points. So chaste but chic a style of foot covering naturally cannot be worn without new hose, and the stockings are undeniably very pretty. A perfectly plain black stocking is now quite unfashionable. Ankles must display pin stripes of interwoven silk in three colors and close set, or open-work woven over a color, or checks that are most elaborate, or a powdering of minute-colored flowers. MARY DEAN.

THE SANDWICH TREE.

A CHARMING NOVELTY FOR SPRING AND SUMMER PARTIES.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

Sandwich making has lately developed into a fine art. At any well arranged 5 o'clock tea table you can find them not only in all sizes, shapes and colors, but of ingredients that tempt the prudent dyspeptic and the reckless bon vivant, while a woman in the newest of pearl gray gloves can handle them without stripping her fingers or having so much as an odor of grease about her costly kids. To a considerate New York caterer is due the credit for introducing the sandwich tongs and the sandwiches with handles. He has discovered that it is possible to make the most delectable sweetmeat sandwiches and he has supplied hostesses with the ornamental little sandwich trees without which no tea table is complete.

Melon, peanut, striped, spice, salad, jelly, cheese and gingerbread sandwiches are just a few of the varieties he supplies to his patrons, and nearly all of them can be copied by an amateur sandwich maker. Every one of these tidbits he cuts from bread that has been kept one day in dry place, for fresh, spongy bread, he says, does not make a sandwich that is either wholesome or easily handled. He cuts his bread in three-cornered slices and one corner intentionally shaved out to rather a long point. When the sandwich is put together he pinches the edges of a strip of waxed white florist's paper and deftly twists and kinks this round the long corner of the bread. This forms an admirable handle by which a woman may fearlessly lift and nibble the delicate morsel.

When he supplies sandwiches of many varieties the caterer arranges them in a series of delicate wicker saucers strung one above the other on a bamboo rod about two feet high, that screws into a flat base and sets on one end of the tea table. The small top saucer will hold salad sandwiches made of brown bread, painted with a dressing of pepper, salt, hard-boiled egg yolks and lemon juice and a layer of shredded cress.

Cheek by jowl with savories will lie gluten bread sandwiches, no bigger than single bites, and holding a thin

layer of peanut butter worked into crisp brown bread crumbs. These are called "the dyspeptic's delight," and can be fearlessly consumed by the most timid dieter. Lower in the tree come ribbon sandwiches that are cut but an inch wide and about three inches long. One side of a single piece is spread with anchovy, upon this is laid a strip from a lettuce leaf. Then the length of bread is rolled up like a piece of tape and spitted with a bit of wood that looks like a match with the sulphur end sharpened off.

Striped sandwiches are made by laying paper-like slices of gluten, graham and Boston brown bread between alternate thicknesses of white bread and buttering with cream cheese every other slice. The best of the meat sandwiches no longer have slices of fowl or ham laid on the bread, but the meat is minced almost to a pulp and spread with finely chopped apple between buttered slices. More novel and delicate than this is the new fashion of mincing meat, placing it to jelly in its own juice and then laying slices of this jelly between brown bread leaves. These are invalid sandwiches.

It requires training and practice to cut a melon sandwich in the shape of a slice of muskmelon. Caterers know how, and also how to dissect every slice, lay in an orange-colored marshmallow filling, and then tint the bread till a score of sandwiches look very like the results of a freshly opened melon. Such sandwiches are eaten with a fork. Not so the gingerbread dainties that are cut as those of white bread. Between the layers of this spicy brown cake a sort of mild mince meat is spread, or more delicious and novel still, gingerbread layers holding shavings of the dark meat of fowls with a dust of spice. Caraway bread with chopped candied fruit between the layers is another one of the varieties of sandwiches that have successfully pushed small cakes and bonbons from the afternoon tea table.

MILICENT ARROWPOINT.

THE BEAUTY HOSPITAL.

AN INFIRMARY FOR CRECTING THE PHYSICAL IMPERFECTIONS OF WOMEN.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

"What first gave me the idea of this business?" said Dr. Matilda S. Edwards, the owner, general manager and house physician of the Infirmary for the Physical Perfection of Women, when questioned about her work and experience. "Why, the knowledge that all women long to be beautiful. I know it is generally called the Beauty Hospital, and I think the name suits it very well indeed.

"I am from Indiana, and came to New York for the purpose of studying medicine. After taking my degree I located here, and tried every means in my power to secure a good-paying practice. At the end of my second year I was as nearly disheartened as a woman can very well be and yet keep going.

"It is not an easy matter to confess that you have failed in your chosen work, and before making the admission you may be sure I thought of many different means for earning my bread. Professional masseuses, women who steam and rub the faces of other women for the purpose of improving their complexions, always appeared to thrive, while after two years I could not count on making enough in one year to pay a month's expenses. I was sore, and thought bitterly of women who spent money willingly for such trifles. Then flashed on my mind the question, 'Is beauty a trifle?' Being a woman, I answered 'No.' Then I set to work and evolved the plan for my infirmary.

"In less than six weeks the 'Beauty Hospital' was opened, with four patients. I can only accommodate twenty-five, and since the first six months the infirmary has always been full. Our waiting list is large, and as soon as one woman is discharged as cured, there is another to take her place.

"Are our patients ever really ill? No, that is, never dangerously so. Ladies come to us frequently from other hospitals where they have undergone some treatment or operation. They want to be put in shape before returning to their friends. In the majority of such cases, rest, with the proper amount of exercise and food, is all that



A SHAWL BRIDAL GOWN.



THE HAMBURG.



THE LADY ALGY TIE.



THE NEW COLLAR LINER.

is required. We give it to them, and as a result they go home looking their best.

"Of course, we have a number of women and girls with absolute blemishes to be removed or cured. In every instance they are attended to by physicians who make specialties of such cases. It is surprising to know how many women grow to maturity with some physical defect which could have been easily cured or prevented when they were small children. So many have malformed feet, spider-like legs and arms and flat chests.

"Is there a cure for spindly limbs? Why, certainly. Of one thing be assured—there is a way to develop and perfect every healthy human body. The ground work is health. When we get a patient in a good physical condition, then we feel confident of curing their defects. Legs and arms can be either enlarged or made smaller, according to the treatment.

"We have a patient who came to us weighing eighty-one pounds. She is 25, and had literally worked herself to the verge of the grave. She was flat-chested, her neck was shriveled and her face lined until she looked fully 45. She has been with us nine months, and is as near perfection physically as any woman you ever saw. There is not a line on her face, and no one would ever credit her with a day over 22. Her treatment was the right sort of food, plenty of rest, the necessary amount of exercise and rubbing out the lines of care and worry from her face. She goes out from us a healthy woman, without a physical defect from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet. There is not a corn on her feet, a roughness on her skin, and her hair is as vigorous and as glossy as one could wish."

"How about women and girls with spinal diseases?" Dr. Edwards shook her head discouragingly. "That depends. We never take incurables. No one is put on our waiting list without a previous examination by some medical man or woman on whose judgment we can place perfect reliance.

"We have a great many applications from women who are disfigured by poxmarks, and in many instances have effected perfect cures. But that depends entirely on the depth of the marks. Some are too deep and nothing can be done. Hairs from the face cannot be removed permanently in every instance. But if removed every few months by the electric needle in the hands of an expert, they will gradually become less vigorous and in time the roots will die. I can say, without fear of contradiction from any reputable physician, that a bad complexion can always be improved if the general health is properly looked after.

"Now about my infirmary as a business enterprise. I am never puzzled about making both ends meet now. I have as many clients as I can attend to and they pay well. My work is founded on my knowledge of medicine, and the services of a specialist are called in whenever there is the slightest necessity. It is, I am aware, a new departure, this putting good looks, or perhaps I should say, the lack of it, on a footing with serious diseases. But I see no reason, professionally nor otherwise, why it should not be done.

"I also think there is an opening for such an institution in every city where the proper medical attention and advice can be obtained. It is a good field for women doctors, and I believe in a few years I and my Beauty Hospital will not be unique. LAFAYETTE M'LAWS.

LINEN SHOWERS AND THIMBLE BEES.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

Linen showers is rather an odd name to give to a young ladies' luncheon, but linen showers they are, and the latest fad. The luncheon is given usually by some married friend of an engaged girl. Each guest brings a piece of linen, a doily, serviette or centerpiece, which is presented to the girl in whose honor the luncheon is given.

These are only small tokens, and not to be taken in lieu of the wedding present. Frequently a girl's classmates or intimate friends join together and make up a set of doilies or napkins, which the happy wife will cherish as a lasting souvenir of her girl friends.

The first "linen shower" was given by a lady who tied a filmy linen handkerchief to each of her name cards, all being daintily embroidered with the recipient's name in running script. She also gave series of teas from which each guest was expected, like the late George W. Childs's visitors, to carry her cup and saucer home with her "in memory of the day."

A handsome wedding present which, by a little stretch of imagination, might come under this head, is made by several of a girl's friends. Heavy linen, such as is used for sheets, is bought for a bedspread; a large, showy design is stamped out, running toward the center from the corners. Each friend is asked to work a certain amount until the spread is finished. This is a particular instance where "many hands make light work." Six or eight can work at the same time, and the pattern is so large it is quickly finished.

Thimble bees are given morning or afternoon, as suits the hostess' convenience. The invitation is simply a calling card bearing the date and hour and the word "Thimble" in the corner. This means that the gathering is a new-fashioned sewing bee.

Each girl brings her own fancy work and it is needless to say, one and all endeavor to have a new stitch or design to exhibit. At an afternoon function, tea is served at 5 o'clock; on a summer morning, light refreshments and cooling drinks are offered.

SAVORY LENTEN FARE.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

Celery Soup.—Boil in one pint of milk, a slice of onion, a piece of whole mace; add to this a tablespoonful of flour, which has been mixed until smooth with a little cold milk. After this has cooked a few moments, and one large head of celery, which has been boiled until soft and mashed in the water in which it was boiled. Season with salt and pepper, strain, and the soup is ready to serve.

Oysters a la Santiago.—Strain the liquor from one pint of oysters, and pour over them a dressing made of one tablespoonful of butter, melted without burning, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley and one tablespoonful of chopped onion, a little salt and a dash of cayenne, and a tablespoonful of flour mixed until smooth. Put this on the chafing dish and cook until the edges of the oysters curl. Serve on a hot dish garnished with parsley.

Spindly Oysters.—Put alternate oysters and slices of bacon on a skewer until you have half a dozen oysters, or thereabouts, using one of two skewers for each person. Lay the skewers across the top of a deep dish, and put in a hot oven, to cook for twelve minutes. Serve as soon as taken from the oven, tying a piece of frilled

paper at one end of the skewer and placing it on a small piece of toast.

Lobster Sandwiches.—Mince a boiled lobster; season with finely chopped onion, salt, pepper and lemon juice and spread upon thin bread and butter, upon which a small leaf of lettuce is laid, covering with another slice of buttered bread.

Clam Sandwiches.—Chop one dozen small clams as finely as possible and cook them for four minutes in the chafing dish, with clam liquor and one tablespoonful of butter. Add the juice of half a lemon, salt, pepper, a little tabasco sauce and chopped parsley; cool until quite thick and then make into sandwiches.

Oyster Sandwiches.—Take a pint of raw oysters and chop them very fine, after removing the muscles. Add salt and white pepper, with a little cayenne. Put them in the chafing dish with a tablespoonful of butter, and three tablespoonfuls of dry biscuit crumbs; after cooking for five minutes, they are ready to make up into sandwiches.

A PORTRAIT PARTY.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

A unique Lenten party was held a few evenings ago at the house of a friend of Miss Helen Gould. It was a small party, with only about forty guests, Miss Gould being one of those invited.

The entertainment was after a plan devised by the clever hostess herself. Fifty portraits were cut from old numbers of magazines and newspapers. These were mounted on squares of cardboard and ranged in a line around the drawing-room. Each picture bore a number, and each guest was provided with a pretty decorated card, on which were printed the numbers from one to fifty, with a blank line opposite each number for the name to be inserted. The person guessing correctly the greatest number of names was to receive a handsome prize.

Among the fifty portraits were those of Gen. Miles, Admiral Dewey, Henri Rochefort, Capt. Dreyfus, Kaiser Wilhelm, Clara Barton, Jean de Reszke, Richard Mansfield, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Sara Bernhardt, Sir Herbert Kitchener, Queen Wilhelmina, Mrs. Kendal and Henrik Ibsen. In choosing the pictures preference was not given to any particular country or profession, but it was understood that only living celebrities were in the list.

It was agreed that guests were not to consult together in regard to names, but each was to make his or her own guesses without aid or suggestion from others. Sometimes when half a dozen people had been gathered for quite a while around the picture of a particular elusive celebrity, the name would suggest itself to one of the young ladies, who would triumphantly write it down on her card and then pass on to the next picture, leaving the laughing, chattering group to speculate on her success and its own discomfiture.

One person only, a well-known society man who was credited with far greater perspicuity than most of his fellow club members, accurately guessed the subject of every picture, but he was very closely pressed in the race for the prize by a pretty girl who made forty-eight out of a possible fifty correct guesses.

Everyone present pronounced the party a great success, and it will doubtless be followed by many other "picture parties" during the balance of Lent.

MUSICAL VIBRATIONS.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

Music has long been used by physicians for quieting the nerves of excitable patients, or raising the spirits of those prone to fits of depression or despondency. In lunatic asylums, especially, musical strains are found to be of the greatest benefit to the inmates. In all these cases, the music is played during the waking hours of the patients. According to a new theory, advanced by Dr. J. L. Corning, persons who suffer habitually from mental and physical atony in the morning, who are capable of little exertion before midday, and whose constant complaint is that they derive little or no good from sleep, no matter how prolonged, may experience a decided revival of vigor if subjected to musical vibrations while they are sleeping.

Dr. Corning's experience is that harmony is more effective than mere melody in this vibratory plan of treatment, and he believes in the good effect of selections containing the weird and powerful tone-combinations of Wagner. He puts a kind of helmet on the patients, to which are led the tubes and ear pieces of a phonograph. As soon as the patient lies down, the phonograph is started, and the music begins. As it is desirable to have the patient in the frame of mind to derive the fullest benefit from the music from the time it is first administered, he should be kept free from all excitement before retiring. In fact, where necessary, Dr. Corning advises that an appropriate hypnotic be administered fifteen or twenty minutes before, or his power of attention may be exhausted by causing him to look fixedly at a bright object rapidly revolved and illuminated by a light so screened as to leave everything else in complete obscurity. This can be done by a stereopticon placed behind the head of the bed, the screen being placed at the foot. Like the phonograph, the stereopticon can be set to work automatically, and continuously for a given period. This treatment is a novel combination of a sleep-compelling play of light and shade, and the sooth-ing effect of music while the brain is at rest, but Dr. Corning says his investigations in this untried field lead him to believe that it offers the opportunity for some remarkable advances in pathology, and possibly the inauguration of an entirely new method of treatment in neurosis and other ailments.

REMEDY FOR SCIATICA.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

According to an Italian medical paper an effective remedy for sciatica has been discovered by Dr. Negro of Turin, who has cured 100 out of 113 cases of the affection by digital pressure over the source of the pain. In many cases only six treatments were necessary. The pressure is applied with the maximum force of the operator for a quarter of a minute, and is repeated in strength and duration after an interval of a few minutes.

AN ARGUMENT.

[Washington Evening Star:] "So you think the United States will have difficulty in governing the Philippines?"

"Certainly," answered the Filipino. "If it takes the Senate so long to attend to its own business there's no telling when it will ever find time to get around to ours."

DANGER OF OVER-EXERCISE.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

Dr. Lander Brunton draws a broad distinction between exercise, which is beneficial, and over-exercise, which is pernicious. Exercise should be carried only to the point of nutrition, not to that of exhaustion. The limit is set by three factors: First, the capacity of the digestive organs to keep up the quality of the blood; second, the capacity of the excretory organs to get rid of the waste products which result from muscular action; and, third, the power of the heart to drive a constant stream of blood through every corner of the organism. Interference with digestion is a by no means uncommon effect of excessive exercise, and so far as training is concerned, it is one of the most destructive. Moderate exercise tends to produce appetite, but a long and exhausting exertion destroys it, or even produces actual sickness, as in mountain climbing. In many cases excessive exercise leads to diminished excretion. This may be very dangerous, as the system may be absolutely poisoned by the products of muscular waste which cannot escape from it. Thus interference with digestion so lowers nutrition, while accumulations of waste products so vitiate the system that in either case further exertion becomes impossible—the very will to make it pass away. But it is different with regard to the heart. This organ can be driven on long after it has reached the danger point of exertion, but the stretched muscle may not quite come back, the dilated cavity may not quite close at each contraction, and permanent mischief is set up. Dr. Brunton shows very plainly that exercise driven to the limit imposed by the heart is over-exercise in the most serious sense of the word. If it is the heart that stops it, the chances are that it has already gone too far.

WOMEN OF NOTE.

Mrs. W. H. Woerman, daughter of ex-Gov. Bullock of Massachusetts, is touring India on a wheel.

Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, who was Miss Carolyn Bales-tier, and a sister of Wolcott Balestier, was born in Rochester, N. Y., where her family lived many years before moving to Brattleboro, Vt.

Olga Nethersole, in a recent lecture before the University of Chicago's Graduate Club, said of Rudyard Kipling that he was "as Ian MacLaren had declared, the poet laureate of the whole world."

Mme. Emile Loubet, like her now distinguished husband, comes of peasant stock. She is a gentle and serious woman, and her sudden elevation to the highest place in France has not dazzled or confounded her.

Mrs. "Jeb" Stuart, widow of the Confederate cavalry commander, has just resigned the principalship of the Virginia Female Institute, the diocesan school of two divisions. She has occupied the position for many years.

The oldest Queen of Europe is now the Queen of Hanover, who will be 81 next April, while in the following month Queen Victoria will be 80. The ex-Empress Eugenie, who may well be included, comes third, being 73 in the same month.

Sister Mary Helen Ellis, one of the few survivors of the band of Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy who, under Miss Nightingale, went to attend the English soldiers in the Crimean war, died lately at Walthamstow, England, in her eighty-second year.

Miss Lena Hakes was the first woman who ever sat in the body of the House while Congress was in session. She is assistant clerk of the Committee on Invalid Pensions, and recently occupied a desk by Representative Ray of New York, who is chairman of the committee.

Queen Victoria has seen comparatively little of the vast dominions over which she reigns, and has traveled very little abroad. She has never yet set her eyes on any of her colonies, nor upon any part of Asia, Africa or America; nor has she been in Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Austria, Norway, Spain or Greece.

The Countess Schimmelmann, a court lady of Denmark, who has spent the winter in Chicago feeding the hungry and otherwise fulfilling the divine command, gave a little talk on her work recently, during which she spoke of selling her jewels, quite naturally, and as if it were the simplest thing in the world. The stereopticon view showed gems worth a king's ransom which she sold to obtain money enough to carry on her philanthropic work in America. "These are the jewels I had," she said, and then, with a little laugh which stirred every mother heart in the room mightily, she continued: "There are the jewels I have now!" The picture changed to a view of 200 little children with their smiling, rosy faces aglow with health and beauty, the waifs and castaways which this great-souled woman has found in Chicago.

To Be or not to Be {FAT THIN

That is the question, whether it be better to waddle like the River Hörn of the Nile because of nature's too great activity in producing fat; whether it be better to stalk like the stork of England because of nature's failure to give a roundness to the form, or to cease longer to abide by nature's incongruous decisions and compel her to do your bidding, nolens volens—this is the question. Mad Hamlet's soliloquy is less mad than is the woman who has tried all methods of reducing flesh and failed, or the woman who has eaten sweets to get fat till her liver is a mass of inactive corruption.

Massage is the only treatment which will accomplish the desires of both these classes of sufferers. Have a scientific masseuse twice a day for an hour each time and it will do the work. Those who can't do this, either because of lack of time or because of its great cost, can effect the same purpose by themselves using the Oriental Flesh Rollers introduced by Dr. Pen-Bey, an American who has spent many years in Persia and other parts of the Far East, where he found the native women using these Beauty Rollers in crude form. He has improved on them, making the little discs of solid rubber, and, therefore, more effective.

These rollers are made with four, eight and twelve wheels—in the shape of a rolling-pin or a lawn mower, as preferred. They cost little—from \$1 to \$2.75, according to shape and size. Call and see them.

Dr. Pen-Bey has a lady attendant who will illustrate the methods of using these rollers, and he will himself instruct as to hygiene and other matters. Sale & Son, 220 South Spring street, sell them, or go direct to the offices of Abou Ben-Bey, room 212, (second floor,) Nolan & Smith Bldg., Second street and Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE WILL OF SIVA.

STORY OF A SACRED COBRA AND HIS WORSHIPERS.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

Soli was a Hindu maiden of 15 summers, who lived next door to the King of Behar, at Garden Beach, between two and three miles down the Hugli River from Calcutta.

From this it must not be inferred that she was in any sense an important personage, being but a dhobin, or wash-girl of the lowest caste of Hindus; while her neighbor was a great Indian Prince, for political reasons living in magnificent semi-captivity, on his parole to the British government not to leave the neighborhood of Calcutta.

So while His Majesty of Behar resided in a fine palace facing the river, and surrounded by a lordly park in which the most beautiful flowers were grown for his pleasure, and a snake-mound, together with a menagerie of wild beasts kept for his amusement, Soli lived with her father and ten little brothers and sisters in a dilapidated thatched hut just outside the King's northern gate, and in the midst of a two-acre compound rank with overgrown vegetation. Two other creatures of widely different characteristics made up Soli's family circle—a lean, humble cow, for the greater part tethered out in the compound; and a monster cobra snake, that, uninvited, had taken up his abode in the thatched roof of the hut, and who being regarded by the family as the incarnate spirit of Siva, the terrible god of the lowest caste

gotten to give it him. If you had struck Siva it would have been terrible."

"I hope I didn't hurt you," said the steward, in a tone of real concern.

"Oh, no," replied the girl, and she thereupon ran inside, and shortly returned to say—that the captain sahib's clothes would surely be on board the ship early the next morning.

"All right, Soli," replied the steward. "But look here; you take my advice and kill that snake, god or no god, the next time you see him, or he'll kill you; that's truth."

In return Soli looked gravely out through her dark eyes, but said nothing.

"Well, I'm damned," soliloquized the steward, as he cautiously picked his way out through the rank grass of the little compound. "Whoever would have thought of keeping a pet cobra on the estate? Those Indoos are a rum lot. I'll be hanged if they ain't."

Two or three hours later the King of Behar again passed by Soli's little hut, as he approached his own domain.

"Mind, Doab," said he to the harkara. "Mind you see about that girl yonder."

Doab intimated that the will of the Light of the Universe should be in that, as in all other respects, promptly obeyed. But the same dark look crossed his face, as he sprang down to run before the horses and open the gates for the King's carriage to pass through.

By this time night had fallen upon the land, and darkness set in save for the brilliant illumination of the heavens, and those fairy lanterns of the East—the fireflies, dancing in the void from tree to tree.

In a little, Soli again stood at the door of the hut, her hair decked with a wreath of stephanotis—the delicate perfume of which filled the air about her.

She was watching for someone.

Soon a figure was seen moving across the little compound from the direction of the King's palace, while a familiar voice called out in tender accents, "Soli!"

"Ah, Doab, Doab," the girl responded with delight. "I feared you would not come!" Then as she ran quickly forward to greet the King's harkara, there came again a loud hiss, immediately followed by a cry of mingled pain and terror, and Soli fell into her lover's arms, ex-

upon masters as well as his schoolfellows. Stalky, McTurk and Beetle were, in truth, ever in some escapade, the honest fun of which must have saved them from many a punishment.

That Kipling was then, however, quick to perceive the weakness of human nature is illustrated in the case of one of the masters, nicknamed "Hooper," on account of the huge size of his feet, and concerning which the master in question appeared to be painfully conscious.

The ordinary retiring hour at the United Service College was 9 o'clock, but boys engaged in any special work, preparing for examinations and so forth, were permitted to sit up later. This permission one of the Kipling trio, not Gigs, had obtained, and on a certain occasion the other two decided to plan for him a little surprise on coming upstairs. On the top of the dormitory door they piled a miscellaneous collection of articles, so that when their chum pushed it open he would receive them all on his head.

Then they went to bed and awaited results. Now it chanced that instead of the chum, Hooper, the master, came up on an unexpected nocturnal visit, and to his dismay received an avalanche of wet towels, pieces of soap, shoes and candle ends.

Shortly discovering the names of the culprits, they were sternly ordered to appear and explain their conduct after roll call next morning, bringing with them the innocent cause of the trouble, who on account of his suspicious connections was presumed to be an accessory before the fact.

Undoubtedly the matter looked serious, for in an English school no boy can hail soap and candle ends on a master's head with impunity. Then a bright idea occurred to Gigs. "I say, you fellows," he whispered, "I tell you what. We'll all stare at old Hooper's feet, when he'll die with confusion. He cannot stand that."

The next morning, therefore, when the three youths appeared for sentence before the tribunal of justice, with humble mien, they fixed a downcast, concentrated gaze upon the master's boots.

At first, not divining their intent, he proceeded to reprimand them for their action of the previous night, but on becoming suddenly conscious of his feet, crimson with confusion, he dismissed them on the spot.

When Kipling was quite a small boy he once performed an untimely acrobatic feat, from the consequence of which he did not escape so easily.

The evening hour from 8 to 5 was passed by the lower form boys in a long suite of class-rooms, preparing work for the following day, a master being on duty who passed back and forth between the various rooms.

On the particular night it so happened that a master had charge of the "prep" who was regarded as a demon incarnate by the boys.

Never did a man more firmly believe in the old maxim about "sparing the rod and spoiling the child" than this instructor of youthful minds. He had a drawer in his study escritoire lined with baize, in which he kept rows of beautiful canes that he took a special delight in showing to little new boys. He was not exactly the sort of man for even a Gigs to trifile with.

Gigs presumably having finished his work and believing that the master had passed on into a further room, thought it would be a little diversion to swing on the gas pipe; but it unfortunately happened that the master had only gone a few paces beyond the threshold, and returned just in time to see Gigs, with his back to the door, commencing his acrobatic feat. Horror was at once depicted on the faces of those who beheld the awe-inspiring spectacle, for the master had drawn forth a cane from the sleeve of his gown, and with an ill-boding smile on his face, was advancing on tip-toe toward the unconscious performer, when down came Gigs, gas pipe and all, and the room was enveloped in total darkness.

Of those days, the subsequent saying of Kipling that "an inkpot having been emptied into his veins it was bound to come out through his fingers," might well have been changed to the pores of his skin, for he was ever greatly smudged and smeared with that fluid, while pencils and pens stuck out of his pockets like the quills on the back of a porcupine.

On the last day of the term the boys were driven to the railroad terminus, three miles away, where compartments were reserved in the train for their use, and in which they amused themselves during the eight-hour journey to London by stuffing candies and cakes, singing songs, and in shooting peas at the country folk as the express dashed through wayside stations. In all such matters Kipling took an active part, his favorite song being an Anglo-Indian ditty which he had learned in the land to which he at last returned, and with which his name has been so universally associated.

THE GHOST OF THE BARREL HOOP.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

Another ghost story has been exploded. George T. Hanchett, well known in electrical engineering circles, has just told a story which may relieve the peace of mind of many persons in towns along the Connecticut River. These credulous persons have for years believed in a ghost. Why shouldn't they? Did they not see it plainly, and did not men follow it in boats as it floated down the river and disappeared? It was a weird ghost—tall, spirit-like, with trailing garments and sulphur flames and strange odors floating after it. This is what they say along the Connecticut River. It had scared many poor children out of a night's rest and the river men have watched for its reappearance for years. They thought it ought certainly to have appeared just before the late war with Spain, but it did not, and the superstitious among them marveled much. But let them be reassured. That ghost will never again float weirdly down the stream. It cannot. Mr. Hanchett made the original ghost and sent it on its wild career. Its remains are at the bottom of the Connecticut—somewhere. This is how it happened.

Mr. Hanchett was a boy in school, fun-loving and ready to indulge in any mischief, in or out of bounds. One day it was decided to make a ghost, one which could be seen but not touched; one which would scare but leave no trace behind. The scheme for its making was simple and original. It consisted of an old barrel hoop, some stones, some pieces of twine and one-half a gallon of kerosene oil. Each piece of twine (probably a foot long) was tied to a stone. Then the other ends of the pieces of twine were tied to the barrel hoop at equal distances apart. This contrivance was thrown into the Connecticut River. The wooden barrel hoop floated on the surface of the water, the stones weighing it down just enough to steady it. The kerosene was then poured into the hoop. And the hoop kept it from spreading. The boys set fire to this oil and then came ashore. It was night.

A weird, uncanny, blue flame shot up from the barrel hoop. The wind caught the flame and set it wavering uncertainly to and fro. The blue flame reached upward six feet into the air, tapering off to an uncertain point.



SHE DIED IN HIS ARMS.

of Hindus, was fed on milk and eggs at all costs, even when the rest of the household were nigh upon starvation.

Often had Soli gazed with awe upon their great neighbor, the King of Behar, as he occasionally drove forth, a blaze of jewels, for a turn in the Calcutta maidan; but only once had the eyes of the King fallen upon Soli.

"Doab, who is that girl?" demanded the King of Behar, of a handsome harkara (footman) standing upon the splashboard of the equipage, as it swept past the hut on the occasion. "Who is that girl over yonder?"

The harkara purposely looked in the wrong direction and replied that he did not know, but that he was as dust under the feet of the great King to do his bidding.

"Then find out," peremptorily ordered the King, for the girl's slender form and graceful pose had pleased his royal fancy. "Find out," said the King. "D'you hear me, Doab?"

Doab at once intimated that the King's command should be obeyed; but as he did so, a frown clouded the brow of his usually placid countenance. For some minutes Soli stood watching her royal neighbor's progress, until as he passed out of view, she turned to enter the hut, when a voice at hand stayed her footsteps.

"Soli! Hullo, Soli, there!"

"Ah, sahib," quickly responded the girl, as she caught sight of the captain's steward of one of the ships lying at Garden Beach, who had approached the hut unobserved.

"How about that washing that was to have been on board today?" demanded the steward. "We sail at noon tomorrow, and it is now 5 o'clock."

"It shall be ready in time, sahib."

"Not ready yet?"

"I will see," replied the girl, turning sharply toward the door of the hut. Then she gave vent to a little cry and started back; for with a loud hiss a long, dark object glided away from under her feet and coiled itself in an attitude of aggressive defense.

"My God, a cobra!" exclaimed the steward as he dashed forward, and aimed a blow with his cane at the serpent's head.

The blow fell, but not where it was intended, for the girl threw out her arms and interposing her own person, received it instead, while the snake made off unharmed.

"Why! What did you do that for?" asked the steward, as he stared with the utmost astonishment at the trembling Hindu maid.

"Oh, you must not strike him," she cried in terror. "You must not, indeed. He is Siva, the terrible god. If you had struck him, he would have killed us all. He lives up in the thatch of the roof."

"Do you mean to say you let that reptile hang round your house?" asked the amazed steward.

"He was only waiting for his milk," replied the girl, as if making an apology for the cobra's act. "I had for-

claiming: "Doab, I am bitten. It is Siva. I had forgotten. He has not been fed."

"Did you find out who that girl is?" asked the King of Behar of his harkara the next morning.

"I did, Your Majesty," Doab sadly replied.

"Who is she, then? Tell me quickly, for I liked her looks," said the King.

"She was only Soli, the dhobin girl," replied the harkara.

"Was only a dhobin. Well, who is she now, then?"

"Siva alone knows," replied the harkara. "She died last night."

"Died last night!" repeated the King, with as much emotion as his ease-loving nature would permit. "Of cholera?"

"No, Your Majesty—a cobra."

"A cobra!—a pity," remarked the King. "A pity, for I liked her looks."

"It was the will of Siva," said the harkara, as he humbly bowed his head.

Note.—In this story the character of the King of Behar is drawn from the King of Oudh, residing in semi-captivity at Garden Beach, near Calcutta. The main incident of the story came under my personal observation during one of two visits to Calcutta. M. G. W.

RUDYARD KIPLING AT SCHOOL.

HOW WIT AND LUCK SAVED HIM FROM A JOLLY GOOD PUNISHMENT.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

The increasing interest which is evinced in the adventures of Stalky, McTurk and Beetle, will probably not be lessened by a knowledge that the three juvenile heroes of Kipling's schoolboy story are undoubtedly drawn from the lives of Kipling himself and his two inseparable chums at the United Service College, Westward Ho, Dunserville and Beresford—Kipling it is understood being Beetle, though his sobriquet among his schoolfellows was always "Gigs." Of Gigs, my first recollection was of a small boy with an unusually large head, crowned by a thick mass of dark hair, flying down a long corridor with a troop of irritated youngsters at his heels. Kipling had "cheeked" them, so it seemed, from their shouts, a pastime in which he fearlessly indulged his poignant tongue to the end of his days at Westward Ho, and which in reality was a proof of the pluck that lay in a body not at all remarkable for physical strength.

Nothing seemed to stand out more clearly regarding those days of Kipling's boyhood than the fact that he was a thorough boy, full of humorous pranks, played

It floated majestically, fearfully, down the river. People came and watched and talked in low tones. Each village gave a collective sigh of relief when it went safely by. It might have come ashore, you know, and taken up its abode in a body's house. Who could have stopped a pale blue ghost that you could see through? It scared village after village; then three men in a boat went after it. Their approach apparently alarmed it, for it wavered more than ever, and hurried faster. Then the men who were being watched from the shore, gave an extra pull and shot up close to the ghost. It nodded its head mournfully at them, gave a convulsive throb through its whole being and dived swiftly to the bottom of the river. The succeeding darkness was very terrifying and the men hastily pulled ashore. They told the tale unwillingly and contradicted each other much. The tale has been added to since.

As a matter of fact the oil had burned out and the hoop had burned up, and the stones sank to the bottom. But this explanation has only just been made by Mr. Hanchett.

STREET-CAR CONDUCTORS.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

There is a saying in New York that if a man wants to know how truculent a railway employé can be, all he has to do is to jump on a cable car which runs on a leading thoroughfare, and ask the conductor any kind of a question. While there may be something of truth in this, there is no doubt that the insolence of many conductors is the fault of the passengers themselves. Employés are, as a rule, just what they are made by those who employ them, and if every passenger who was treated uncivilly by a conductor made a formal complaint to the company, the effect would be as salutary as surprising. But this question of the manners of car employés is being approached from an entirely different quarter, and with happy results, by some of the street railway companies. For instance, the officials of the Boston Elevated Railroad Company refer all applicants for vacancies for conductors and motormen to an employment department, whose superintendent and clerks do nothing else but hire men. The process is searching. Applicants must be not less than 21 and not more than 45 years of age; their eyesight and hearing must be perfect. Conductors must be not less than 5 feet 4 inches high, and motormen, 5 feet 6 inches. The loss of a single finger or thumb disqualifies a motorman. Conductors must have had a common school education, and must give a bond with two real estate owners as sureties, each in the amount of \$300. All who meet these conditions, and whose general appearance and deportment are favorable, and who can furnish good references, are assigned to a subdivision for a period of instruction. After a while, they are examined as to what they have learned of their duties, and if they pass the examination they are employed on probation for three weeks. During this time they are under strict surveillance by foremen, inspectors and starters, and their permanent employment depends upon the reports made by these officers. The statement that "the system results in the selection of intelligent, competent, and urbane employés" may easily be credited.

ARTIFICIAL DREAMS.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

Prof. H. M. Stanley tells how he undertook a series of experiments in producing dreams artificially. One of his two assistants would, at an early hour of the morning stimulate sensation in the other for a brief period, often thirty seconds, and then awaken the dreamer, who at once recorded the dream. So as to make the records the more reliable, the dreamer was not told beforehand what stimulus was to be applied. Particular attention was paid to the olfactory element, of which but little record has hitherto been made by experimenters. The scent of heliotrope usually produced visual images, but in some cases, the dream was of violets, and of smelling them. Under a very strong stimulation of the aroma of heliotrope, the dreamer awoke, imagining that he was being choked with the smell of perfume. Much of the imagery which accompanied the early part of the dreams had the characteristic quality of opium dreams, being strangely grotesque and vivid. In taste, stimulation by salt and water was a dream of eating olives. After the hearing had been stimulated a number of times on different days with a middle G tuning fork a visual-auditory dream resulted. A fork in a lower octave gave a dream of hearing a fog horn; another time, it was the roar of a lion; but in neither case was there a visual image. The record of the series of experiments for temperature stimulation is two pure temperature dreams, and three visual and temperature; for pressure stimulation, two visual and pressure; for smell stimulation, one pure smell and six pure visual, and ten visual and olfactory; for hearing stimulation, seven pure auditory, six visual and auditory.

From these reports, Prof. Stanley deduces that artificial dreams may be divided into three classes: First, the simple dream, where the stimulus is removed at the least sign of reaction, causing the dream to be vague and momentary. Second, the cumulative dream, where the stimulus is continued and made to increase to even the highest point of excitation, and the dream has a definite intensifying development till the waking point. As an interesting experiment in this direction, Prof. Stanley suggests the bringing of a metronome nearer and nearer to a sleeper's ear, either directly or through a tube connected with the ear. He puts in the third class of dreams that complex form which may be determined by different kinds of stimuli successively applied. These reports further suggest that the opium-eater and others who have drifted into perpetual reliance on the ecstasy of dreaming, may obtain a large measure of enjoyment, and possibly pleasure of a new order by perfume and other stimuli which do not leave unhealthy reactions.

AN INTERESTING RELIC.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] An interesting relic has been presented to the Historical and Antiquarian Society at Charleston, W. Va., by Col. W. E. Crooks of Keyser. It is a campaign whisky flask used in 1852, when Gen. Taylor was elected President. The flask was found by Col. Crooks in Grant county. On one side is the inscription: "Gen. Taylor never surrenders." The other side contains the words, "A little more grape, Capt. Bragg," the memorable words used by Gen. Taylor in the battle of Buena Vista.

[Puck:] "Parke. Who sold you that horse, old man? Lane. A friend of mine. Parke. That was a case where friendship was only skin deep."

COUNTY JAIL SKETCHES

NO. 4—THE OFFICIAL.

By a Special Contributor.

THE study of the official is nearly as interesting as the study of the criminal. Almost all of the peace officers and a large proportion of the judicial officers are taken from a class of men, who look to politics as their chief means of support. As a rule they are men without education, without discipline, without a thought or an idea of duty to the State.

With their living, as it often is, dependent in direct proportion upon the volume of business which they do, it is not surprising that abuses creep into their practices.

One of the astounding things to me is the indifference of the people, and of the people who pay the bills, to their own interest in public life. A grand jury selected by the people to be investigated, meets; its inquiries are carefully framed to avoid any real search; its most respected member, an ex-minister and "stout-hearted reformer" calmly announces that the jury was unable to discover any "trouble."

But this is a far cry to the jail.

A turnkey is usually a \$40 man drawing a \$70 salary. This fact should never be lost sight of in judging the man. Clothed in a little brief authority he struts before an admiring audience of one—wherever there is a mirror handy. His own importance governs every action. If the prisoner wishes the turnkey for a friend he must fawn upon him as eagerly as the turnkey is ready to fawn upon those above him. Of course the system is demoralizing to officers and prisoners alike. From the day the prisoner enters the jail until the day he leaves it, he must depend, not upon justice, but upon favor.

It seems to me that of all the demoralizing conditions that obtain here, this is perhaps the worst. The Judge himself solicits his position as a favor, and what can be more demoralizing than a wobbly Judge, who wonders what the "papers" are going to say, and who is pulled hither and yon by every breath of "influence"? Who gives the poor, trembling fool in the good coat, the "limit" when he comes up to plead guilty to his first offense, and who is too innocent to know what a good defense will do for him, while he gives the third and fourth termer, one year, or maybe two. For why, I wonder? The prosecuting attorney must solicit his position as a favor; so also must the Sheriff; and the under officers scramble for theirs. The jurymen flock in crowds. They are the smaller politicians of the country, the "outs" who may be the "ins" next year. At all events they are the men who attend the conventions, and who make or break aspiring politicians. They are entitled to consideration I assure you.

In common, the utmost good fellowship exists upon the surface, between the prisoner and the officers. In truth, however, the officer is a spy upon the prisoner and the prisoner is a spy upon the officer. And each knows it.

A certain Sheriff of this county was known as the "Honest Sheriff." The name was certainly a misnomer. Not that I wish to imply that he was not honest. Every Sheriff since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary has received a certificate of good character from the grand jury; surely no man could ask more. I mean, simply, that he should have been known as the "Frugal Sheriff." Drawing blood from a turnip would have been a simple operation to him, if there had been any profit in it. He succeeded in drawing gold from beans and stale bread.

The jail fare is one-half pound stale bread, one pint beans (cooked,) and one pint coffee, served at 7 a.m. At 2 o'clock p.m. is served one pint beans, a more or less quantity of fat and gristle, by courtesy called meat, one-half pound stale bread, and one pint soup. It is not the intention to contend here, that this diet is not both sufficient and entirely healthful. The only point I wish to make is that the expense to the Sheriff is about 8 cents per day per prisoner, whereas, until recently he has been allowed 30 cents per day per prisoner for this service, and he is now allowed 25 cents. Where or how the Board of Supervisors obtained the authority to allow the Sheriff a profit upon the board bill, is something I have never heard anybody undertake to explain. The taxpayer is a generous soul, a little leak of \$7000 or \$8000 a year doesn't trouble him, and I don't know why it need trouble anybody else.

This same careless disregard of other people's rights runs through the entire administration. It amounts to an absolute inability to see anybody, but the ego. No better illustration could be given than the story told of one of the turnkeys under a recent Sheriff, and while the incident cut the man's superior deeply, it was but the reflection, on a smaller scale, of the superior's own attitude.

One night about 11 o'clock, either just after or just before the "night man" came on duty, two policemen called at the jail and asked for a deputy sheriff. They explained that they had located two crooks whom they suspected of having had a hand in some recent burglaries. That as the men were at present outside the city limits, and as they, the officers, had nothing definite against them, they preferred not to make the arrest themselves. Would not a deputy sheriff go out with them and make the arrest? Mr. Turnkey shifted his 6 feet 3 of ungainly length first to one foot and then to the other. Then he rolled a cigarette, and in between whiles he grinned. "Wall," he finally drawled, "I don't much want to go, and I don't believe Mr. A. Turnkey does either. We're all alone. How much is there in it?"

Imagine the situation! The police force and Sheriff's office at loggerheads at best. The fall campaign coming on, with the Sheriff, a candidate for renomination, straining every force in building his "fences;" disliked in the city and avowedly a country candidate. Imagine the glee with which the police returned to the people waiting for them and reported that the Sheriff wanted to know "how much there was in it." Then they made the arrest themselves. Imagine the wrath of the Sheriff when he heard the story. What wonder the poor man swore loud and long? And Mr. Turnkey wept great salt tears.

Just one story on the Sheriff himself. As I have said, he was extremely frugal. Any waste was an abomination in his nostrils. One afternoon he suddenly turned up, on inspection bent, and found the cook with a roaring fire in the kitchen range. The Sheriff had one of the Supervisors with him. Rage at the waste and delight

at having found somebody in fault struggled for mastery in him. "What in the world have you got such a fire as that for?" he demanded. "You are not cooking anything at this time of day."

"Oh, you needn't be alarmed," replied the cook. "I'm not burning your coal. This is just some of —'s (the butcher's) rotten hams. And I've got plenty more of them, too," whipping a cloth off a box full. Tableau!

AN AMBIGUOUS APOLOGY.

Many years ago when the late Mr. Coulcock belonged to a Cleveland stock company, the organization went down to Akron to perform for one consecutive night.

Shortly before it was time for the curtain to rise the leading lady went to the manager and tearfully informed him that she had been insulted by Mr. Coulcock. Moreover, she declared that she would never go on the stage with the old man again.

The manager wanted to know how Coulcock had insulted her, but she sobbed that what he had said was too horrid for her to repeat.

Then the veteran was sent for, and when confronted by the leading lady he was asked to explain what he had said or done to hurt her feelings.

"Well," he growled, "I suppose I was rather rough. I told her h—d was full of such leading ladies as she is, but I take it back. The place isn't quite full. There's still room for her."

His apology was not, of course, all that the leading lady could have asked for, but it was Coulcock's way. So they forgave him and the performance went on.

UNPROFITABLE.

[Judge:] Nephew. You say that when you first got married you started out to keep an account of all your living expenses. How long did you keep it up?

Uncle Jedediah. Just one year, Harold. The dinged thing counted up so high that if I'd kept the account another year I wouldn't have had a red cent left.

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The Development of the Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY AND CAPITAL, ENTERPRISE AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

Citric Acid.

WHILE reports come from Ontario that the citric acid factory at that place has proved a failure, because it has been found that there is too little acid in the lemon, as compared with the lime, from which most of the citric acid of commerce is made, it is stated, on the other hand, that a similar factory, which was started not long ago at National City is proving quite a success. The San Diego Tribune of recent date reprints that there are now seven men regularly employed at the citric-acid factory in National City, and it is expected that this factory will run regularly for several months. A considerable amount of citric acid has already been manufactured there, and the product is said to be reckoned among the best produced in the United States.

It would be interesting to know why, in one case, such an enterprise has proved a failure, while in another it is successful. If a market could be found in this way for the cull lemons, of which so large a quantity are produced in Southern California, it would be a great thing for the lemon-growing industry of this section.

Artesian Well at Chino.

SARCELY a day now passes without seeing some new artesian well bored in this section. The Chino Champion contains the following in regard to a fine well which has recently been completed on the Chino ranch:

The land company has just finished another new artesian well southwest of town, which is, we believe, the best well that has ever been bored on the ranch. It is 117 feet deep, and flows 3½ inches over the 9½-inch casing. It is figured that this equals, approximately, fifty-five miners' inches. If this well were located nearer the mountains it would be worth a mint of money this year. As it is, it will be used to irrigate and grow many acres of alfalfa, which will be about as valuable as anything that can be produced from the soil this season.

Mountain Mines.

THE Julian and Banner districts, up in the mountains in the interior of San Diego county, are comparatively little known to the outside world. In a recent issue of the Mining Review, Harold A. Titcomb had an interesting description of a trip to that section, from which the following extracts are made:

During the latter part of January, the writer spent some time in the 'back country' of San Diego county, and the following account of the trip may prove interesting to readers of the Mining Review:

Nine o'clock in the morning finds the traveler on board the San Diego, Cuyamaca and Eastern train, with an outfit consisting of stout shoes and leggings, warm tramping clothes, and such other few accessories as are essential on a trip through a mining region, etc.

At Foster, twenty-five miles from San Diego, the railroad terminates, and the remaining thirty-four miles to Julian is accomplished by stage. During this ride an ascent is made of nearly 4000 feet, and the progress is necessarily slow. It is therefore well to provide a luncheon, for the stage may not reach Julian until 8 p.m. Hotel accommodations at Julian, fair; rates, \$1 per day.

The geology of the Julian-Banner district is described in the XI Report of the California State Mineralogist, 1892. In brief, the gold is found in quartz veins (ledges) in a belt of slaty schist, this belt being some eight miles in length, and its long axis on a line through Julian and Banner.

The country rock outside of this schistose belt is largely a coarse granite, containing many crystals of black tourmaline. The tourmaline is much broken, and the crystals very imperfect. Geologists say that a great uplift has taken place throughout this region, coupled with an enormous amount of erosion.

The two principal mines at Julian are the Helvetia and the Owens consolidated.

The Owens mine is not running at present. The Helvetia property is about a mile east of Julian, and has been sold since the writer's visit. The mill is one of ten stamps, and the tailings have run to waste, no concentrator being used. The shaft at the Helvetia was sunk 50 feet on the vein at a 75-degree slope, and then left the ledge and continued vertical to 225 feet. It is stated that the new owners intend to push things at the Helvetia.

It is a very pleasant tramp from Julian to Banner. The road winds about in its efforts to find an easy grade, for a descent of some 1500 feet is made in about five and a half miles. On approaching Banner, several mines are seen in the valley below the road, and the signs of activity indicate that the mines are being worked. D. D. Bailey was doing some work on the Antelope, and L. N. Bailey has a tunnel in several hundred feet on the Kentuck S. property. A Burleigh air drill is being used in this tunnel.

A mile or so below these mines lies the pretty hamlet of Banner, with its white schoolhouse glistening in the morning sun, and its clear running stream of water bubbling merrily down the valley. Very comfortable accommodations for the traveler are provided by Mrs. Wilcox, who knows how to set a good table. Rates for board are \$1.25 per day, or \$7 per week.

At the North Hubbard mine Mr. Goodfellow has a tunnel in about three hundred feet, and is running a drift in the ledge. The ledge is only six inches wide at the face of the drift, but runs quite high in gold, about \$40 for roughly hand-sorted ore. The ore is treated in custom mills.

The Ranchita mine lies a mile or so up a small gulch to the southeast of Banner. At the time of the writer's visit, January 26, the owner and manager was Cave Coutts; but it is reported that he has since sold the

mine for \$150,000. There is a five-stamp mill on the property, built by the Rison Iron Works.

The Ready Relief mine, owned by the Bailey Bros., is right in the town of Banner. In the IX Report of the State Mineralogist, it is stated that this mine had produced just about \$450,000 up to 1889; and that it is still a strong producer is evident from the prosperity of the Baileys, who control other mining propositions and much valuable timber land in the region. The ten-stamp mill is a very interesting one, and is an example of what can be done by men with an inventive turn of mind.

The Grapevine district, some ten miles beyond Banner toward the desert, was not visited. The ores are high in sulphurites, and not free-milling. Considerable activity is reported in this district.

The climb from Banner to Cuyamaca is an arduous one, and the enthusiastic pedestrian would do well to employ a guide for the first mile or so, as branching trails confuse the eye, and the thought of spending the night wandering about among the greasewood and sage brush is not attractive to a tenderfoot. Every step of the first two or three miles is upward, and sharply upward at that. Finally, the ridge is reached, and one is glad to cool his parched throat by eating the snow, which is seen lying in patches here and there. Oak and pine trees give park-like aspect to the gently-sloping valley beyond the ridge, and soon the road from Julian to Cuyamaca is reached. Continuing south along this road the Gold King and Gold Queen mines are passed. These mines are not being worked.

A fine covey of mountain quail is occasionally seen near the Gold King mine, nor is it unusual to see a tall, gaunt wild-cat lope by, and, crossing the road a few yards ahead, stop and take a look at you before disappearing over the top of the cliff.

The large mill and shafthouse of the Stonewall mine next come into view, and soon the sound of the 5 o'clock whistle is heard in the calm evening air. You take out your watch and await the instant when the escaping steam is seen to cease. You count the seconds—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven—Ah! the sound of the whistle has ceased also. Can that mill really be nearly a mile and a third distant? It is more than that the way one has to walk to avoid the water in the lower end of the lake bed.

The Stonewall mine is situated some 4800 feet above sea level, in a pleasant valley east of the Cuyamaca Peaks. The postoffice is Cuyamaca, and is located right at the mine. A stage leaves Stonewall daily except Sunday, at 6 a.m., for Lakeside, and telephone connections are open to San Diego.

Active operations at the Stonewall mine are at present confined chiefly to the erection of a large cyanide plant by Strauss & Shinn of San Francisco. This plant is to have a very large capacity, so as to treat the tailings in as short a time as practicable. Many thousands of tons of tailings, the product of the Stonewall mill, are available for treatment. Large wooden solution and leaching tanks, twenty-five feet or more in diameter, are employed, the tanks being of light construction, as the plant is not intended to be a permanent one. Steel-zinc boxes are used.

About a dozen or fifteen hands are employed at the Stonewall, and the twenty-stamp mill is running on odd parcels of ore, etc.

Space does not permit a full description of a most interesting horseback trip to the summit of Cuyamaca Peak, 6700 feet altitude. This trip is a harder one than it appears from Stonewall, but the ascent is often made by ladies during the summer season. The view from the summit is certainly superb; and, though less extensive, compares well with that obtained from the summit of Pike's Peak, Colo. The desert at Salton, some fifty-five miles away, seems far closer than this, and even Catalina Island shows up quite plainly, 110 miles distant.

The trip from Cuyamaca back to San Diego occupies nine hours. A first-class meal about noon is provided at Alpine for 50 cents. For the benefit of those who may contemplate a trip to the Julian and Banner region, I may state that the total expense for an eight-day trip from San Diego amounted to \$16.30.

Hemet Bank.

THE Hemet Bank is now fully organized. Articles of incorporation were signed on the 9th, and have been forwarded to the Secretary of State. A dispatch from Hemet to the Riverside Press says:

The bank will be ready to do business in thirty days from the date of its charter. The vault door and fittings are now on the way from the East, including a Hall's 4000-pound burglar-proof safe, with Yale double-time combination lock. The desks, counters and fixtures are now being made in San Francisco. The bank is to occupy room No. 5 in the Whittier Block. The directors are: W. F. Whittier, W. R. Whittier, J. A. Brown, P. J. Myers, W. J. Weatherly; president, W. F. Whittier; cashier, S. W. Leffingwell. The capital stock is \$100,000; paid up, \$25,000.

Storing Apples.

THE apples raised around Julian, in San Diego county, are noted for their fine quality. According to the San Diego Tribune, H. Morris of Julian has made a successful experiment, which may result in revolutionizing the apple business there. The San Diego Tribune of March 9 says:

Last year he built a stone and cement warehouse 40x22 feet, and filled it with over eighteen hundred boxes of Newton pippin apples. This fruit has kept perfectly, and is in prime condition for the market, and will be consigned to Ed Fletcher & Co. of this city. The general adoption of the plans of Mr. Morris will insure an apple supply three months or more later than usual, and ought to redound to the advantage of apple-growers in the mountain region.

A New Mineral.

THE Santa Barbara has the following regarding a new mineral discovery near Summerland:

Henry Bremer, a painter who has resided here since the founding of the town, claims to have made a recent discovery on government land near here of a mineral deposit similar to kalsomine. He claims to have

tested the article, which works smoothly and spreads well under the brush, and is very durable. All that is necessary to add to the mineral is sufficient glaze and proper tinting to make a fine and durable kalsomine.

Water for Corona.

FOLLOWING is from a recent issue of the Corona Review:

At the last meeting of the board of directors of the Temescal Water Company a contract was let to S. N. Repert of Los Angeles for the putting in of a steel pressure pipe line from Mayhew Cañon to the Compton wells. The power of this water under pressure will be used in place of one or more of the gasoline engines now in use, and will afterward be used for irrigating and domestic purposes. The contract price for the change amounts to \$4400. There were three bids in, and the difference between the highest and the lowest was only \$20. The new order of arrangement is expected to be a great saving of money, besides giving a much larger supply of water.

A Good Mining Country.

THE Silver Mountain mining district, in which some Pomona capitalists are interested, is said to be a section of great natural riches. It is located about ten miles north of Victor, which is on the Santa Fe route, just over the Cajon Pass:

The district is but slightly known, and still worse, capital has never been brought in to develop or establish mills or furnaces, so that the ore, which is not a high-grade ore, does not pay long transportation.

Among others interested in that section are Messrs. L. R. and Lee R. Matthews and Messrs. Lee and Cope Land. The latter gentlemen have a 100-foot shaft on their claim, and have a good pay ore which shows greater riches as the depth increases.

The Pennsylvania company has eleven claims, which are being developed quite successfully. This company also has Prof. Kimball, an expert from the Cripple Creek country, who says it is undoubtedly a section of great richness.

The Messrs. Matthews have worked their claim only to the depth of fifteen feet, and have had assays which ran \$17 to \$21 per ton, and a mill test of \$15.15. The ledge is two feet four inches in width, and constantly increasing.

South Santa Monica.

ANY improvements are being made at South Santa Monica. The Outlook of March 8 has the following:

Comparatively few residents are aware of the magnitude of the improvements going on at the South Beach, on the Kinney & Dudley property, formerly known as the Kinney & Ryan tract.

This tract of land comprises one and a quarter miles of ocean beach, extending back an average of about eight hundred feet.

The beach the entire distance has no superior for bathing purposes, the descent into the water being gradual and the sand is almost entirely free from gravel. There is no bluff to descend, the back ground being simply a gradual elevation, studded with dunes and small sand hills.

The owners of this tract began its development in earnest during the early part of last year. The first great work was the construction of a substantial wharf 1260 feet in length. This work was completed September 1, 1898. Two or three streets were opened through the dunes back to the Santa Fe tracks, a little to the south of the Pavilion, and a number of first-class cottages were erected by renters from Los Angeles and elsewhere.

During the winter just passed the proprietors have had built an excellent plank walk along the beach, extending from the northern limit of the property southward about three thousand feet. As this walk connects with the North Beach walk, there is now a continuous promenade from the North Beach Bath-house to quite a distance beyond the Kinney & Dudley wharf.

All told, there are now nearly two hundred cottages on the property, a great many of which were erected last year. There are now some ten or twelve in process of erection, and contracts for new ones are being made every week. These cottages are not mere shacks, but will be neat and commodious, costing all the way from \$350 to \$1000 each. They are being put up by first-class tenants, largely professional and business men of Los Angeles. Water is supplied from the City Waterworks, and electric lights are being put into the more pretentious structures.

The company recently purchased the old bath-house belonging to the Los Angeles Y.M.C.A., and have moved it a block south, where it is being fitted up in first-class style. It will have eighty dressing-rooms, and it is likely that it will be raised one-story higher, to give room for a hall 40x22 feet, for the accommodation of gatherings of residents, if desired.

Several new streets will be opened before the season begins, and along the beach electric lights will be placed in sufficient number to illuminate the entire distance of the walk, while another will be upon the highest land point, to give light for pedestrians to and from the car line.

Mr. Osborn, agent for Kinney & Dudley, finds business rapidly increasing on his hands, and he feels assured that the season of 1899 will be the most prosperous that Santa Monica has yet seen.

Beach lots are rented at about \$15 per year to those who will erect neat and substantial cottages. No land is sold outright, but long leases are given.

The trip to this portion of the beach was a revelation to us, as it undoubtedly will be to most residents who will take an hour off for the visit.

A Mountain Apple Orchard.

THE high price obtained for apples in this section, together with the discovery that this fruit will

thrive in many localities, especially in the mountains, is leading to something like a boom in the planting of apple orchards. The San Bernardino Times-Index tells as follows of a fifty-acre apple orchard, which

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is to be planted in the mountains back of that section: "Several times within the last few weeks a four-mule freight team has been seen passing through this city, heavily loaded with general freight and nursery stock, and many comments have been made as to its destination.

"The outfit belongs to the Chase Nursery Company of Riverside, and is hauling supplies to the mountains, where the company is putting out an apple orchard of fifty acres. The apples raised in the mountains around this valley have become famous the world over, and bring the highest price the market ever affords for that fruit, so that an apple orchard is now as valuable as an orange orchard, and much more reliable, for the reason that the crops are more certain.

"The Chase Nursery Company owns land near the old Wilson mill, in what is known as the Box-factory Cañon, which is directly north and below Squirrel Inn. They will put out fifty acres to the best varieties of winter apples, about six thousand trees being necessary. The trees are well grown, and will begin to bear in about three years, although, of course, the crop will be small for a couple of years longer than that. This morning the freight team passed through en route to the mountains with trees and supplies.

"The part of the mountains where the new orchard is being planted is already noted for its fine apples. J. B. Smithson has a large orchard near Squirrel Inn, S. E. A. Palmer has another close by, while there are many smaller ones scattered around in the same locality."

IN TRIBUTARY TERRITORY.

A Frontier Mining Camp.

SEARCHLIGHT is the name of a new mining camp in Southern Nevada, concerning which a correspondent of the San Bernardino Transcript recently wrote as follows:

"The new mining camp, which is now creating more inquiry than any new camp in Nevada or Southern California, is situated in Lincoln county, ten miles west of the Colorado River and twenty-five miles east from Manvel, Cal., the terminus of the California and Eastern Railway, which is at this time the shipping and supply point. It is also but sixty miles from The Needles, Cal., and forty miles from the Santa Fe Railway. Although the camp is less than one year old, there are already three companies doing extensive work, besides a number of individuals. The deepest shaft is now 170 feet deep, on the Hopkins group, besides two others—100 and 50 feet, respectively. There are also a number of small workings on the six claims owned by the company. They have done considerable drifting from the 100 and 150-foot levels, and large quantities of ore are on the several dumps. The Cotton properties have one shaft 90 feet, one 65 feet, one 45 feet, and several others of lesser depth on other claims. This company has shipped a number of tons of high-grade ore.

"The Fisher properties have one shaft 100 feet deep and one 50 feet deep, with considerable drifting and several smaller openings.

"The Peru properties are now working a force of men, and are down fifty feet, on a good showing. Messrs. Baker & Lovery are sinking on a most excellent vein of good ore, and are down thirty feet.

"Messrs. Coleman, Perkins & Sloan have several openings of various depths, looking well.

"There are a number of others. All told, about one hundred and fifty claims have been located and worked in compliance with the laws of Nevada.

"There are several camps, covering a distance of two miles along the mineral zone. The main town, Searchlight, is beginning to assume the character of a mining camp. There is a hotel, store, postoffice, two saloons, assay office, etc., also a Justice of the Peace and a Deputy Sheriff.

"The stage line running from Manvel Cal., carries the mail three times a week, leaving Manvel Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, returning, leaving Searchlight Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The drive takes about four hours."

Rare Minerals in Arizona.

THE New York Tribune of recent date published the following account of the discovery of rare minerals in Arizona, by a New York man:

"William Niven, the New York mineralogist, whose finds of rare and valuable minerals on Manhattan Island and at West Paterson, N. J., in 1895 and 1896, and discovery of a ruined city with temples, pyramids and the remains of dwellings of a great population in the mountains of the State of Guerrero, Mex., were described at the time in the Tribune, returned to New York, recently, from a prospecting trip through Arizona. He had a budget of information of considerable interest to the scientific world. After Mr. Niven's return from Mexico, in July last, he went to Arizona, with the special purpose of locating and developing, if possible, minerals of scientific interest and commercial value which

are not found in any large quantities, if they have hitherto been found at all, in this country. Mr. Niven prospected from 1879 to 1884 in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Mexico, and discovered the minerals thorogummite, yttralite and nivenite in Llano county, Tex., in 1889, and aguilarite in Guanajuato, Mex., in 1891, all of which were new to science, and his recent trip was entirely successful in carrying out its special purpose.

Mr. Niven found a number of minerals in Arizona in association with the tungsten ore, an important and recent discovery, which has never before been obtained in this country in considerable quantity. Specimens of these minerals have been forwarded for examination to Samuel L. Penfield, professor of mineralogy in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University, and have been authoritatively identified by him. The minerals, which, it will be of interest to the scientific world to know, have been found in Arizona associated with tungsten ore, includes sphalerite, hematite, willemite, pyrite, orthoclase, gelinite and fluorite. Gold and silver were also found in the same locality in small quantities, some of the ore running \$5 in gold and seventeen ounces in silver to the ton.

"The most important of the minerals is the tungsten ore, which, with its associates, was located about four and a half miles northwest of Dragoon Summit, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, at a point called Russellville. The spot is on a spur of the Dragoon Mountains. A coarse-textured gray granite is most abundant there, and through it numerous white quartz veins extend to the surface. Only in these veins have the tungsten ores been found. The course of the veins is about northeast and southwest, forming two parallel ridges about twelve hundred yards apart, and extending for a distance of about four miles through a rugged country of great bare granite blocks, reaching in some instances a height of more than three hundred feet.

"Tungsten ore has never before been found in this country in any large quantity. The supply has heretofore come from Australia, Austria and Germany. It is especially valuable as an alloy for hardening steel, and is useful in the manufacture of guns and projectiles, on account of its hardness, and of tools subjected to great wear, dies and stamps. It is extensively used in Germany and England for armor plate and the purposes mentioned. It is also one of the elements employed in X-ray machines, and is utilized in giving soft silk a rich luster. As a non-combustible its use has been suggested in the manufacture of fire-proof drop curtains and firemen's clothes.

"The quantity of tungsten ore in sight in Arizona is worth about \$20,000, and nearly forty tons have recently been shipped east for use by the steel manufacturers. The belt where these minerals were found is an important mining region, and mining men have been working copper deposits in the neighborhood for years, the true nature of the tungsten mineral found there in abundance remained unknown until a few months ago."

An Electric Mining Plant.

THE Arizona Republican prints the following in regard to a large electric plant, which is being installed at a gold mine in that Territory:

"The Mammoth mine will soon be equipped with the largest electrical plant of any mining property in the world," said George H. Blair, manager of the mine, at the Adams last night. "The Mammoth is a low-grade proposition, and the success or failure of the work depends upon how cheaply it can be run. Of course, the mine is a money-maker, and has been all its history, but the returns have not been what they should have been for the money invested. At present we are running fifty stamps, and a cyanide plant for the tailings. There are over one hundred and fifty tons of old tailings which are also being run through the cyanide plant. With the concentrating from the stamps and the cyanide, practically all the gold is now secured.

"But the question of fuel has been all-important. All the wood we can get has to be hauled twenty miles and upward, and its costs us \$150 a day for fuel. To obviate this enormous drain the company has arranged to put in an electric plant on Arivaipa Creek, fifteen miles from the mine, and transmit electric power over copper wire to run the stamps. This plant will be one of the most powerful in the country, for not only will it supply power for the fifty stamps now in operation, but for fifty more to be put in at once, making a total of 100, for the Mammoth, and we will furnish power to the Mohawk mine of thirty stamps, a few miles away, so you can see it will be something of a power plant to run 130 stamps.

"Lights, both arc and incandescent, will be furnished for the mills and towns of Mammoth and Schultz, one town being at the mine and the other at the mills, three miles distant. What the saving will be by utilizing this water power and transforming it to electric, can be judged by the fact that it will save the Mammoth mine \$50,000 a year in fuel charges alone.

"We have one of the largest steel-wire tramways in use in the West, it being three miles long. Ore is transported over this tramway in steel buckets to the mills, three miles from the mine, and water carried back on the return trip, so that all the energy is utilized. How many men have we at work? Over one hundred now.

and with the additional stamps will nearly double the force. I believe that the Mammoth is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, gold proposition in Arizona.

"And in this connection I want to say a word for Arizona in general as a mining section. I first came to the Territory to put in the tramway, seventeen months ago. I had mined in Colorado for years, and like others in that State had a very poor opinion of Arizona as a mining section. That opinion has undergone a material change, and I now believe this Territory to be one of the greatest mineral districts in America. The London owners of the Mammoth are highly pleased with what has been done in the last year, and are showing their faith in the continuation of the property as a money-maker by making all the extensive improvements of which I have just told you. Visit us six months from now and we will show you the largest milling plant in Arizona, operated by the West."

AUTHOR OF ROCK OF AGES.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] A memorial tablet was recently unveiled in Broadberry Church, Devon, Eng., to the memory of the Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, the writer of "Rock of Ages Cleft For Me," who, from 1768 to 1778, was vicar of the parish. This hymn is recognized as the most popular in the world, and has been translated into every language under the sun. Mr. Gladstone once made a very fine version of it in Latin. It forms Toplady's best memorial, but it was fitting that his association with the Devonshire parish should be marked in a special manner.

NOT A SPORTSMAN.

[Tacoma Ledger:] The other day a man of Holland, armed with a shotgun, was pursuing a poor lame quail, which had been limping leisurely along, about ten yards ahead.

"Why, Wildejager, called out the farmer, who was watching the proceedings, 'you're never going to shoot that darned little chicken walking."

"Donner und blitzen, nein! I no shoots him veil he walk. I wait until he zhtops," said the Dutchman, and he did, too.

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THE READY FARCE WRITER.

"I'm going to write a book about farces," says J. J. Rosenthal. "I think I shall call it a little compendium on what to avoid and what to look for in farces. I have been delving in farces to such an extent of late that I feel fascinated through and through. It will be a guide to would-be speculators in farces, to writers of farces, to players of farces and to producers of farces. Incidentally it may be useful to commentators on farces. What do you think of the idea? It will be a complete catalogue of farcical characters in alphabetical array, each one tagged and labeled with the appropriate jokes, situations, gags and business inherent to the character. So when a farce writer makes up his mind to write a farce he will run trippingly through my compendium, for 'The Ready Farce Writer' will pick out his characters, group them and allot to each one a specified number of jokes and puns, situations and complications; set on a slow fire and stir constantly, as the cook book says, then divide into three equal parts, season with a dash of vaudeville and the latest things from the comic weeklies, to bring it up to date, provide a cake walk, or the equivalent in popularity for the time being, as a finale for the weakest act, and there you are. Serve it hot, with plenty of ginger and a sprinkling of spice, and heaven help the public! Don't you think all writers of farces will want one of them? If they do, and I am not looking for any other trade just now, as there is not a printing house in the country that can supply them fast enough if these gentrified all come to the front, I shall quit exploiting farces and go to cutting coupons. I have had an even thousand fares submitted to me within the past three months, just because a newspaper man said in a two-line paragraph that I was on the lookout for a new farce for next season."

MANSFIELD'S KOKO.

The St. Louis Republic gives this account of some of the things that were said at a little supper given in that town by Richard Mansfield in honor of Henry Clay Barnabee:

Before the event was fairly begun Barnabee grew reminiscent. He recalled that he had heard of Mr. Mansfield in opera—comic opera at that—in Boston many years before.

"I well remember your Koko," said he, "as the funniest, most original, most tuneful performance of the part I have ever seen."

Mr. Mansfield was properly appreciative, but the subject changed. Ten minutes later Mr. Barnabee began to smile, gently, all to himself.

"Why this mirth?" someone asked of the comedian.

"Oh, I was thinking of Mr. Mansfield's Koko. I'll tell you, that was the funniest."

Again there was an interruption. But Mr. Barnabee had his idea. He was interested in the past. So, every ten or fifteen minutes, he went back to Mansfield's Koko, played in Boston many years ago. After a time, in the proper course of things, the time to go arrived. Mr. Barnabee said his pleasantries; then he went back to the comic opera.

"Well, sir," he said, "that was a great performance. Now that I can see you in my mind's eye, how clever you were in comic opera, I am wondering why you ever got out of that line!"

Mr. Mansfield twinkled about the eyes, and Mr. Barnabee started to emphasize his statement.

"The best answer I can give to that," said the Cyrano man, "is to tell a story. Years ago I was a painter of pictures in London. Among my patrons was a man whom I'll call Mr. Jones. He seemed to like my work. Then I came to America, and lost sight of Jones. When I returned to London it was to take with me a mighty production of 'Richard III.' The day after the opening performance I had a caller. It was Jones. I was glad to see him.

"Well, well," he went on, "so you're the Mansfield who used to paint those lovely pictures?"

"I admitted the charge.

"Ah, but they were fine!" sighed Jones.

"I bowed again.

"And while I was looking at this big show of yours last night," Jones went on, mournfully, "I couldn't help asking myself why in the world you ever quit art for this business!"

THE ENGLISH INVASION.

"It is surprising," said a manager to the New York Sun, "to see in the Sun's London letter that Englishmen are still discussing the so-called 'American invasion,' which was at its height last spring and summer. Even in this city, where most was heard about that 'invasion,' nobody supposes that our managers have begun to strike a balance on the vast sums made here by English actors. The criticisms of our plays and artists contained much that was not flattering to English actors and playwrights. Much has been done to establish the importance of the American stage in London esteem, but in the matter of profits the Englishmen still have a great margin to their credit. Henry Irving on his several tours of this country has had larger receipts than all the American companies in London have taken within the past two years together. E. S. Willard has been so successful in this country that he appears in London more for the sake of an advertisement than anything else. Wilson Barrett has been prosperous here in his time. Neither John Hare nor Beerbohm Tree has succeeded so well here, but Mr. Tree has not abandoned the hope of returning as soon as he gets appropriate plays. Olga Nethersole has known

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